

The GOSPEL RUMPETER



No. 3

Edited by

JOHN CLEMENTS

V. PAUL JONES

JOHN MAC MILLAN

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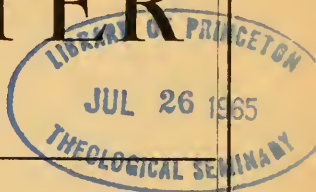
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THE GOSPEL TRUMPETER

NUMBER THREE



Edited by

John Clements

V. Paul Jones

John MacMillan

United States of America

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INDEX.

A little talk with Jesus.....132	I'll be there some day....137	Salvation for you.....104
All hail the power.....5	I'll shout glory.....23	Saved and sanctified.....152
All people that on earth.....194	I'm bound for the king- dom.....122	Since I came to Jesus.....76
All the world to me.....98	I'm holding on to Jesus.....150	Sing all heaven.....123
Amazing sight.....175	I'm not ashamed.....173	Sing all ye ransomed.....59
Angels will carry me home.....128	I'm so happy.....14	Sinner get right with God.....120
Are we the soldiers.....135	I'm the child of a King.....38	Sinners obey.....66
Are you ready to meet him.....68	In the cross of Christ.....157	Sinners the voice.....156
Arise and obey.....74	In the good old way.....83	Sinners will you scorn.....197
Arise my soul.....198	In the sweet by and by.....37	Soldiers of Christ.....47
At the cross I'll wait.....43	I shall arise.....9	Some glad day.....125
At the fountain.....58	I shall be there.....82	Still he is pleading.....105
A wonderful Saviour	I shall never forget.....36	Stop poor sinner.....73
have I.....25	It is nearly time.....64	Summoned my labor.....191
Begin my soul.....168	It was for me.....116	Sweet peace.....115
Be steadfast and true.....88	It won't be long.....179	Tell it out.....50
Blessed fountain.....11	I've been redeemed.....52	Tell it to-day.....147
Bless our union.....106	I will be faithful.....101	Tell me more about Jesus.....142
Blest be the tie.....184	I will praise thee.....117	That beautiful river.....26
Blow ye the trumpet.....200	Jesu, lover of my soul.....187	The beautiful light of God.....12
Brethren in Christ.....109	Jesus is our friend.....146	The Blood is all my plea.....95
Bring the children in.....107	Jesus loves me.....48	The Christian's good- night.....182
By and by.....57	Jesus only.....136	The Church of Jesus.....91
Christ for me.....4	Jesu, the very thought.....169	The crowning day.....124
Christ is crowded out.....79	Joybells of Heaven.....45	Thee, Jesus full of truth.....80
Come away.....127	Just as I am.....50	The God of Abraham.....62
Come comrades dear.....138	Let me hide.....31	The Great Physician.....183
Come let us join.....134	List to his voice.....21	The Lion of Judah.....177
Come to Jesus.....154	Little soldiers.....148	The Lord's my Shepherd.....174
Come to the Saviour.....193	Lo he comes.....195	The old time power.....2
Come ye sinners.....192	Meet me there.....113	The old time religion.....166
Depth of mercy.....170	Mighty Saviour.....55	The old time religion.....72
Down at the cross.....114	Mother's prayer answered.....13	There are angels.....164
Faith, hope, love and rest.....87	My God, I am thine.....153	There is a fountain.....158
Faith I stretch.....172	My happy home.....102	There is power.....61
Forever and forever.....112	My mother is praying.....145	There'll be music.....34
Forever here.....155	Never surrender.....129	There's glory in my soul.....17
Forward march.....108	No friend like Jesus.....151	There's power in Jesus' blood.....16
Glory to the Lamb.....32	No mercy there.....51	They're all taken away.....97
God of my life.....199	No, not I.....190	Though storms may surge.....63
Guide me.....196	O blessed name.....99	Thou Shepherd of Israel.....139
Hail, O Hail.....49	O bless the Lord.....15	'Tis a glorious church.....44
Happy day.....56	O blest retreat.....84	Trim your lamps.....140
Happy in the Lord.....143	O come to-day.....180	Trusting in his love.....3
Happy on the way.....20	O for a thousand tongues to sing.....27	Walking in the light.....18
Hark how He pleads.....8	O happy am I.....159	Washed in the blood.....7
Hark the glad sound.....40	O I'm glad.....126	We'll work till Jesus comes.....151
Haste you a praise for Jesus.....181	O Lamb of God I come.....189	We're bound for the land.....163
Heavenly sunshine.....60	On Calvary's mount.....69	We will all be home.....131
Heaven on earth begun.....165	Onward Christian Sol- diers.....110	What am I.....174
He is calling.....178	O take me in.....46	What shall I render.....28
He is mine.....90	O the love.....77	When I see the blood.....71
He loved me so.....22	Over there.....54	When I survey.....89
He saves from sin.....42	O we are going to wear.....162	When the Lord shall come.....19
His blood avails for me.....1	O what a change.....94	When the trumpet sounds.....35
His love is all my theme.....81	O what a resting place.....53	When we reach our home.....165
His precious blood.....92	O what a wailing.....78	While life prolongs.....119
Ho every one that thirsts.....133	O when shall I see Jesus.....93	White as snow.....24
How firm a foundation.....130	O wondrous love.....75	Why do you linger.....141
How happy every child.....39	Plunged in a gulf.....176	Will you come.....121
I am a soldier of the cross.....103	Power in the blood.....10	Will you meet me there.....65
I am his.....100	Redeemed.....29	Wonderful love.....185
I believe.....70	Return, O wanderer.....160	Wonderful Saviour.....33
I can, I will, I do believe.....186	Rock of ages.....67	Wondrous story.....85
I have a building.....96	Rock of ages.....188	Ye neighbors and friends.....85
I have been to Jesus.....6	Roll call in glory.....41	Yes, I'm washed.....118
I'll be ready.....149	Room enough for you.....144	

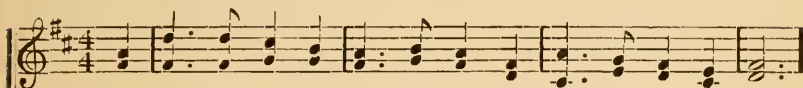
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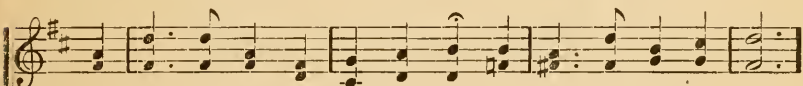
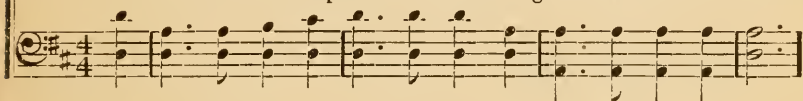
No. 1. HIS BLOOD AVAILS FOR ME.

SAMUEL CLEMENTS.

JOHN CLEMENTS.



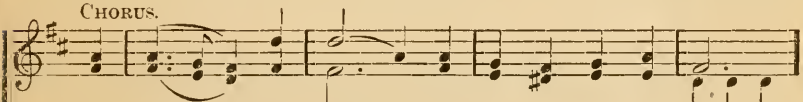
1. When wand'ring far a - way from God, His hand ar - rest - ed me;
2. I saw my Sav - iour on the cross, By faith I saw him die,
3. The love of Je - sus broke my heart, He died for me, for me!
4. O wondrous love! O pow'r di - vine! O grace so rich and free!



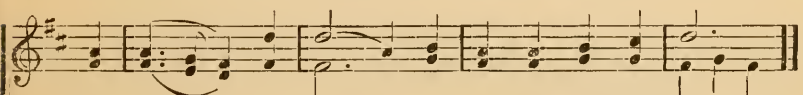
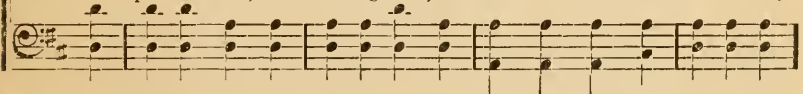
His Spir - it caused my troub - led heart Its sin - ful - ness to see.
 And all for one, who loved him not—A sin - ner such as I.
 And bore my sin up - on the cross, That I might be set free.
 Nor tongue can tell, nor pen de - scribe, The love of Christ to me!



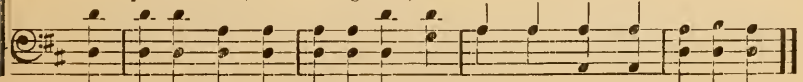
CHORUS.



His blood,.... his blood,... His blood a - vails for me;
 His precious blood, his cleansing blood, for me;

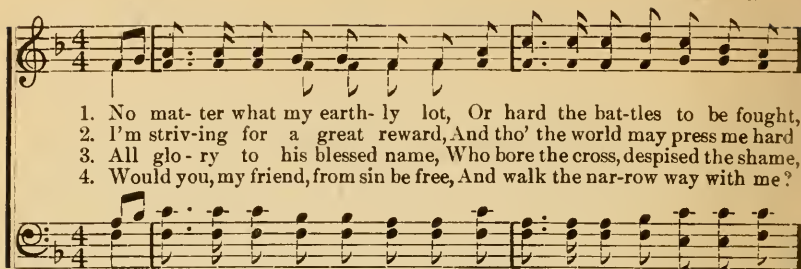


His blood,.... his blood,... His blood a - vails for me.
 His precious blood, a - toning blood, for me.

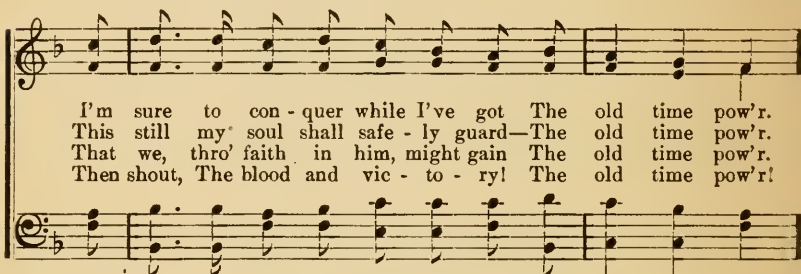


JOHN MACMILLAN.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

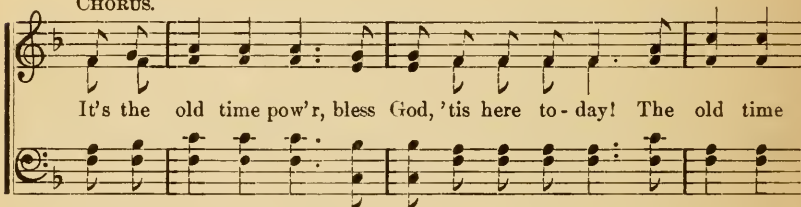


1. No mat-ter what my earth-ly lot, Or hard the bat-tles to be fought,
 2. I'm striv-ing for a great reward, And tho' the world may press me hard
 3. All glo-ry to his blessed name, Who bore the cross, despised the shame,
 4. Would you, my friend, from sin be free, And walk the nar-row way with me?

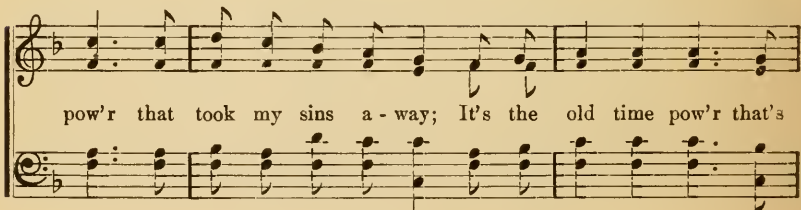


I'm sure to con-quer while I've got The old time pow'r.
 This still my soul shall safe-ly guard—The old time pow'r.
 That we, thro' faith in him, might gain The old time pow'r.
 Then shout, The blood and vic-to-ry! The old time pow'r!

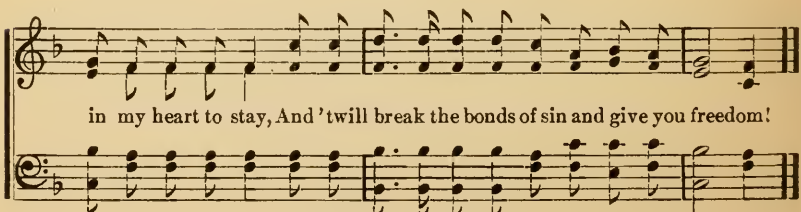
CHORUS.



It's the old time pow'r, bless God, 'tis here to-day! The old time



pow'r that took my sins a-way; It's the old time pow'r that's



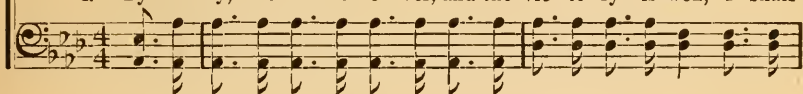
in my heart to stay, And 'twill break the bonds of sin and give you freedom!

JOHN C. KELLER

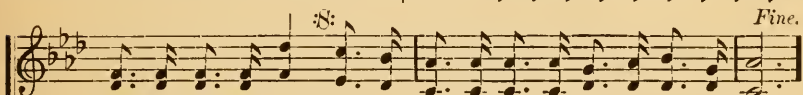
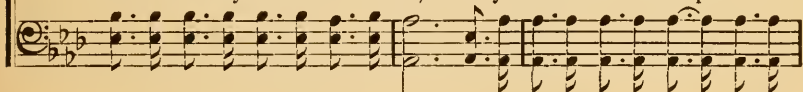
JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. When I started out for glo - ry, to the New Je - ru - salem, O it
2. And they told me of the li - ons that were seen upon the way, But the
3. Ma - ny trials I have passed thro' since I gave my heart to God, But up -
4. By and by, when all is o - ver, and the vic - to - ry is won, I shall



was a glorious, blessed, happy day! While professors said, Be careful, for you're
blessed Word of God, it doth declare That there's nothing yet unclean by the
on this blessed Rock I mean to stay, And I know that naught shall harm me while I'm
rise to meet my Saviour in the air; And my heart is filled with rapture at the

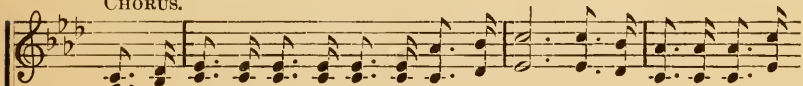


shouting quite too loud; In a little while, perhaps, you'll run away.
saints was ev - er seen On the road that leads to glo - ry, o - ver there!
walking in the light, For my Saviour will be with me all the way!
soul - in - spir - ing tho't, When the roll is called in glo - ry, I'll be there!

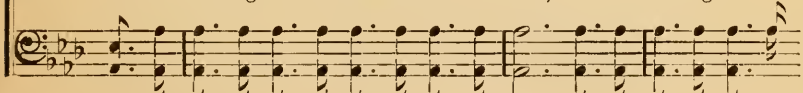


D.S.—While I'm trusting in the blessed Saviour's love.

CHORUS.



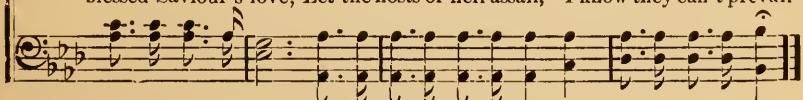
I am trusting in the blessed Saviour's love, I am trusting in the



D.S.

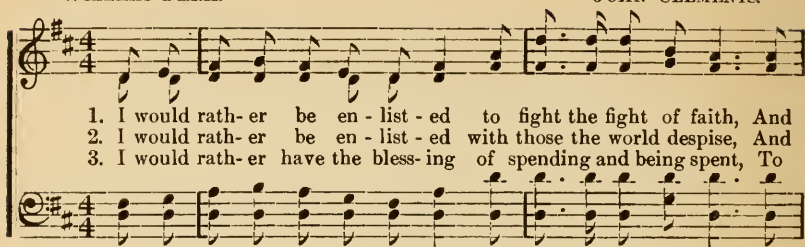


blessed Saviour's love; Let the hosts of hell assail, I know they can't prevail

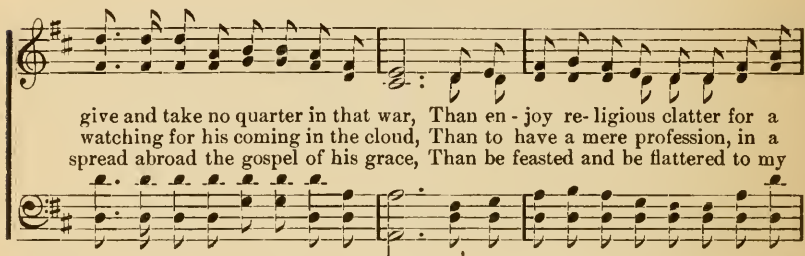


WILLIAM PARK.

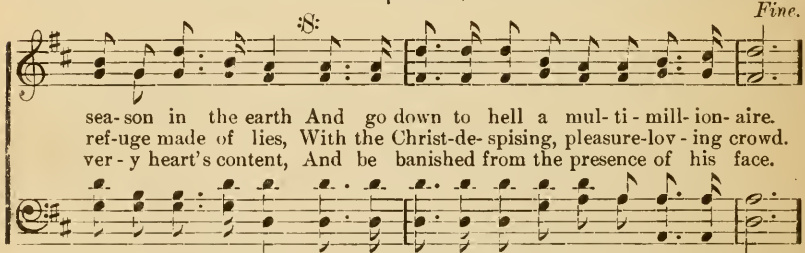
JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. I would rath-er be en-list-ed to fight the fight of faith, And
 2. I would rath-er be en-list-ed with those the world despise, And
 3. I would rath-er have the bless-ing of spending and being spent, To



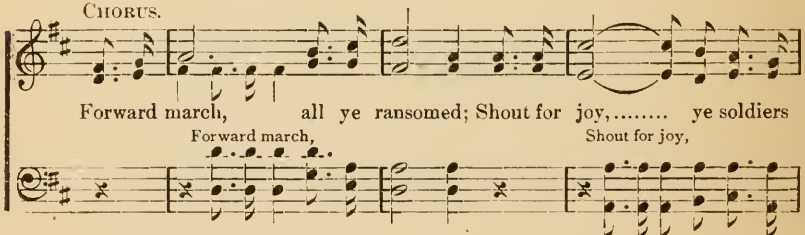
give and take no quarter in that war, Than en-joy re-ligious clatter for a
 watching for his coming in the cloud, Than to have a mere profession, in a
 spread abroad the gospel of his grace, Than be feasted and be flattered to my



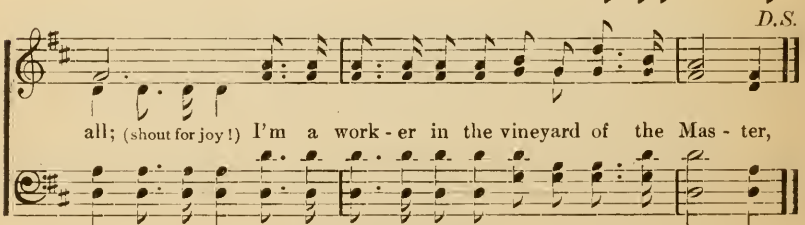
sea-son in the earth And go down to hell a mul-ti-mil-lion-aire.
 ref-uge made of lies, With the Christ-de-spising, pleasure-lov-ing crowd.
 ver-y heart's content, And be banished from the presence of his face.

D.S.—I'm a sol-dier in the ar-my of the Lord.

CHORUS.



Forward march, all ye ransomed; Shout for joy,..... ye soldiers
 Forward march, Shout for joy,



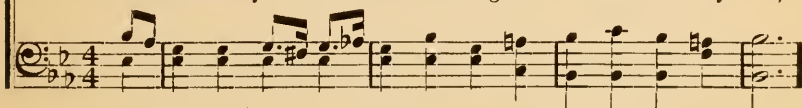
all; (shout for joy!) I'm a work-er in the vineyard of the Mas-ter,

E. PERRONET. Cho. by J. C.

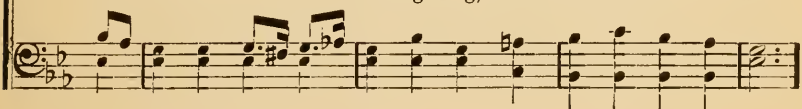
V. PAUL JONES.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye seed of Is-rael's cho-sen race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Ye Gen-tile sin-ners, ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev-'ry tribe and ev-'ry tongue Be-fore him prostrate fall,
5. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at his feet may fall,



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem To crown him Lord of all.
 Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 Go spread your tro-phies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
 And shout in u-ni-ver-sal song The crown-ed Lord of all.
 Join in the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



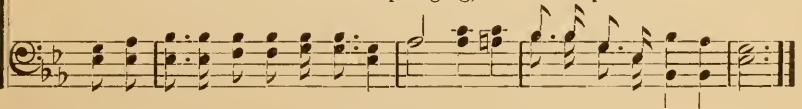
CHORUS.



All hail.....the pow'r of Jesus' name, All hail.....the pow'r of Jesus' name;
 All hail All hail

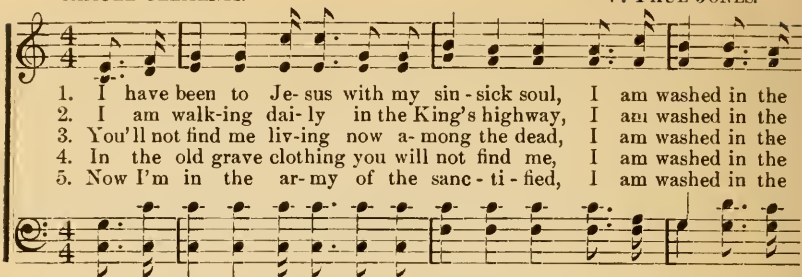


Let the saints of earth and heaven keep singing, All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name.

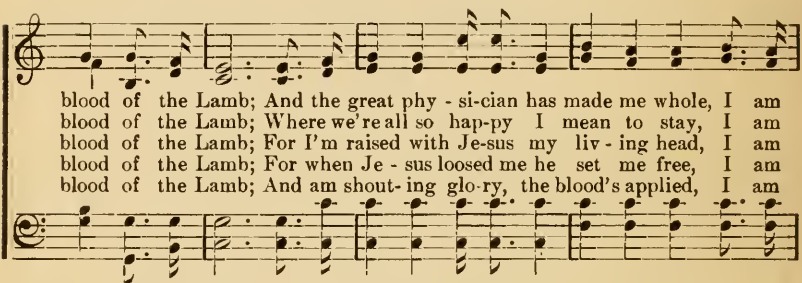


SAMUEL CLEMENTS.

V. PAUL JONES.

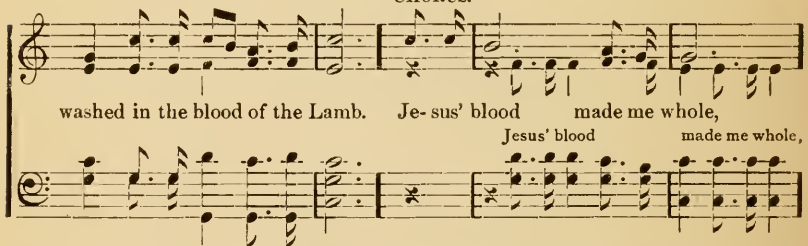


1. I have been to Je-sus with my sin-sick soul, I am washed in the
 2. I am walk-ing dai-ly in the King's highway, I am washed in the
 3. You'll not find me liv-ing now a-mong the dead, I am washed in the
 4. In the old grave clothing you will not find me, I am washed in the
 5. Now I'm in the ar-m-y of the sanc-ti-fied, I am washed in the



blood of the Lamb; And the great phy-si-cian has made me whole, I am
 blood of the Lamb; Where we're all so hap-py I mean to stay, I am
 blood of the Lamb; For I'm raised with Je-sus my liv-ing head, I am
 blood of the Lamb; For when Je-sus loosed me he set me free, I am
 blood of the Lamb; And am shout-ing glo-ry, the blood's applied, I am

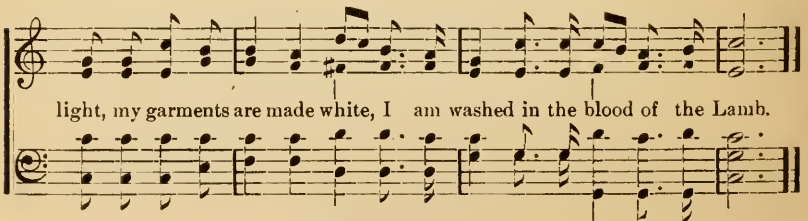
CHORUS.



washed in the blood of the Lamb. Je-sus' blood made me whole,
 Jesus' blood made me whole,



And I'm hap-py, for his love fills my soul; I am walking in the
 Hal-le-lu-jah!



light, my garments are made white, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 7.

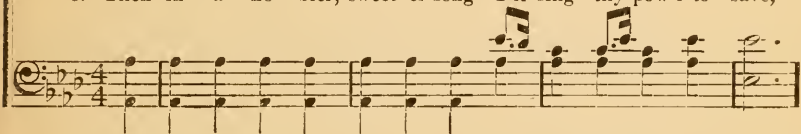
WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

COWPER. Cho. by J. C.

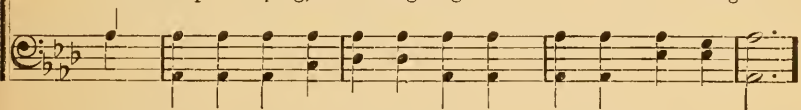
JOHN CLEMENTS.



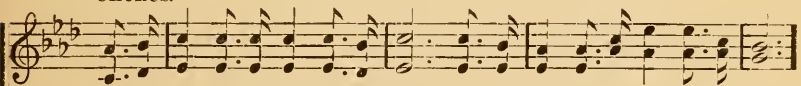
1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to' see That fount-ain in his day,
3. O dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing thy pow'r to save,



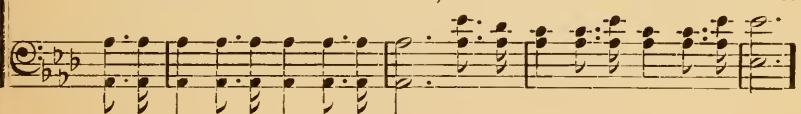
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there have I, tho' vile as he, Washed all my sins a-way.
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 Re-deeming love has been my theme And shall be till I die!
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.



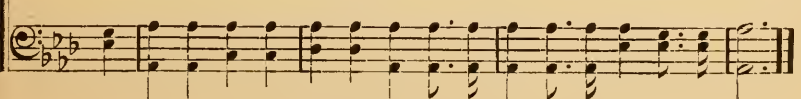
CHORUS.



I am washed in the blood of the Lamb, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb!



My happy soul is free, is free! I am washed in the blood of the Lamb!

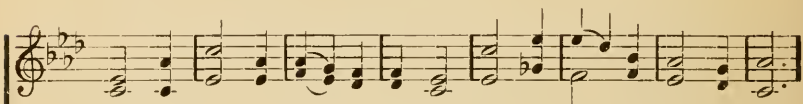
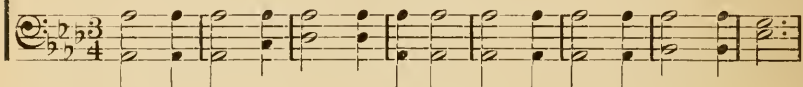


ANON. Cho. by J. C.

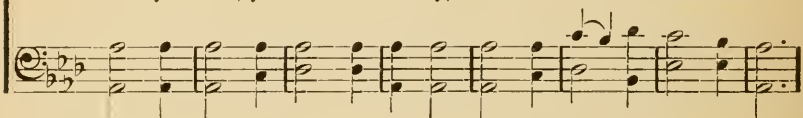
V. PAUL JONES.



1. Now the Saviour standeth pleading At the sin-ner's bolt-ed heart;
2. Sin - ner, hear your God and Saviour, Hear his gracious voice to - day;
3. Now he's waiting to be gracious, Now he stands and looks on thee;
4. Come, for all things now are ready, Yet there's room for ma-ny more:



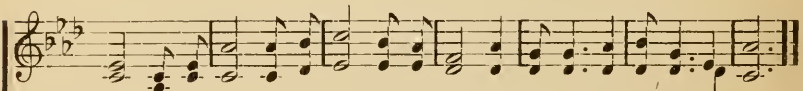
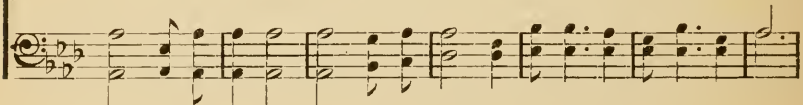
Now in heav'n he's in - ter - ceding, Tak - ing there the sinner's part.
 Turn from all your vain be - havior, O re - pent, re - turn and pray!
 See what kindness, love and pit - y, Shine a - round on you and me.
 O ye blind, ye lame and needy, Come to wisdom's boundless store!



CHORUS.



Why do you linger, why stay a - way, When Jesus is calling you home?

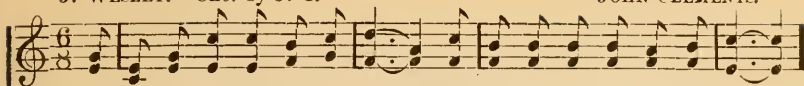


Hark, how he pleads and with God intercedes; O sinner, O sinner, come home.



J. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

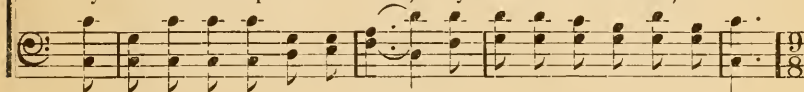
JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. I long to behold him ar - rayed With glory and light from a - bove,
2. I languish and sigh to be there, Where Jesus hath fixed his a - bode;
3. With him I on Zi - on shall stand, (For Je - sus hath spoken the word)
4. But when, on thy bosom re - clined, Thy face I am strengthened to see,



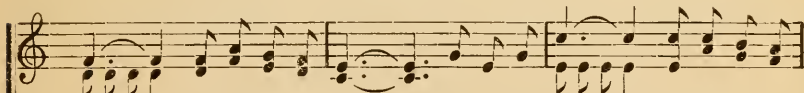
The King in his beauty dis - played, His beauty of ho - li - est love.
 O when shall we meet in the air, And fly to the mountain of God!
 The breadth of Imman-u-el's land Sur - vey by the light of my Lord.
 My fullness of rapture I find, My heaven of heavens, in thee.



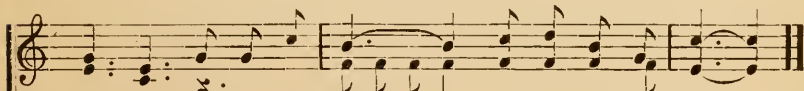
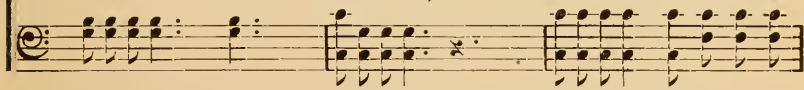
CHORUS.



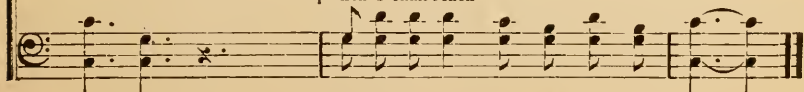
I shall a - rise..... to be with my Sav - iour, I shall a -
 I shall a - rise



rise..... and meet in the air;..... Then I'll be like..... my blessed Re -
 I shall arise and meet in the air; Then I'll be like

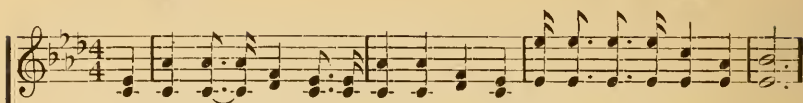


deem - er, When I shall reach..... my home o - ver there.
 When I shall reach

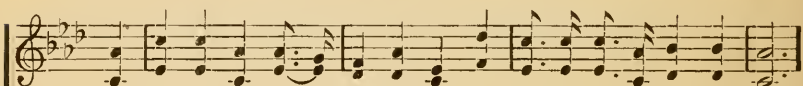
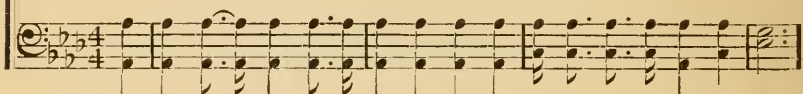


JOHN CLEMENTS.

JOHN MACMILLAN.



1. Come, sinners, to Jé-sus without de-lay, There's power in the blood, I know;
2. No matter how guilty you may have been, There's power in the blood, I know;
3. The world may oppose and all hell as-sail, There's power in the blood, I know;
4. The saints of the Lord have a right to shout, There's power in the blood, I know;
5. This grand, old song let us ev-er sing, There's power in the blood, I know;



And he will wash all your sins away, There's power in the blood, I know.
To cleanse your soul and to keep you clean, There's power in the blood, I know.

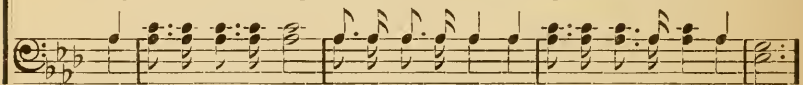
Yet Satan's hosts never will prevail, There's power in the blood, I know.
Who've washed their robes and have made them white, There's power in the blood, I know.
His praise throughout all the world shall ring, There's power in the blood, I know.



CHORUS.



There's power in the blood, power in the blood, There's power in the blood, I know!



There's power in the blood to make you whole, There's power in the blood, I know.

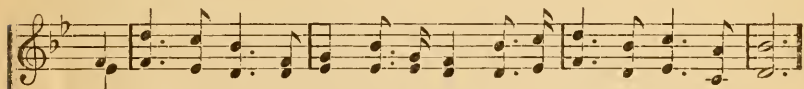
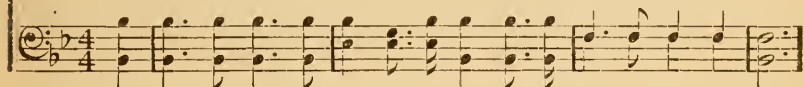


JOHN CLEMENTS.

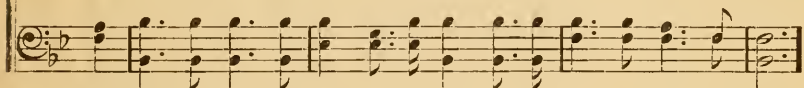
V. PAUL JONES.



1. There is a song the saints love to sing, Called the fountain filled with blood,
2. Bless God, I'm joined to yon blood-washed throng, With the heav'nly mul-ti - tude
3. How sweet the joy of that happy hour When I gave my heart to God
4. Tho' rough the way the saints have to go And temptations come as a flood,



Of sinners cleansed from their guilt and sin In the fountain filled with blood.
 That washed their robes and made them all white In the fountain filled with blood.
 And plunged by faith in the crimson tide, In the fountain filled with blood.
 No ills betide while we do abide In the fountain filled with blood.



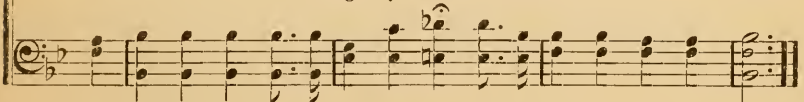
CHORUS.



O the fountain, blessed fountain, It's the fountain filled with blood,



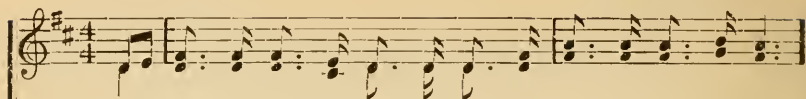
Where sinners lose all their guilty stains In the fountain filled with blood.



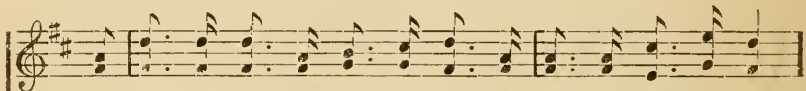
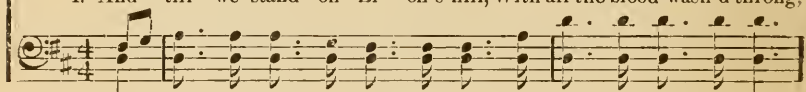
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 Bless God for those who showed us the
 way
 To the fountain filled with blood;
 May we with them reach our home on high
 Tho' the fountain filled with blood.</p> | <p>6 Come, sinners, come, no longer delay,
 To the fountain filled with blood;
 Forsake your sins, your robes have made
 white
 In the fountain filled with blood.</p> |
|--|--|

JOHN MACMILLAN.

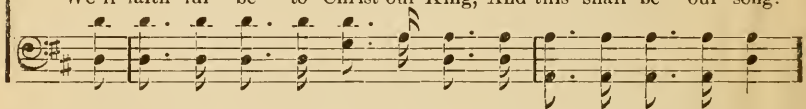
JOHN CLEMENTS.



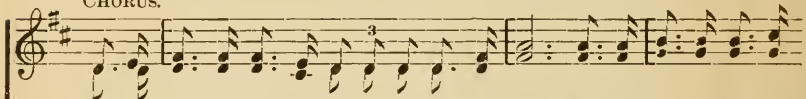
1. There is a light up-on the way That lead-eth home to God;
2. The pa-tri-archs had long en-joyed This glo-rious light di-vine,
3. A-pos-tles, proph-ets, mar-tyrs bold, Re-joic-ing in the light,
4. And till we stand on Zi-on's hill, With all the blood-wash'd throng,



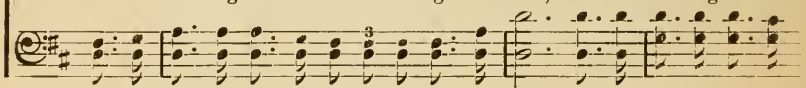
A light that shines on ev-'ry soul That's cleanséd by the blood.
 Whose brightness nev-er can be dimm'd, Tho' earth and hell com-bine.
 Have stood un-daunt-ed 'gainst the foe, Crown'd vic-tors in the fight.
 We'll faith-ful be to Christ our King, And this shall be our song:



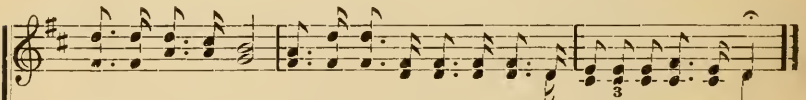
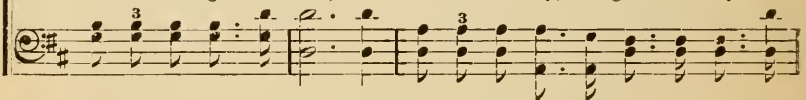
CHORUS.



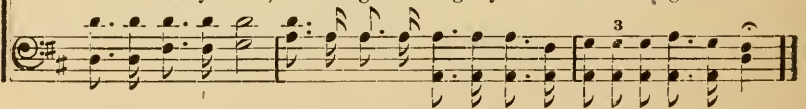
We are walk-ing in the beau-ti-ful light of God, We are walking in the



beau-ti-ful light of God; O this is the way, the good old way the

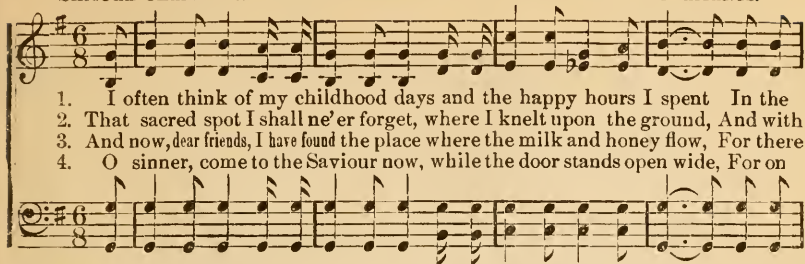


saints and martyrs trod, Marching home to glory in the beautiful light of God.

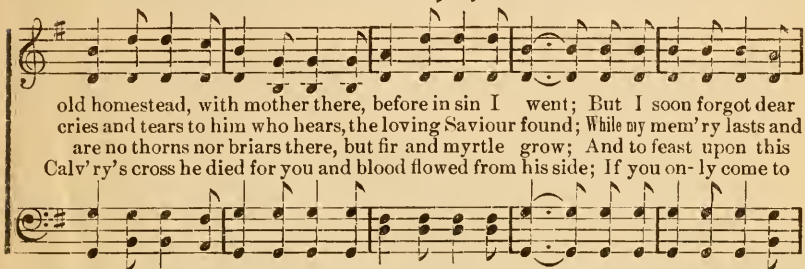


SAMUEL CLEMENTS.

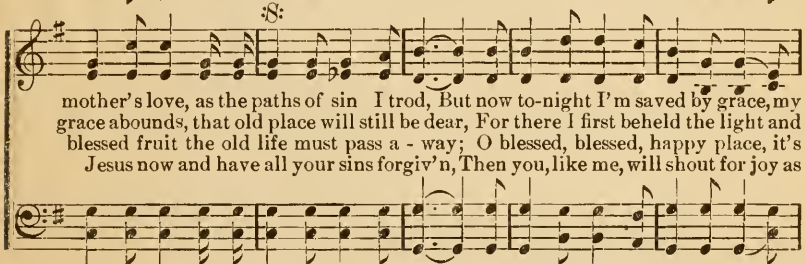
JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. I often think of my childhood days and the happy hours I spent In the
 2. That sacred spot I shall ne'er forget, where I knelt upon the ground, And with
 3. And now, dear friends, I have found the place where the milk and honey flow, For there
 4. O sinner, come to the Saviour now, while the door stands open wide, For on

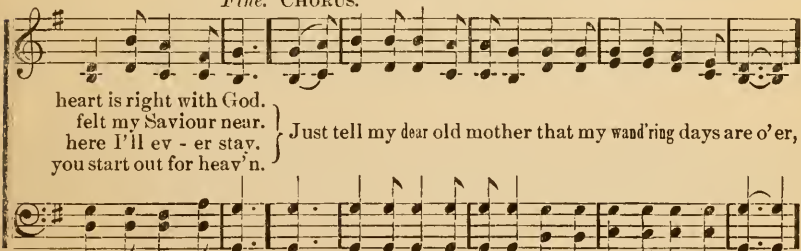


old homestead, with mother there, before in sin I went; But I soon forgot dear
 cries and tears to him who hears, the loving Saviour found; While my mem'ry lasts and
 are no thorns nor briars there, but fir and myrtle grow; And to feast upon this
 Calv'ry's cross he died for you and blood flowed from his side; If you on-ly come to



mother's love, as the paths of sin I trod, But now to-night I'm saved by grace, my
 grace abounds, that old place will still be dear, For there I first beheld the light and
 blessed fruit the old life must pass a - way; O blessed, blessed, happy place, it's
 Jesus now and have all your sins forgiv'n, Then you, like me, will shout for joy as

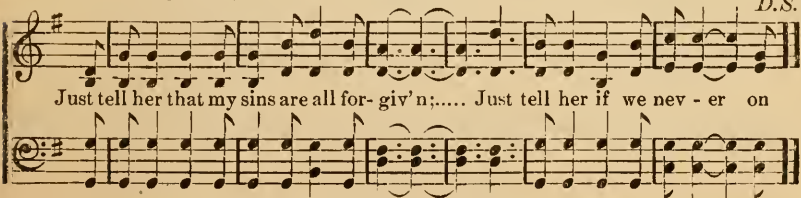
D.S.—earth shall meet a - gain,.....That her pray'rs are answer'd and

Fine. CHORUS.


heart is right with God.
 felt my Saviour near. } Just tell my dear old mother that my wand'ring days are o'er,
 here I'll ev - er stay. }
 you start out for heav'n.

we shall meet in heav'n.

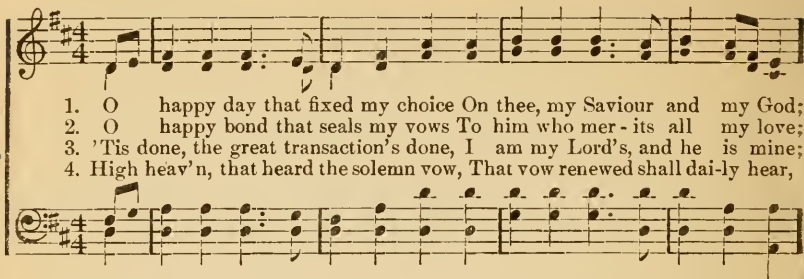
D.S.



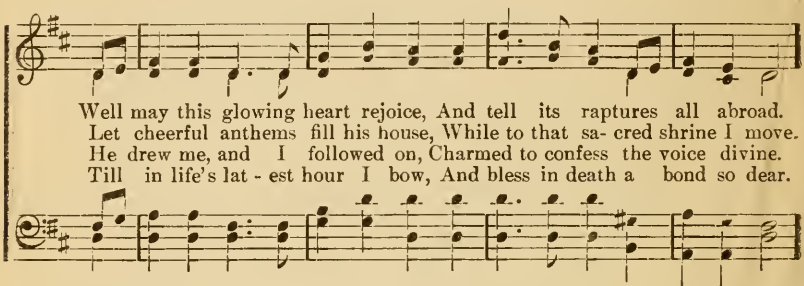
Just tell her that my sins are all for - giv'n;..... Just tell her if we nev - er on

P. DODDRIDGE. Cho. by J. C.

[MRS. T. P. MACMILLAN.]

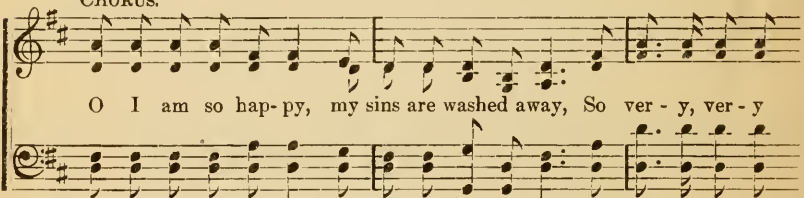


1. O happy day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God;
 2. O happy bond that seals my vows To him who mer - its all my love;
 3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
 4. High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai - ly hear,

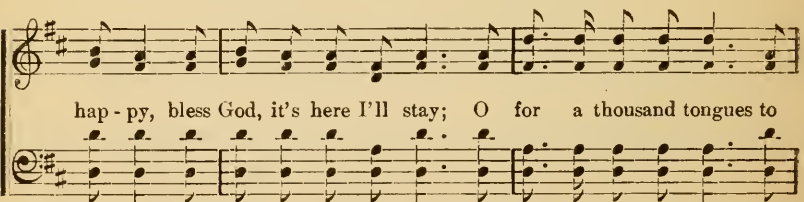


Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.
 Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

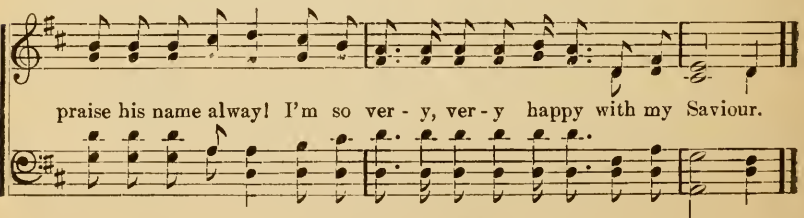
CHORUS.



O I am so hap - py, my sins are washed away, So ver - y, ver - y



hap - py, bless God, it's here I'll stay; O for a thousand tongues to



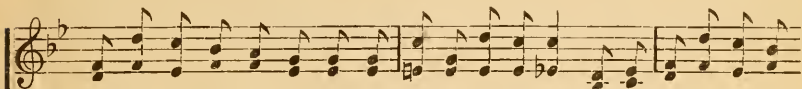
praise his name away! I'm so ver - y, ver - y happy with my Saviour.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

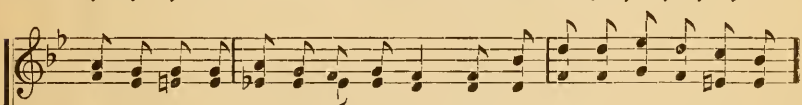
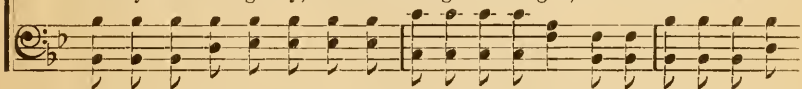
V. PAUL JONES.

Slowly, with expression.

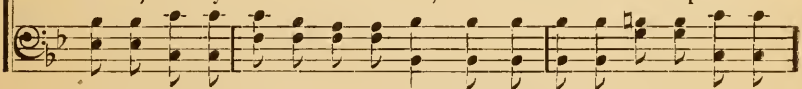
1. Ma-ny wea-ry years I wan-der'd In the ways of sin and shame, Heeding
2. Quick as light-ni-ning came the an-swer That with glad-ness fill'd my soul, "All thy
3. So I'm sing-ing and re-joicing, For my heart has been made white; Je-sus



not my Saviour's warn-ings, Lov-ing not his pre-cious name; But at last con-vic-tion
sins have been for-giv-en, And thy faith has made thee whole; In the nar-row way of
fills my soul with glo-ry, I am walk-ing in the light; Nev-er will I fear or



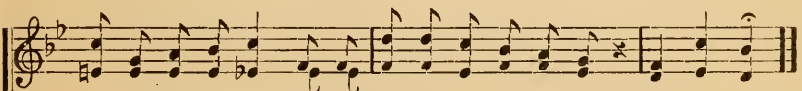
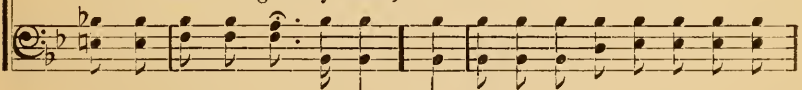
seiz'd me And I saw my wretched state, Then I cried to God for mer-cy,
glo-ry Thou hast en-tered by the Door, And thy Saviour now com-mands thee
fal-ter, For my Lord is close at hand, And I'll nev-er cease to praise him



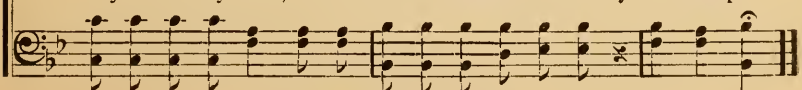
Fear-ing lest it was too late.
Go in peace and sin no more."
Till I reach the glo-ry land.

CHORUS.

O bless the Lord for-ev-er! That his



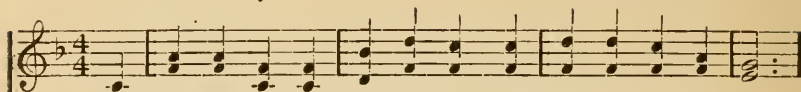
mercy reach'd my heart; And his blood has cleans'd me wholly—Not in part.



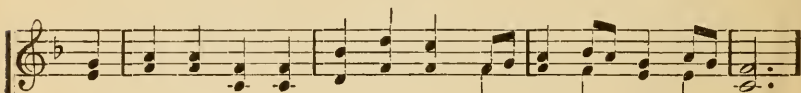
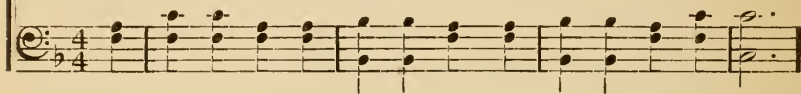
No. 16. THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

C, WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

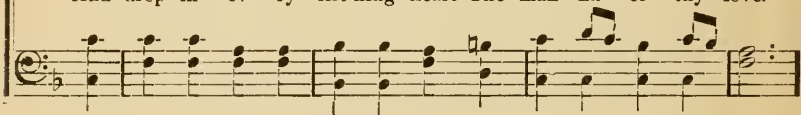
MRS. H. C. BOYD.



1. Whom Je - sus' blood doth sanc - ti - fy Need nei - ther sin nor fear;
2. His guardian hand doth hold, protect, And save, by ways unknown,
3. Our Prophet, Priest, and King, to thee We joy - ful - ly sub - mit;
4. Spir - it and life thy words im-part, And bless - ings from a - bove;



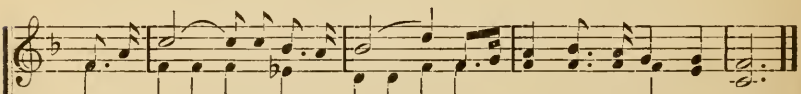
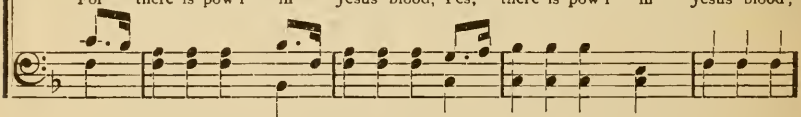
Hid in our Saviour's hand we lie, And laugh at dan - ger near.
The lit - tle flock, the saints e - lect, Who trust in him a - lone.
And learn, in meek hu - mil - i - ty, Our les - son at thy feet.
And drop in ev - 'ry list'ning heart The man - na of thy love.



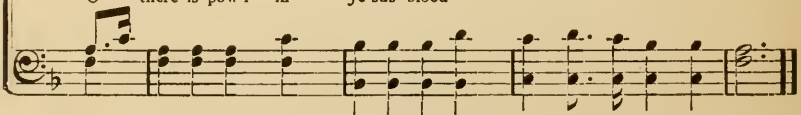
CHORUS.



For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood, There is pow'r in Jesus' blood;
For there is pow'r in Jesus' blood, Yes, there is pow'r in Jesus' blood;

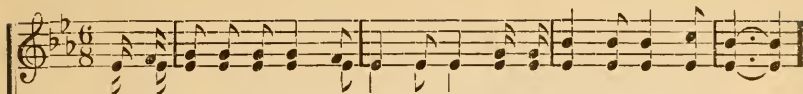


There is pow'r in Je - sus' blood To cleanse and to keep you clean.
O there is pow'r in Je - sus' blood

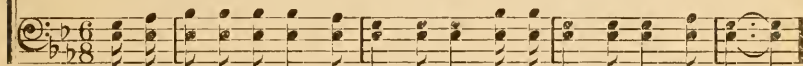


SAMUEL CLEMENTS.

JOHN CLEMENTS.



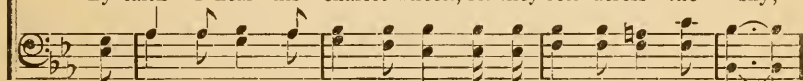
1. I shall never forget when I was born, or that blessed, happy day
2. Now I'm living on hal- lelujah street, with the blood-washed, conqu'ring band
3. I am living in Canaan's happy land, where the milk and honey flow,
4. Now the day of the Lord is near at hand, And redemption draweth nigh;



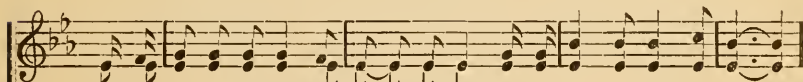
D. C.—For I'm living in Canaan's happy land, where the milk and honey flow,



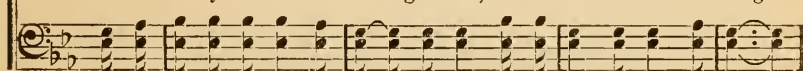
I came to Je - sus as I was, and he washed my sins a - way;
 Who've crossed right o - ver Jordan's stream to possess fair Canaan's land;
 The corn and wine and oil abound, and the trees of life do grow;
 By faith I hear his chariot wheels, As they roll across the sky;



The corn and wine and oil abound, and the trees of life do grow;

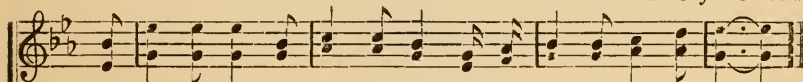


What a heavenly joy came o-ver my heart, as my sins a-way did roll;
 And no matter how fierce those giants may be, or those grim old walls so strong,
 I am having such times in Beu-lah land, where the sun shines all the time,
 So I'll tar-ry a lit-tle lon-ger here, Till he comes in all his might

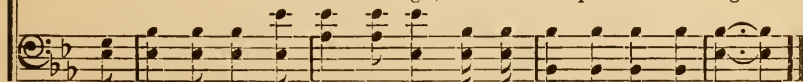


And no matter how fierce the fight may be, or the billows o'er me roll,

D. C. for Chorus.



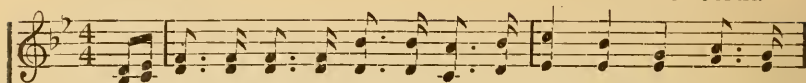
It makes me leap and shout for joy, with the glo - ry in my soul.
 I'll sing and shout with all my might in the conqu'ring hero's song.
 And peo-ple are so hap - py there, in this hal - lu - jah clime.
 To take us to his home on high, For we're conqu'rors in the fight.



I'll sing and shout with all my might, for there's glo - ry in my soul.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

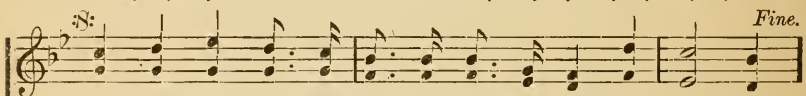
V. PAUL JONES.



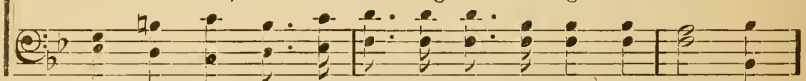
1. There's naught can hurt or harm me on the nar - row way, I am
2. 'Tis this that makes me hap - py, tho' the world may frown, I am
3. The world, the flesh, the dev - il I have left be - hind, I am
4. O won't you come and join me in this bless - ed life? I am



walking in the light with Je - sus; For he has turn'd my darkness in-to
 walking in the light with Je - sus; And all the hosts of Sa - tan I will
 walking in the light with Je - sus; No place have I for sin in heart, or
 walking in the light with Je - sus; There's joy and gladness now instead of

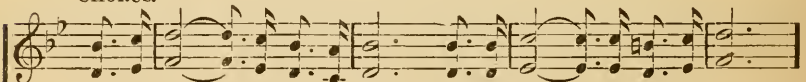


end - less day, I am walk - ing in the light with Je - sus.
 tram - ple down, I am walk - ing in the light with Je - sus.
 soul, or mind, I am walk - ing in the light with Je - sus.
 sin and strife, I am walk - ing in the light with Je - sus.

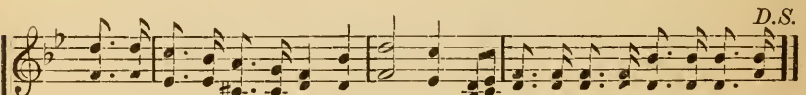
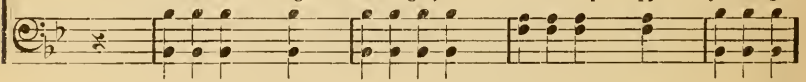


D.S.—I will sing, I am walk - ing in the light with Je - sus.

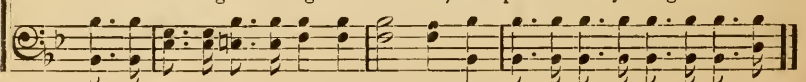
CHORUS.



I am walk - ing in the light, I am hap - py day and night,
 I am walk - ing in the light, And I am hap - py day and night,



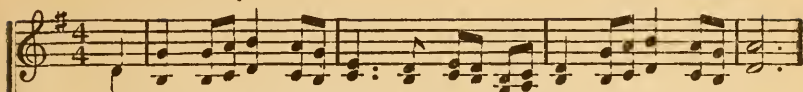
I am walking in the light with Je - sus; The praises of my King for - ev - er



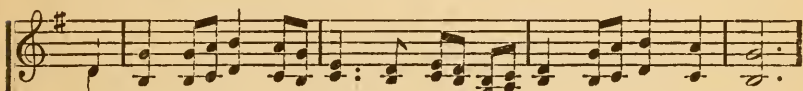
No. 19. WHEN THE LORD SHALL COME.

I. WATTS. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

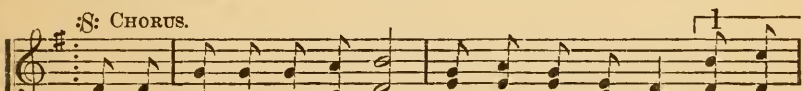


1. Lo, what a glorious sight ap - pears To our be - liev - ing eyes!
 2. At - tend - ing an - gels shout for joy, And the bright arm - ies sing;
 3. "The God of glo - ry, down to men, Removes his blest a - bode;
 4. How long, dear Saviour, O how long Shall this bright hour de - lay?



The earth and seas are passed a - way, And the old roll - ing skies.
 "Mor - tals, behold the sa - cred seat Of your descend - ing King!
 Men, the dear ob - jects of his grace, And he their lov - ing God."
 Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of time! And bring the welcome day.

CHORUS.

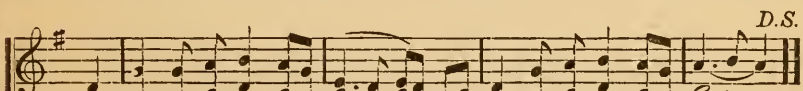


There'll be mu - sic in the air When the Lord shall come, There'll be



music in the air When the Lord shall come; || To gath - er his loved ones home.

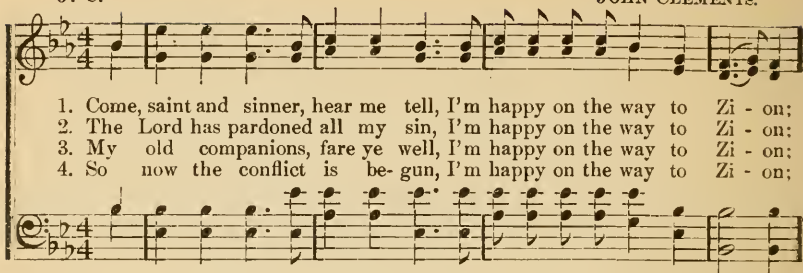
D.S.



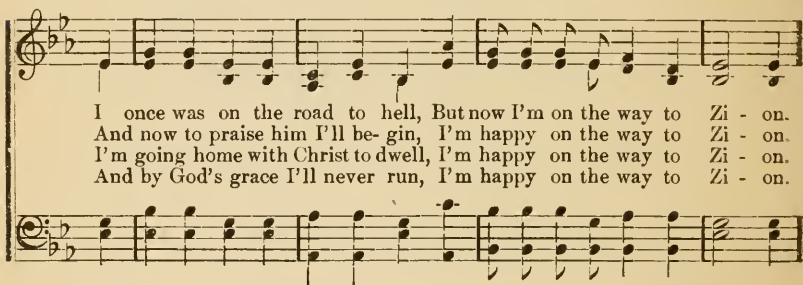
To gather his loved ones home,..... To gather his loved ones home;...

J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

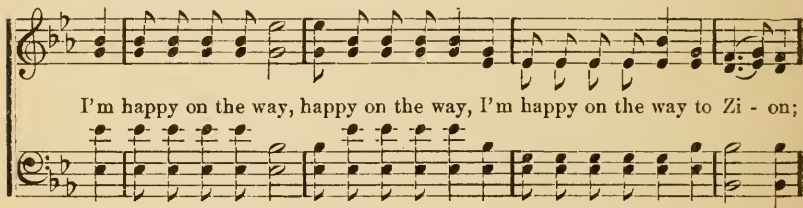


1. Come, saint and sinner, hear me tell, I'm happy on the way to Zi - on;
 2. The Lord has pardoned all my sin, I'm happy on the way to Zi - on;
 3. My old companions, fare ye well, I'm happy on the way to Zi - on;
 4. So now the conflict is begun, I'm happy on the way to Zi - on;

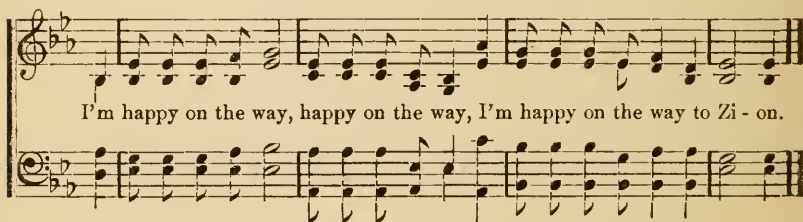


I once was on the road to hell, But now I'm on the way to Zi - on.
 And now to praise him I'll be- gin, I'm happy on the way to Zi - on.
 I'm going home with Christ to dwell, I'm happy on the way to Zi - on.
 And by God's grace I'll never run, I'm happy on the way to Zi - on.

CHORUS.



I'm happy on the way, happy on the way, I'm happy on the way to Zi - on;



I'm happy on the way, happy on the way, I'm happy on the way to Zi - on.

5 And in this fight I mean to stand,
 I'm happy on the way to Zion;
 For I have joined the conqu'ring band,
 I'm happy on the way to Zion.

6 Then let us sing and shout and pray,
 I'm happy on the way to Zion;
 No matter what the world may say,
 I'm happy on the way to Zion.

7 If you get there before I do,
 I'm happy on the way to Zion,
 Tell all my friends I'm coming, too,
 I'm happy on the way to Zion.

8 And when I reach my home above,
 I'll walk around the walls of Zion,
 And sing and shout redeeming love,
 While sweeping thro' the gates of Zion.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

V. PAUL JONES.

May be used as a solo.

1. There's a fountain now o - pen by Je - sus for sin, And a welcome a -
 2. Now the heralds of mer - cy beseech you to flee From the storm and the
 3. While the Spir - it is pleading, O list to his voice, For he brings you a
 4. There is shouting and singing, when sinners repent; O there's joy a - mong

waiteth you there; For the Father of mercies still longs to for - give—
 wrath that will come, And your Saviour is waiting with outstretched arms—
 message of love; And the angels are waiting to car - ry the news—
 angels a - bove, When they see a poor sinner for - saking his ways—

rit.

CHORUS.

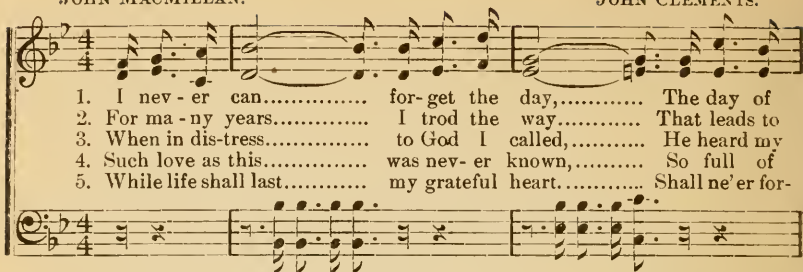
O sin - ner, why will you not come? O sinner, why will you not

come? O sinner, why will you not come? There's mercy for all

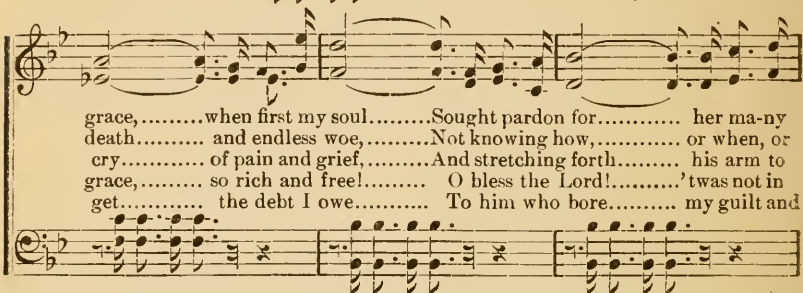
Who will come at his call; O sin - ner, why will you not come?

JOHN MACMILLAN.

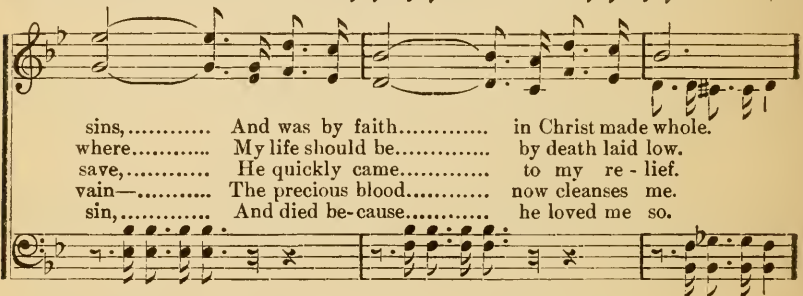
JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. I nev - er can..... for-get the day,..... The day of
 2. For ma - ny years..... I trod the way,..... That leads to
 3. When in dis-tress..... to God I called,..... He heard my
 4. Such love as this..... was nev - er known,..... So full of
 5. While life shall last..... my grateful heart,..... Shall ne'er for-

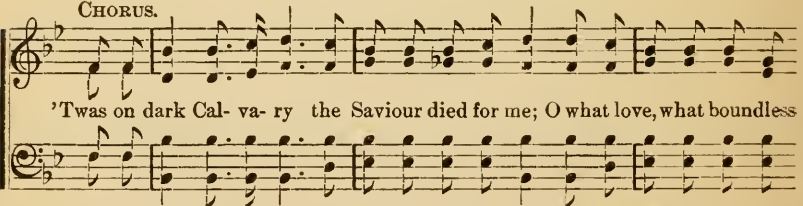


grace,.....when first my soul.....Sought pardon for..... her ma-ny
 death..... and endless woe,.....Not knowing how,..... or when, or
 cry..... of pain and grief,.....And stretching forth..... his arm to
 grace,..... so rich and free!..... O bless the Lord!.....'twas not in
 get..... the debt I owe..... To him who bore..... my guilt and

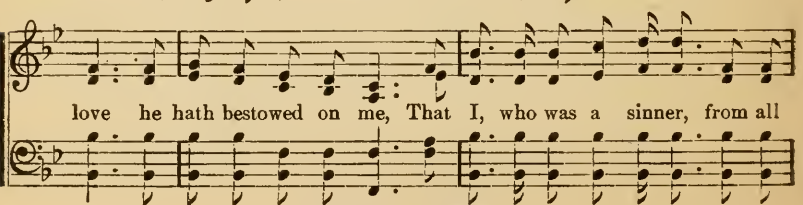


sins,..... And was by faith..... in Christ made whole.
 where..... My life should be..... by death laid low.
 save,..... He quickly came..... to my re - lief.
 vain..... The precious blood..... now cleanses me.
 sin,..... And died be-cause..... he loved me so.

CHORUS.

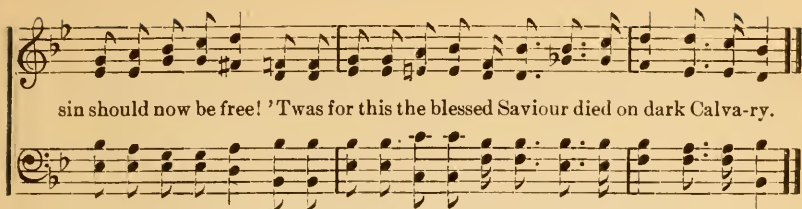


'Twas on dark Cal - va - ry the Saviour died for me; O what love, what boundless



love he hath bestowed on me, That I, who was a sinner, from all

HE LOVED ME SO.—Concluded.

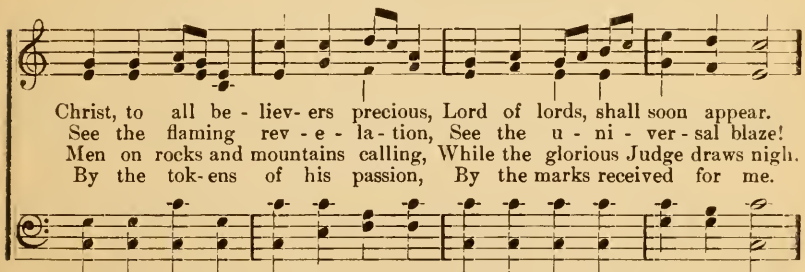
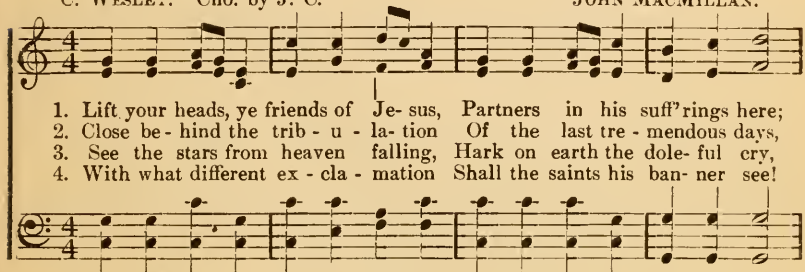


No. 23.

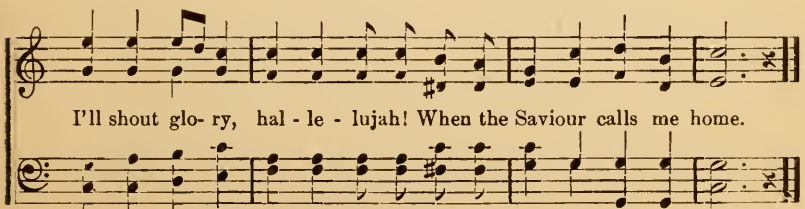
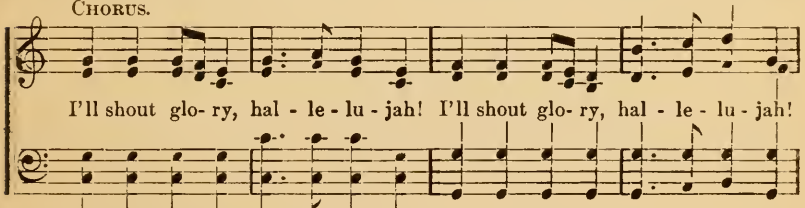
I'LL SHOUT GLORY!

C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

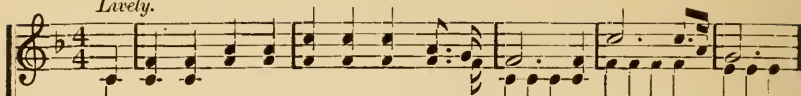


CHORUS.




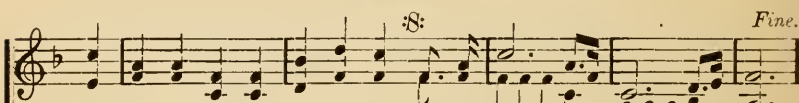
SAMUEL CLEMENTS.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

Lively.



1. Come, sinner, to the Saviour now, He will wash you white as snow;
2. You may be dead in sin to-day, He will wash you white as snow;
3. None need despair, he died for all, He will wash you white as snow;
4. The Spirit and the Bride say come, He will wash you white as snow;
5. O let me now commend my Lord, He will wash you white as snow;

yes, wash yes, white bless God!





And at the throne of mer-cy bow, He will wash you white as snow.
 Come as you are, with-out de-lay, He will wash you white as snow.
 Ye guilt-y sinners, hear his call, He will wash you white as snow.
 For "whosoever will" there's room, He will wash you white as snow.
 He's true and faithful to his word, He will wash you white as snow.



yes, wash yes, white


D.S. — He will wash you white as snow.

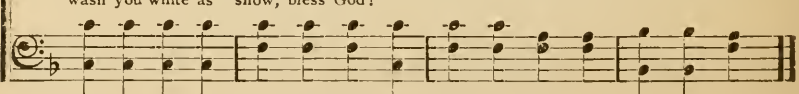
CHORUS.



He will wash you white as snow, He will wash you
 He will wash you white as snow, bless God! He'll wash you white, yes, white as snow, He'll

white as snow; And tho' your sins like crim-son be,
 wash you white as snow, bless God!



No. 25. A WONDERFUL SAVIOUR HAVE I.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

May be used as a solo.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; In green pastures he
 2. In all of my tri-als the Saviour is near; What a feast for my
 3. There'll be no dark valley, when God calls me home, For my Je - sus will
 4. And then, up in glo - ry, when Je - sus I see, Who on Cal - va - ry

makes me to lie, And my soul doth restore; I'll sing evermore, O what a
 soul he doth spread, That will strengthen me here! Then, why should I fear? O what a
 light up the way; Then I'll sing the old song that I've loved so long, O what a
 died for my sin, From the depths of my soul the old song shall roll, O what a

CHORUS.

won - derful Saviour have I! O what a won - derful Saviour have I!

Saviour have I, Saviour have I! Who helps me to triumph a-

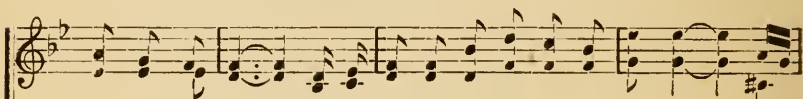
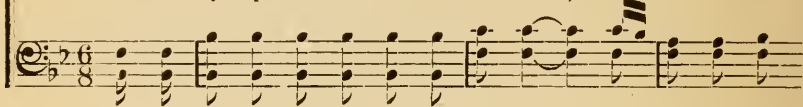
lone by his grace; O what a won - der-ful Saviour have I!

MRS. A. JANE CLEMENTS.

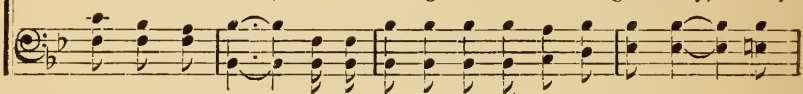
MRS. H. C. BOYD.



1. When from loved ones on earth we are sev - ered, Their troubles and
2. Tho' their place in the home is now va - cant, Their mem'ry is
3. Let us dry up our tears and not mur - mur, Our Je - sus doth



tri - als are o'er; But our partings will not be for - ev - er, We'll
 dear to my heart; I look forward with joy and sweet com - fort To
 know what is best; In his taking our loved ones to glo - ry, They



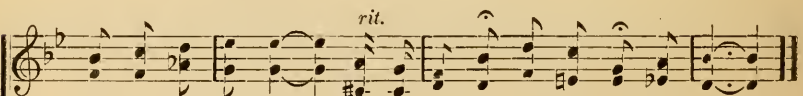
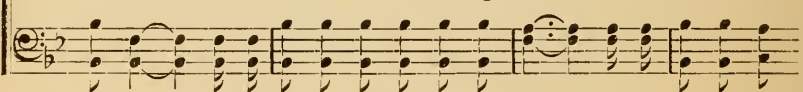
CHORUS.



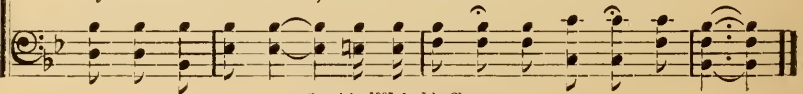
meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. }
 see them where death cannot part. } On the banks of that beau - ti - ful
 now are safe home and at rest. }



riv - er There are loved ones now watching for me, And I know that some



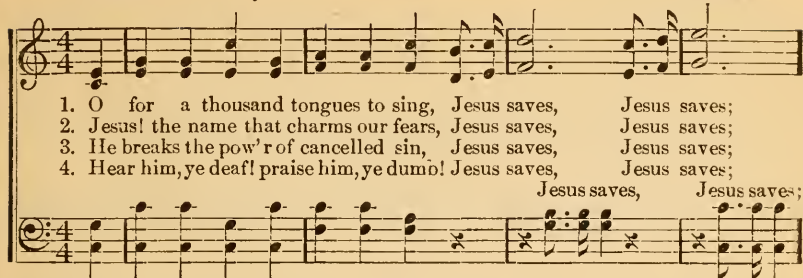
day I'll be with them, *rit.* If to Je - sus I faithful shall be.



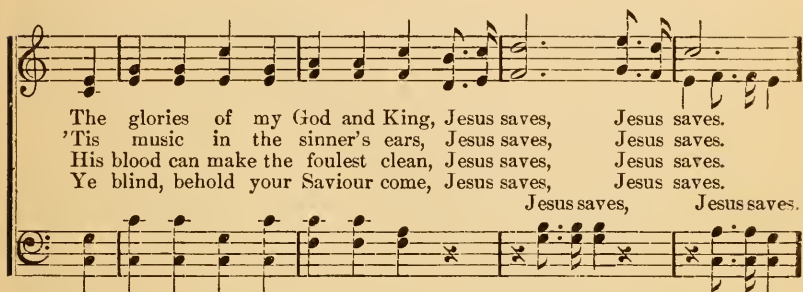
No. 27. O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

V. PAUL JONES.



1. O for a thousand tongues to sing, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 2. Jesus! the name that charms our fears, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
 4. Hear him, ye deaf! praise him, ye dumb! Jesus saves, Jesus saves;

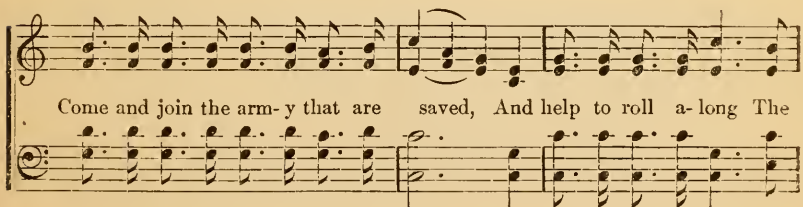


The glories of my God and King, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

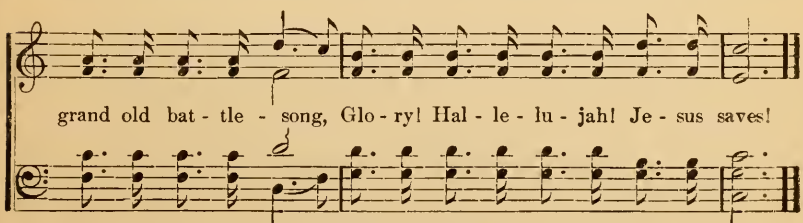
CHORUS.



O bro - ther, will you come? Sis - ter, will you come?



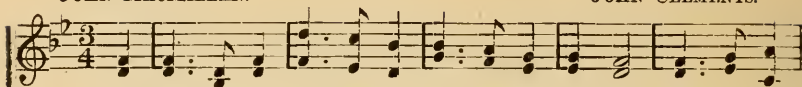
Come and join the arm-y that are saved, And help to roll a-long The



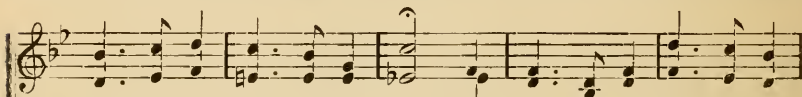
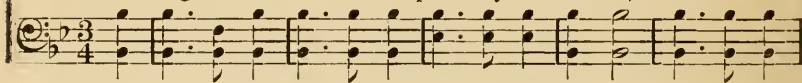
grand old bat - tle - song, Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus saves!

JOHN MACMILLAN.

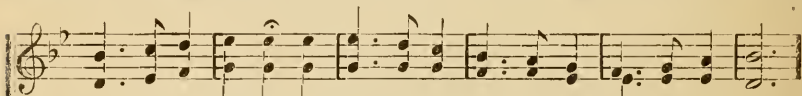
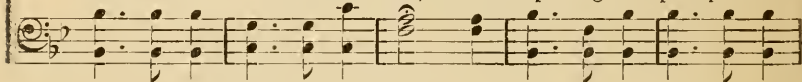
JOHN CLEMENTS.



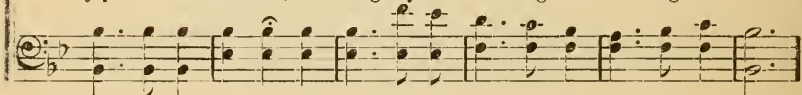
1. O what shall I ren - der to Je - sus my Sav - iour For all his
2. No more in the dark - ness of sin I am walk - ing, Gone is all
3. I'll drink at the fountain that flows like a riv - er, O - pened in
4. As long as I live I will praise my Re - deem - er, Bound to the



mer - cies and bless - ings to me? Who once was in bon - dage, a
 blind - ness and now I can see; For Je - sus the Sav - iour has
 Zi - on by Je - sus my God; It purg - es me throughly from
 horns of the al - tar I am; In keep - ing his precepts there's



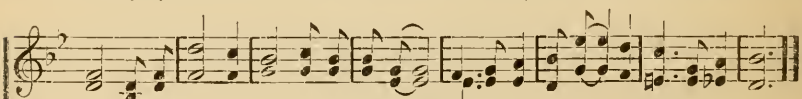
slave and a sinner; But now, hal - le - lu - jah! my soul is set free.
 bro - ken my fetters, And now I'm en - joy - ing this blest lib - er - ty.
 sin and transgression, O Glo - ry to God! I am un - der the blood.
 joy with - out measure, There's glory and bless - ing in serv - ing the Lamb.



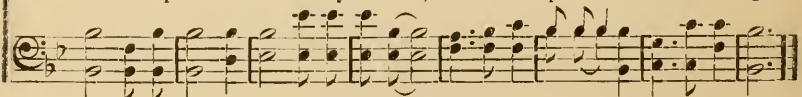
CHORUS.



I've been redeemed, but not with the silver; I've been redeemed, but not with the gold;

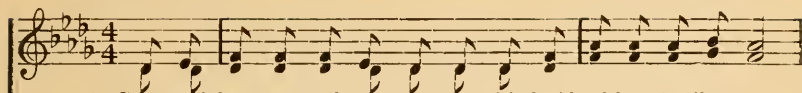


But with the precious blood of my Saviour, Riches more precious than silver or gold.

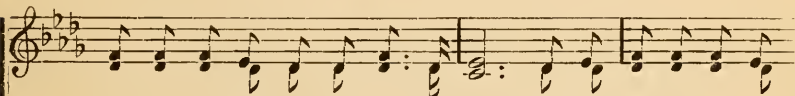
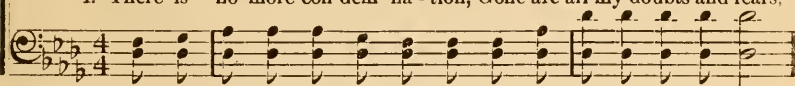


WILLIAM PARK.

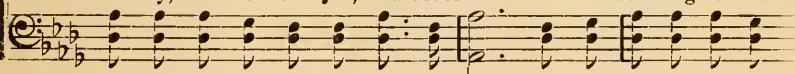
JOHN CLEMENTS.



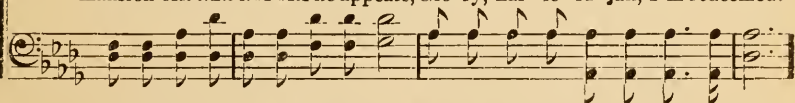
1. Come and hear me tell my sto - ry Of the blood-bought liber - ty,
2. To re - deem me from sin's bondage, He put forth his arm to save,
3. Ma - ny years I fol - lowed Sa - tan On the downward, hellward road,
4. There is no more con-dem - na - tion, Gone are all my doubts and fears,



Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, I'm redeemed! That was won for me by
 Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, I'm redeemed! O what love! what priceless
 Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, I'm redeemed! But I've turned to fol - low
 Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, I'm redeemed! And I'm look - ing for the



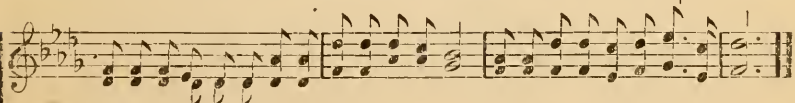
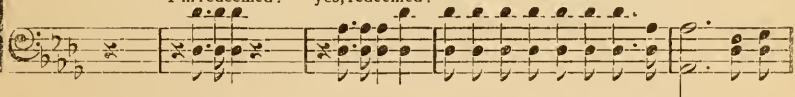
Je - sus, Thro' his death on Calvary, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, I'm redeemed!
 value He hath placed upon a slave, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, I'm redeemed!
 Jesus, Who redeem'd me by his blood, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, I'm redeemed!
 mansion That comes down when he appears, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, I'm redeemed!



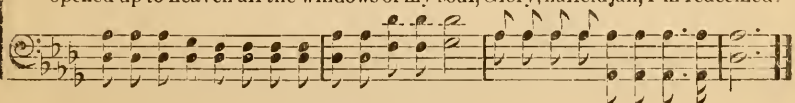
CHORUS.



I'm redeemed! yes, redeemed! O glory, hallelujah, I'm redeemed! And I've
 I'm redeemed! yes, redeemed!



opened up to heaven all the windows of my soul, Glory, hallelujah, I'm redeemed!

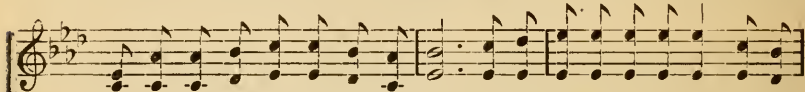


SAMUEL CLEMENTS.

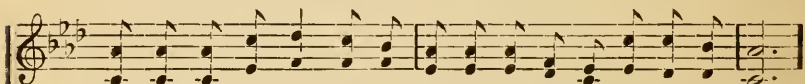
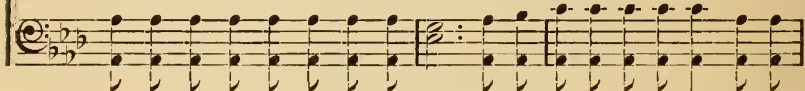
JOHN CLEMENTS.



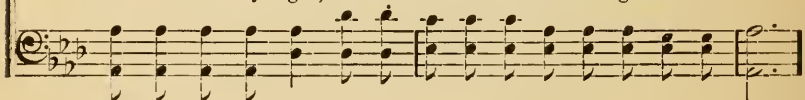
1. Blow the trumpet loud and clear, un - til all the earth shall hear That the
2. Make the message clear and plain, all ye heralds of the cross, That there's
3. Now the time is drawing near, when our Saviour shall appear; Don't you



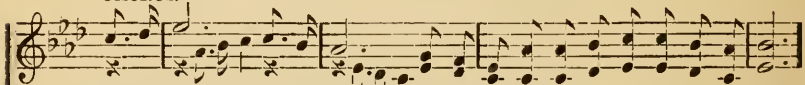
blessed Lamb of God has died for all; That on Cal-va-ry he died, there our
pow'r in Jesus' blood to cleanse from sin; Tho' your sins like crimson be, all ye
see the signs and tokens ev'rywhere? If our lamps be burning bright with the



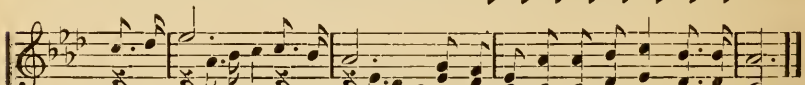
Lord was cru - ci - fied, To re-deem and save poor sinners from the fall.
guilt - y, come and see That the precious blood can make you pure within.
bless - ed heav'nly light, We shall rise to meet the bridegroom in the air.



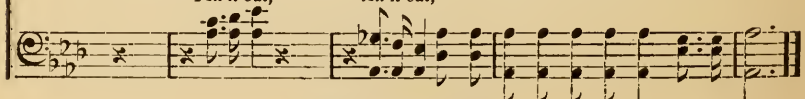
CHORUS.



Tell it out, tell it out, That the blessed, loving Saviour died for all;
Tell it out, tell it out,



Tell it out, tell it out, Until Jesus shall appear, tell it out.
Tell it out, tell it out,



C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

V. PAUL JONES.

1. { Je - su, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
 3. { Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin,
 Thou of life the fountain art, Free - ly let me take of thee,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high!
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last.
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me.
 Cov - er my de - fenseless head, With the shadow of thy wing.
 Let the healing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with-in:
 Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

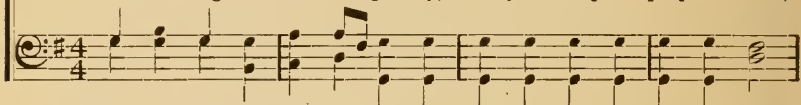
Let me hide, let me hide, O Saviour, on thy
 Let me hide, let me hide,
 bo - som let me hide, Till the storm of life is past And I
 let me hide,
 rit.
 reach my home at last; Loving Saviour, on thy bosom let me hide.
 let me hide.

WILLIAM PARK.

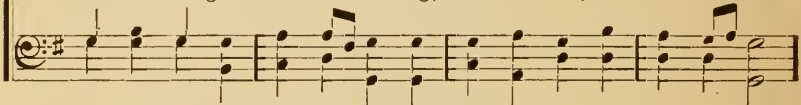
V. PAUL JONES.



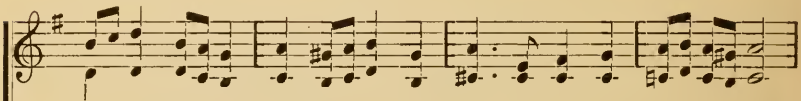
1. Sin-ner, hear the joy - ful ti-dings Of sal - va-tion full and free;
2. None can tell re-demption's sto-ry, On - ly those who have been saved;
3. Blow a - loud the gos - pel trumpet! Sing with grace, ye ransomed throng!
4. Come a - long with us to glo - ry, Get your lamps in prop - er trim;



Come and hear me tell the sto - ry, What the Lord has done for me!
 Shout a - loud, ye heirs of glo - ry, Soon we'll triumph o'er the grave!
 Praise his name a - midst the con - flict In glad mel - o - dy and song!
 For the Bridegroom soon is com - ing; Slum - ber not, but watch for him!



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry to the Lamb of God!



I was once a guilt - y sin - ner, Now I'm saved thro' Je - sus' blood!



No. 33.

WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

CHAS. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

MRS. T. P. MACMILLAN.

1. How hap - py are they Who the Sav - iour o - bey, And have
 2. That com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I first
 3. Je - sus all the day long Was my joy and my song; O that
 4. O the rap - tur - ous height Of the ho - ly de - light, Which I

laid up their treas - ure a - bove! Tongue can - not ex - press
 found in the blood of the Lamb; When my heart it be - lieved,
 all his sal - va - tion may see! He hath loved me, I cried,
 felt in the life - giv - ing blood! Of my Sav - iour pos - sessed

The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
 What a joy it received, What a heav - en in Je - sus' name!
 He hath suffered, and died, To re - deem such a reb - el as me.
 I was per - fect - ly blest, As if filled with the ful - ness of God.

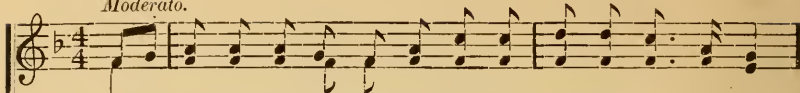
CHORUS.

O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour! O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour! Who

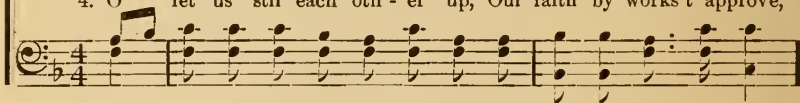
keeps me re - joic - ing by night and by day, O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

CHARLES WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

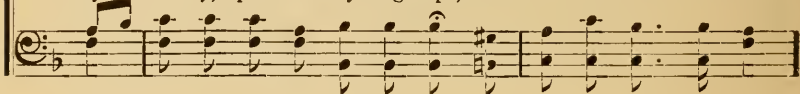
JOHN MACMILLAN.

Moderato.

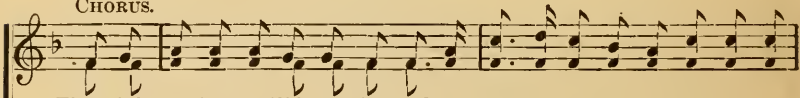
1. Lift up your hearts to things a - bove, Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
2. To Je - sus' name give thanks and sing, Whose mercies nev - er end:
3. We, for his sake, count all things loss; On earth - ly good look down;
4. O let us stir each oth - er up, Our faith by works t' approve,



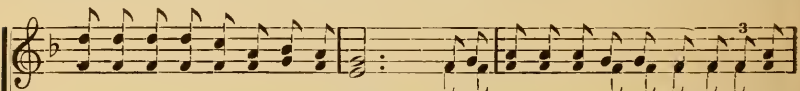
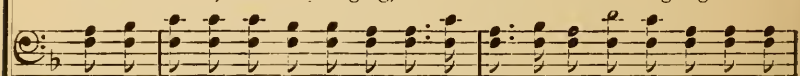
And join with us to praise his love, And glo - ri - fy his name.
 Re - joice! re - joice! the Lord is King; The King is now our friend!
 And joy - ful - ly sus - tain the cross, Till we re - ceive the crown.
 By ho - ly, pur - i - fy - ing hope, And the sweet task of love!



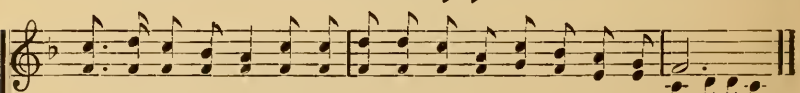
CHORUS.



There'll be music, there'll be singing, and the bells of heav-en ring-ing Us a



blessed, royal welcome by and by; So, we'll conquer and we'll triumph over the
 by and by;

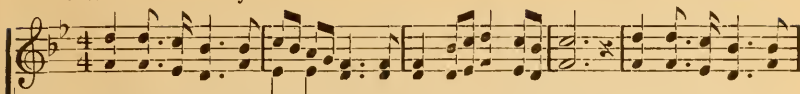


world, the flesh and sin, Till we reach our home in glo - ry, by and by.
 by and by.



1. WATTS. Cho. by J. C.

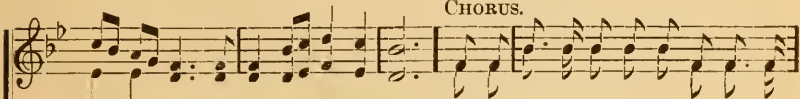
V. PAUL JONES.



1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In-fi-nite day ex-
2. There everlasting spring abides, And never with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a narrow
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in living green: So to the Jews old
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream, nor

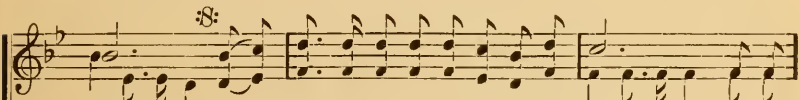
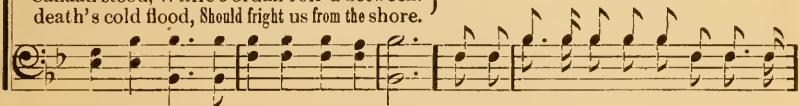


CHORUS.

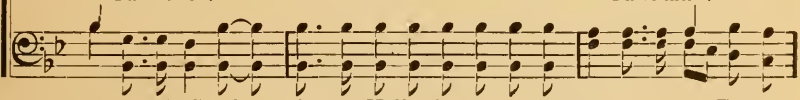


cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
 sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
 Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.
 death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

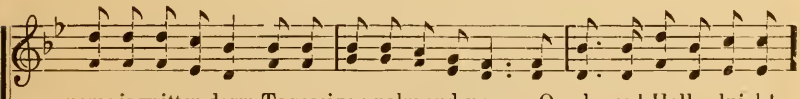
When the trumpet sounds in glory, I'll be



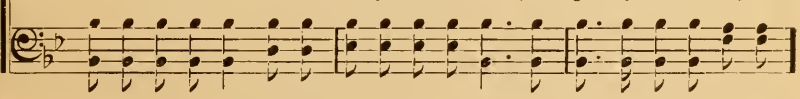
there! And the roll is call'd in heaven, I'll be there! For my
 I'll be there! I'll be there!



D.S.—O glo-ry! Halle-lujah! I'll be there! For my



name is written down To receive a palm and crown; O glo-ry! Halle-lujah!



Fine.

D.S.

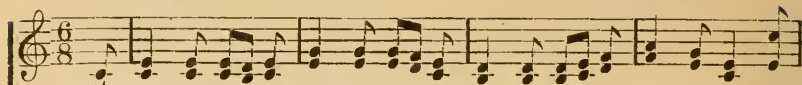


I'll be there! I'll be there! I'll be there!
 I'll be there! I'll be there! I'll be there!

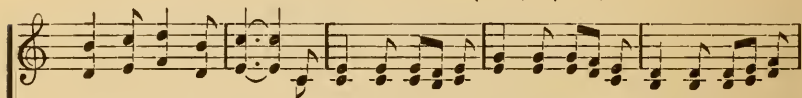
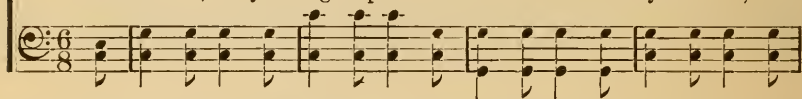


JOHN MACMILLAN.

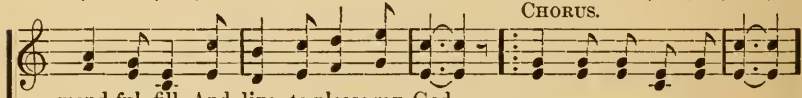
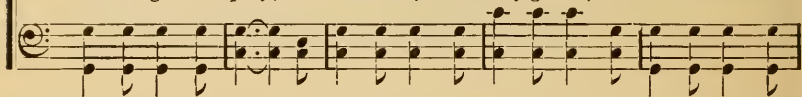
JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. Since Jesus Christ has won my heart, And cleans'd from sin it's ev'ry part In
2. No long-ings aft-er sin I find In ei-ther heart, or soul, or mind, Its
3. Soon, soon he'll come to take me home To where he first himself has gone My
4. O sin-ner, if you long to part From all the e-vil of your heart, Just



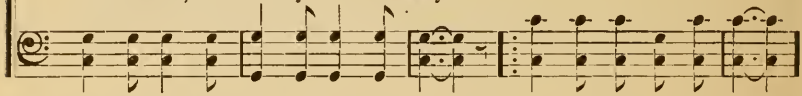
his own precious blood; I love to do his bless-ed will, His ev'-ry sweet com-
 pleasures I pass by; For ways of sin, that once did please, And car-nal joys, and
 mansion to prepare; Their dead the graves shall then restore, To see him whom their
 now be-gin to pray; For if for sin you heart'ly grieve, And in the name of



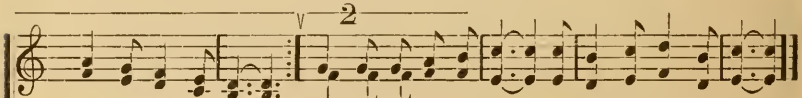
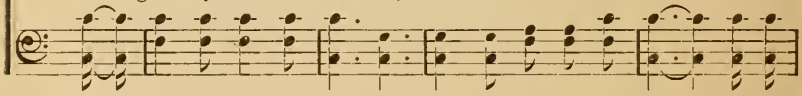
CHORUS.

mand ful-fill, And live to please my God.
 wealth and ease No lon-ger sat-is-fy.
 souls a-dore, And meet him in the air.
 Christ believe, He'll take your sins a-way.

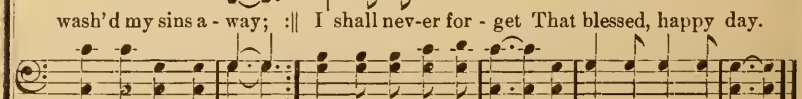
{ I shall nev-er for-get
 { I shall nev-er for-get



The vows I made to Je-sus; I shall nev-er for-get When he
 When I gave my heart to Je-sus;



wash'd my sins a-way; :|| I shall nev-er for-get That blessed, happy day.

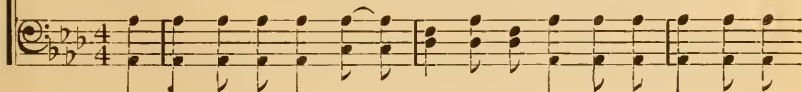


C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

V. PAUL JONES.



1. How hap-py are we Who in Je-sus a-gree To ex-pect his re-
2. How pleasant and sweet, In his name when we meet, Is his fruit to our
3. In-vit-ed by him, We drink of the stream Ev-er flow-ing in



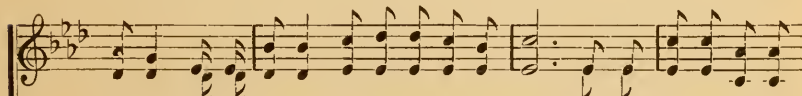
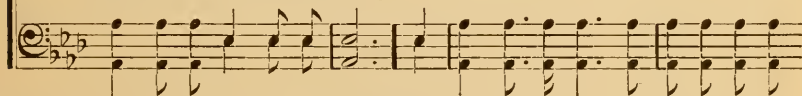
turn from a-bove! We sit under our Vine, And delight-fully join In the
spir-itual taste! We are banqueting here On an-gel-ical cheer, And the
bliss from the throne: Who in Jesus believe, We the Spirit receive That pro-



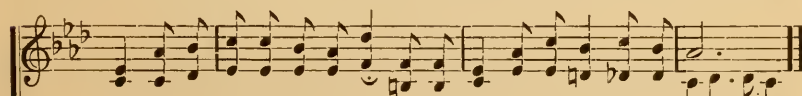
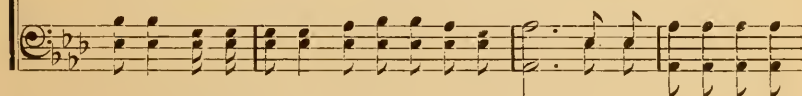
CHORUS.



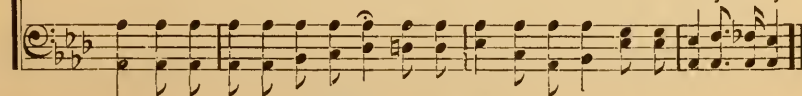
praise of his ex-cel-lent love. } O glo-ry to God, we're at the fountain
joys that e-ter-nally last. }
ceeds from the Father and Son. }



drinking, Halle-lujah, it never shall run dry; But it's better on be-

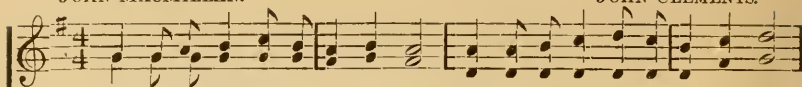


fore, when we reach the other shore, In our home in the sweet by and by.
by and by.

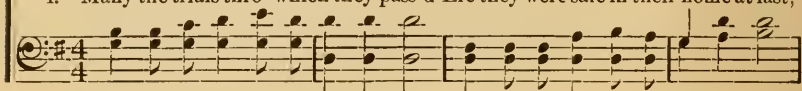


JOHN MACMILLAN.

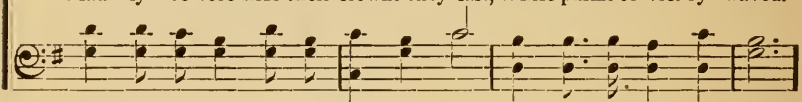
JOHN CLEMENTS.



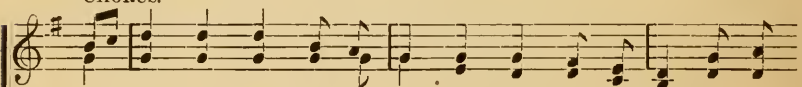
1. Singing an anthem so loud and sweet, Casting their crowns at the Saviour's feet,
2. Tell me, O tell me from whence they came, Swelling the chorus with loud acclaim,
3. Once they were sinners on earth below, Sinners who fled to the crimson flow,
4. Many the trials thro' which they pass'd Ere they were safe in their home at last;



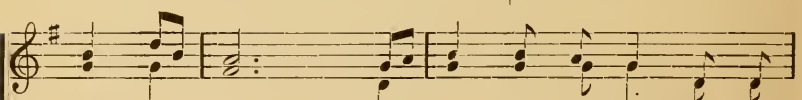
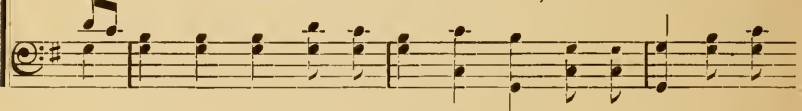
Praising his name whom they love to greet, See them in white ar-rayed.
 Spreading abroad the Redeem-er's fame, Not e'en by death dismayed.
 Washing their garments as white as snow, Knowing the ransom's paid.
 Glad-ly be-fore him their crowns they cast, While palms of vict'ry waved.



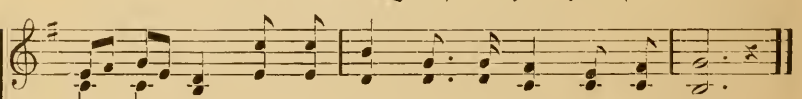
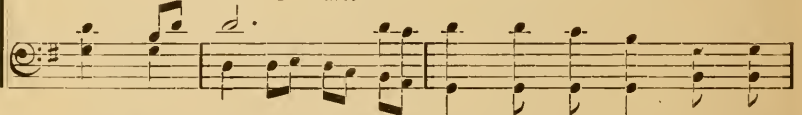
CHORUS.



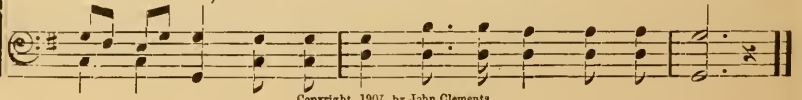
O I'll be there when the roll is called, I'm the child of a



King, I am! I am! And I have a right to the



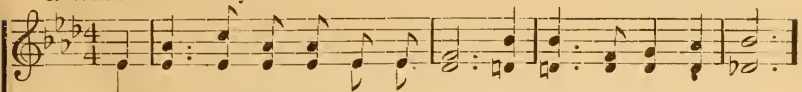
tree of life, For I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb.



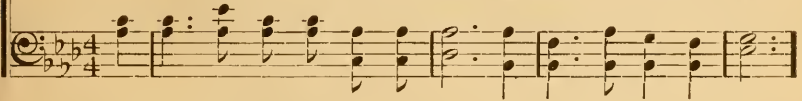
No. 39. HOW HAPPY EVERY CHILD OF GRACE!

C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

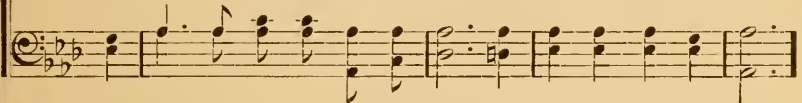
JOHN CLEMENTS.



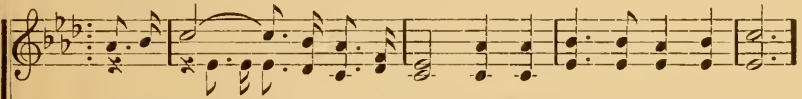
- 1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins forgiv'n!
- 2. "A coun - try far from mortal sight; Yet O, by faith I see
- 3. A stran - ger in the world be - low, I calm - ly sojourn here;
- 4. Its e - vils in a moment end, Its joys as soon are past;



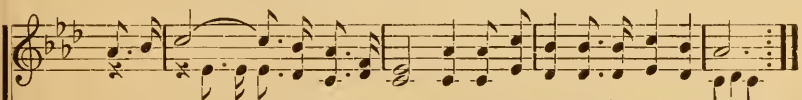
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n.
The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heav'n prepared for me."
Nor can its hap - pi - ness or woe Provoke my hope or fear.
But O, the bliss to which I tend E - ter - nal - ly shall last!



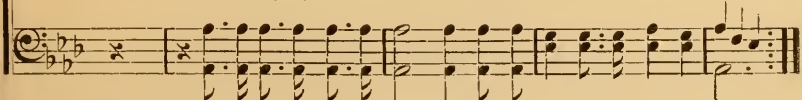
CHORUS.



Halle - lu - - jah, we are marching With Je - sus in command;
Halle-lujah,

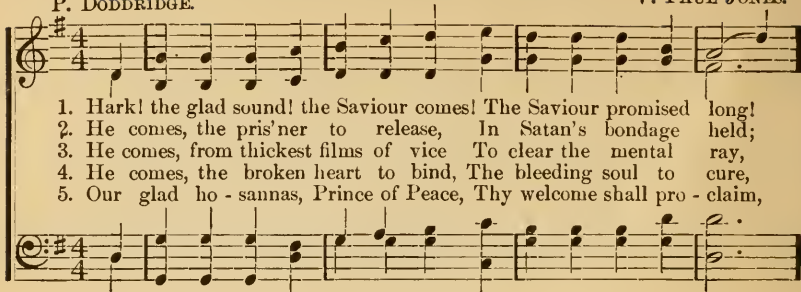


Halle-lu - - jah, we are a - ble to go up and possess the land.
Hallelujah, the land.

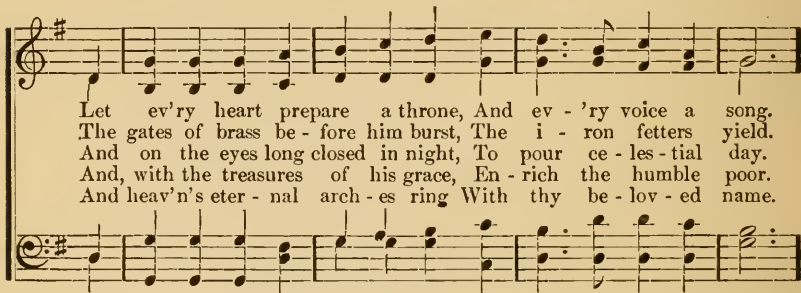


- | | |
|--|---|
| 5 There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands
To take me to his breast. | 6 What is there here to court my stay,
Or hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come? |
|--|---|

P. DODDRIDGE.

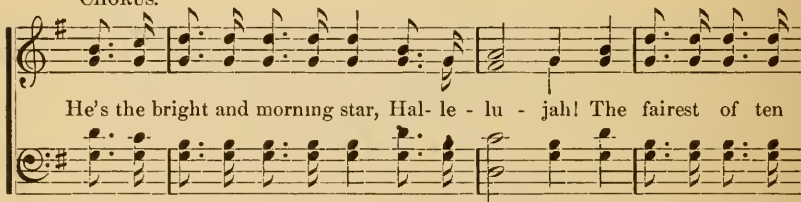


1. Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes! The Saviour promised long!
2. He comes, the pris'ner to release, In Satan's bondage held;
3. He comes, from thickest films of vice To clear the mental ray,
4. He comes, the broken heart to bind, The bleeding soul to cure,
5. Our glad ho - sannas, Prince of Peace, Thy welcome shall pro - claim,



Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song.
 The gates of brass be - fore him burst, The i - ron fetters yield.
 And on the eyes long closed in night, To pour ce - les - tial day.
 And, with the treasures of his grace, En - rich the humble poor.
 And heav'n's eter - nal arch - es ring With thy be - lov - ed name.

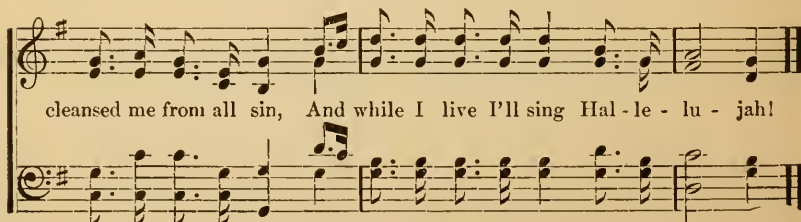
CHORUS.



He's the bright and morning star, Hal - le - lu - jah! The fairest of ten



thousand to my soul, Praise the Lord! For my Saviour reigns within, And has



cleansed me from all sin, And while I live I'll sing Hal - le - lu - jah!

JOHN MACMILLAN.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

1. O I left my sins behind me at the cross of Cal-va-ry Where the
 2. 'Tis a straight and narrow pathway that our glorious Lord prepared, But he
 3. There is joy beyond expression in the service of the King, Who has
 4. Let us shout aloud Hosanna to the great, the conqu'ring Lamb! Who still

Lamb of God my wickedness did bear; And I've started out to serve him till I
 prom- is - es my tri- als all to share; So I'll run and not grow weary till I
 banished ev-'ry doubt and fear and care; In his glorious love abiding I will
 guards our souls from Satan's ev'ry snare; Soon we'll hear the trumpet sounding and be-

Fine.

see his blessed face—When the roll is called in glo-ry I'll be there.
 reach my heav'nly home—When the roll is called in glo-ry I'll be there.
 do his ho - ly will—When the roll is called in glo-ry I'll be there.
 hold him face to face—When the roll is called in glo-ry I'll be there.

D.S.—floods my soul with joy—When the roll is called in glo-ry I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll..... is called in glory I'll be there, When the roll..... is

D.S.

called in glo-ry I'll be there; Now the heav'nly music's ringing, and it

WILLIAM PARK.

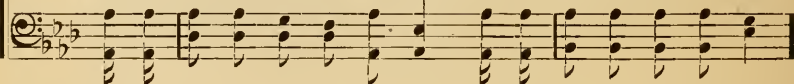
V. PAUL JONES.



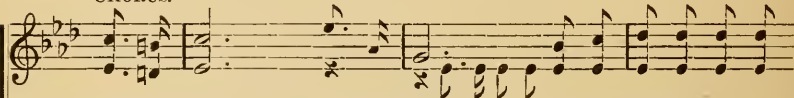
1. Sin-ner, come with us to Zi - on, Je - sus died to set you free;
2. Bro-ken then will be your bon-dage, Je - sus will be-come your friend;
3. We were once by sin led cap-tive, Knew not Christ, the truth, the way;
4. Now we walk the ho - ly highway, And his prais-es forth we tell;



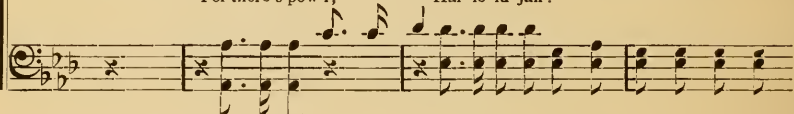
Have no fel - low-ship with darkness, Then his marvelous light you'll see.
 Who can keep us from all sin-ning, And pre-serve us to the end.
 His sal - va - tion now is glo - rious, And we're praising him al - way.
 Warn - ing all up - on the broad way To es - cape from sin and hell.



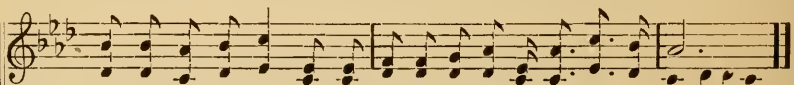
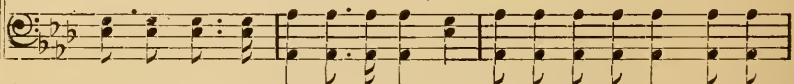
CHORUS.



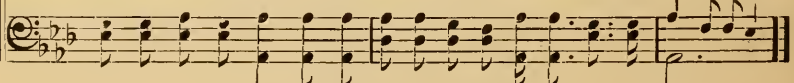
For there's pow'r, yes, there's pow'r, In the precious blood of
 For there's pow'r, Hal - le - lu - jah !



Je - sus there is pow'r To cleanse and make you whole, Ev'ry
 Praise the Lord !

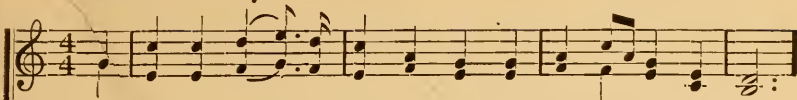


guilt - y, sin-sick soul, In the precious blood of Jesus there is pow'r.
 there is pow'r.

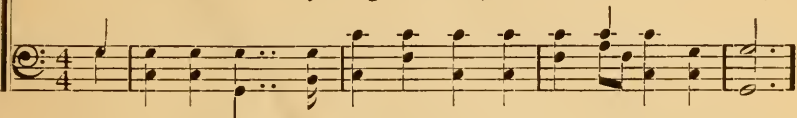


G. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

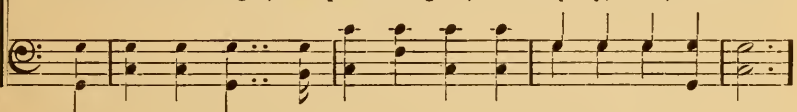
JOHN CLEMENTS.



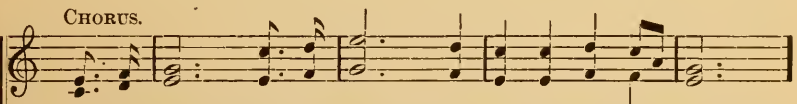
1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart re - signed, sub - missive, meek, My great - Redeemer's throne;
3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine;



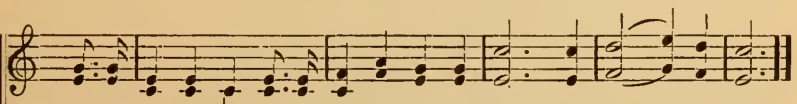
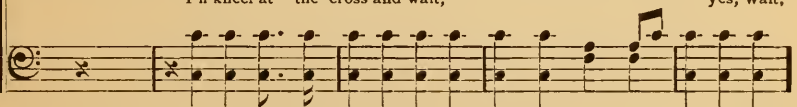
A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So free - ly spilt for me!
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
 Which neither life nor death can part From him that dwells with - in!
 Per - fect and right, and pure and good, A cop - y, Lord, of thine.



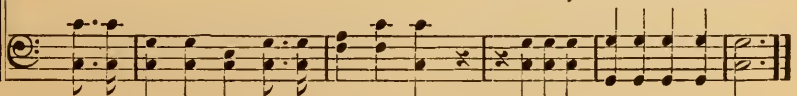
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, At Calv'ry's cross I'll wait,
 I'll kneel at the cross and wait, yes, wait,



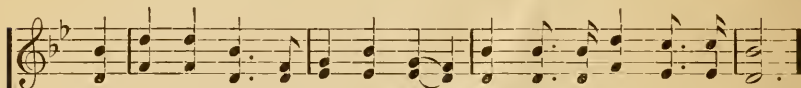
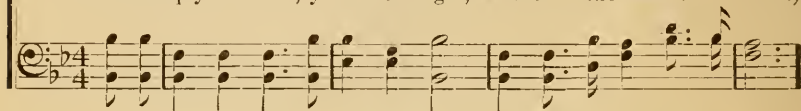
Till the crimson flow Makes me white as snow, At Cal - v'ry's cross... I'll wait.
 At Calv'ry's cross I'll kneel and wait.



Arr. by E. T. RINEHART.



1. Did you ev - er hear such words be - fore, Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
2. Did you hear what Jesus said to me, Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
3. I have plunged beneath the crimson tide, Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
4. O lift up your heads, ye sons of light, Washed in the blood of the Lamb,



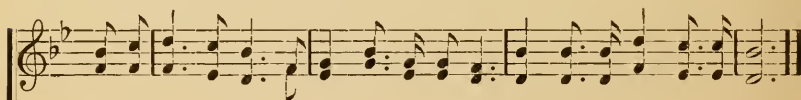
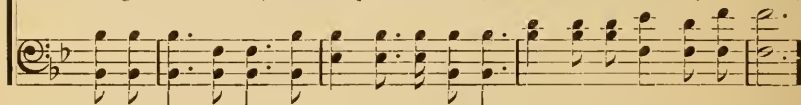
As "Go in peace and sin no more?" Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 "Your sins are pardoned, you are free?" Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 And now by faith I'm sanc - ti - fied, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 For Zi - on now is just in sight, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.



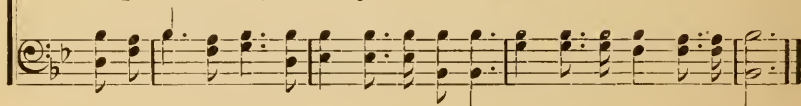
CHORUS.



'Tis a glorious church, without spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb;



'Tis a glorious church, without spot or wrinkle, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.



5 If I get there before you do,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
 How glad I'll be to welcome you,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

1. Hark how the joy - bells of heav - en are fling - ing Peal up - on
 2. Lift up your heads, O ye gateways to glo - ry, Je - sus the
 3. Forth from the al - tar what glad ex - cla - ma - tions Tell of the
 4. Glo - ry, and hon - or, and pow - er, and bless - ing Be to the

peal— O how loud - ly they ring! Glad some the notes, so tri -
 Conqu'ror approach - es you now; Back from the con - flict a
 joy of the mar - tyrs of God; He whom they love back from
 name of the Sav - iour of men; Loud hal - le - lu - jahs shall

D. S.—Sin, death and Sa - tan by

Fine.

umphant - ly glorious, Tell - ing of vic - to - ries won by the King.
 vic - tor he cometh, Crowns of the ransomed a - dorn - ing his brow.
 earth is re - turning, Bringing re - demption from sin thro' his blood.
 swell the glad cho - rus, Praising his name till he com - eth a - gain.

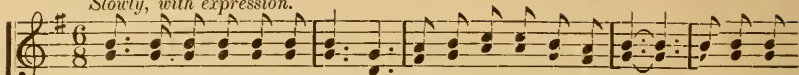
Je - sus are vanquished, Hon - or and glo - ry as - cribe to his name.

CHORUS.

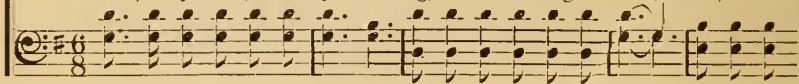
Joy - bells of heav - en Peal forth the sto - ry,
 Hear the joy - ous bells of heaven, Pealing forth the wondrous sto - ry,

D.S.

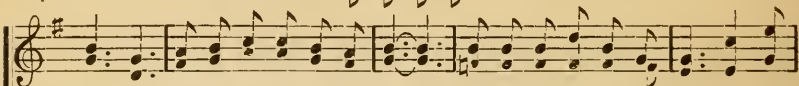
Back from the earth Rings the glad - some re - frain;
 To and fro, from earth to heav - en, Rings the glad - some, sweet refrain;

Slowly, with expression.

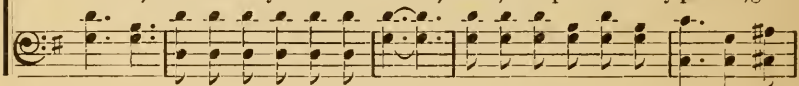
1. Wea-ry of sin and of sinning, tired of the toil and the strife, Dead in my
2. Long have I wander'd in darkness, groping around for the light, Stumbling o'er
3. Sure-ly thou wilt not re-ject me, here at thy feet as I bow, Sorrow-ing
4. Cease, O my heart, cease thy throbbing, Jesus is coming this way; Now, e-ven



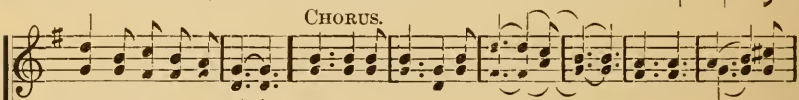
sin-ful transgressions, coming to Je-sus for life; Not of my mer-its I'm
 ev-'ry temp-ta-tion, try-ing in vain to do right; Now I acknowledge my
 o'er my transgressions—wilt thou not pardon me now? Mer-ci-ful God, shall I
 now I be-hold him! darkness has turned into day! Yes, blessed Lord, I be-



boasting, holding no claims on his love, Throwing myself on his mer-cy, his
 failures, glad-ly forsake all my ways - O gracious Father, forgive me, O
 nev-er taste of the pow'r of the blood, Look un-to Je-sus my Saviour, plunge
 lieve it, cleans'd is my heart from all sin, Jesus, who purchas'd my pardon, gives

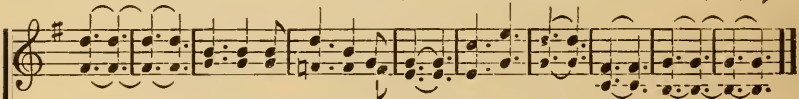
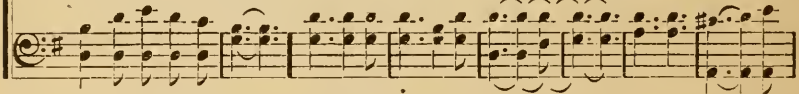


CHORUS.



gracious pardon to prove.
 save a sinner who prays.
 in the life-giving flood?
 me the witness within.

Gracious Redeemer, have mercy, Cleanse my heart from



sin;..... O-pen thine arms to receive me, O take me in!.....



G. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

1. Soldiers of Christ, a-rise, And gird your armor on, Strong in the strength which
 2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty pow'r, Who in the strength of
 3. Stand, then, in his great might, With all his strength endued, And take, to arm you
 4. That, having all things done, And all your conflicts past, You may o'ercome thro'

CHORUS.

God supplies Thro' his eter-nal Son.
 Jesus trusts, Is more than conquer-or.
 for the fight, The pano-ply of God. } We're the conquering army of the Lord,
 Christ alone, And stand complete at last.

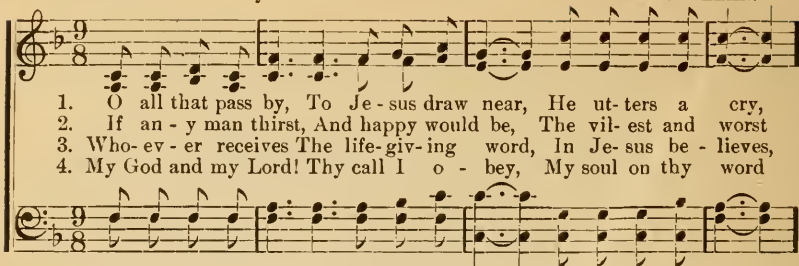
And we're in this fight to win; King Jesus, is our Captain's name, And we're saved from

all our sin. With banners unfurled, we'll conquer the world, Till our home in heaven we

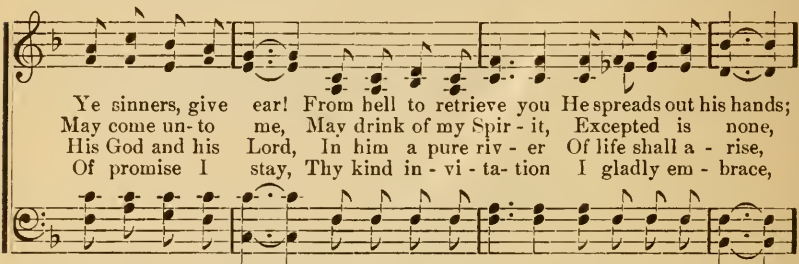
win; Then what a triumphant shout there'll be As the saints go marching in.

C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

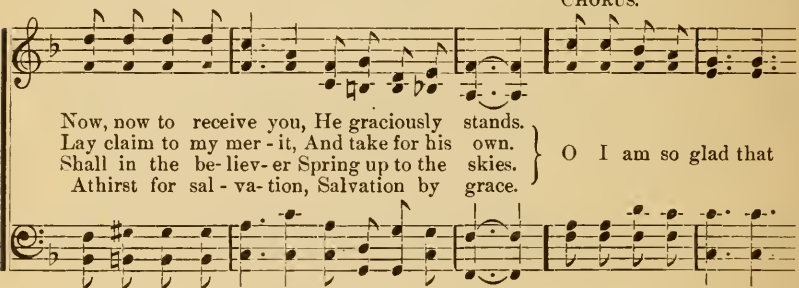


1. O all that pass by, To Je-sus draw near, He ut-ters a cry,
 2. If an-y man thirst, And happy would be, The vil-est and worst
 3. Who-ev-er receives The life-giv-ing word, In Je-sus be-lieves,
 4. My God and my Lord! Thy call I o-bey, My soul on thy word

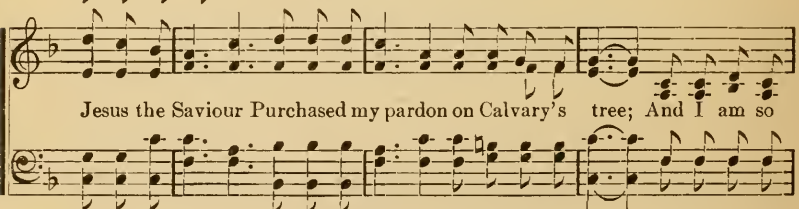


Ye sinners, give ear! From hell to retrieve you He spreads out his hands;
 May come un-to me, May drink of my Spir-it, Excepted is none,
 His God and his Lord, In him a pure riv-er Of life shall a-rise,
 Of promise I stay, Thy kind in-vi-tation I gladly em-brace,

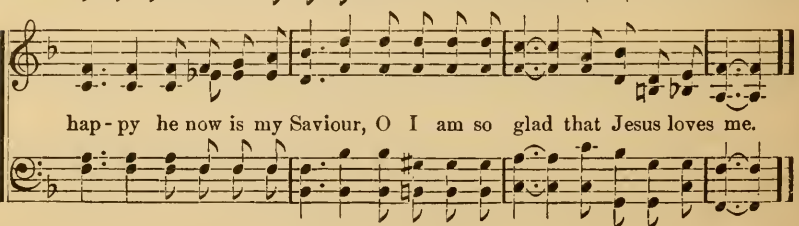
CHORUS.



Now, now to receive you, He graciously stands.
 Lay claim to my mer-it, And take for his own. } O I am so glad that
 Shall in the be-liev-er Spring up to the skies. }
 Athirst for sal-va-tion, Salvation by grace.



Jesus the Saviour Purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree; And I am so



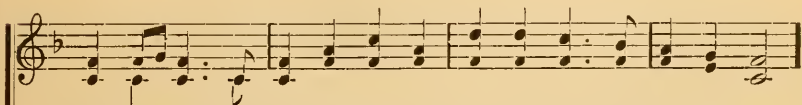
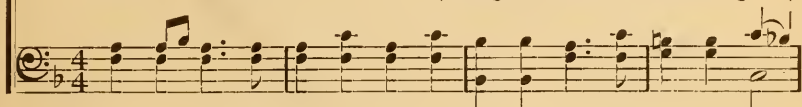
hap-py he now is my Saviour, O I am so glad that Jesus loves me.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

JOHN CLEMENTS.



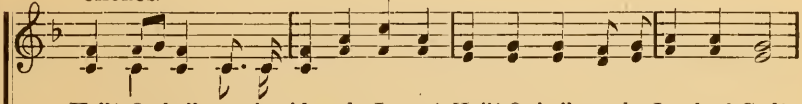
1. Come and join with me in singing Glo - ry to His bless - ed name,
2. He it is who, for a ransom, Paid the price of his own blood;
3. Je - sus is the name we hon - or—O how sweet that name to me!
4. Well I know that he is ris - en, Naught could hold him in the grave;



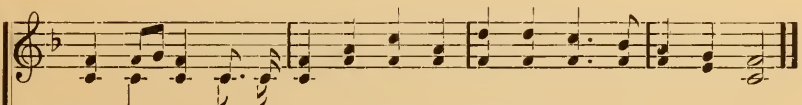
Who redeemed my life from e - vil, Saved my soul from sin and shame.
 Sat - is - fied the claims of jus - tice, Rec - on - ciled my soul to God.
 Tell - ing of the death he suffered, That in him I might be free.
 Forth he came in glorious triumph, Conqu'ring death, my soul to save.



CHORUS.



Hail! O hail to the blessed Je - sus! Hail! O hail to the Lamb of God!



Hail! O hail! He is now my Saviour, Who redeemed me by his blood.

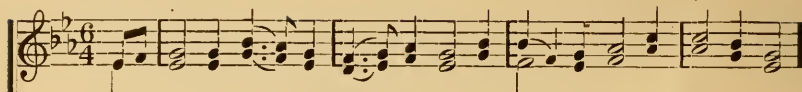


CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

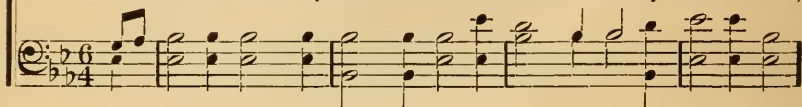
Cho. by J. C.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

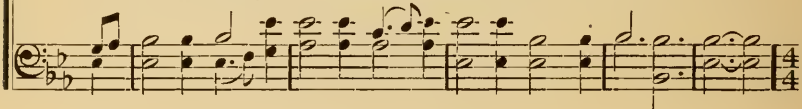
Adt. and Arr. by J. C.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many-a conflict, many-a doubt,
4. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath broken ev-'ry barrier down;



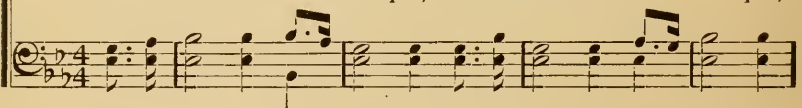
And that thou biddst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Because thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
 Now to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



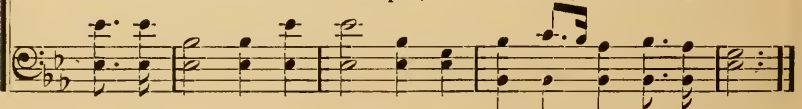
CHORUS.

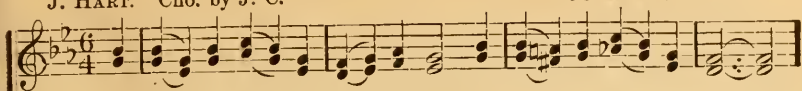


While the fountain lies o - pen, While the fountain lies o - pen,

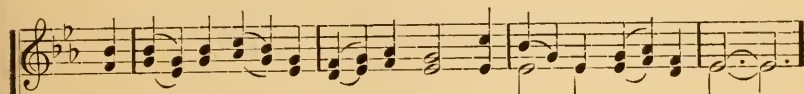
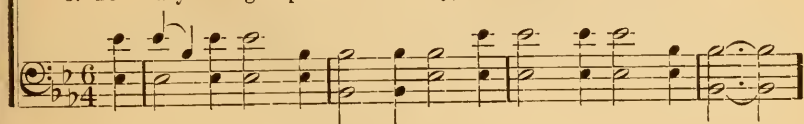


While the fount - ain lies o - pen, O sin - ner, wash and be clean.

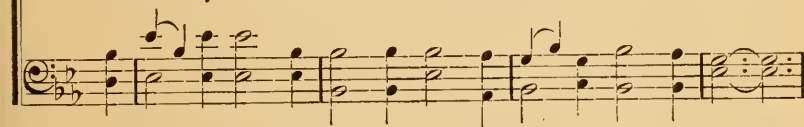




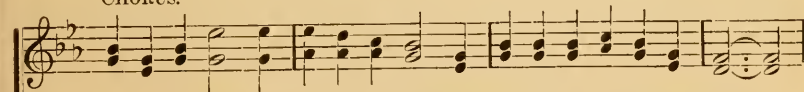
1. Vain man, thy fond pur-suits forbear; Re - pent! Thy end is nigh!
2. Re - flect! Thou hast a soul to save! Thy sins—how high they mount!
3. Death en - ters, and there's no defense; His time there's none can tell:
4. Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care, Shall crawling worms con-sume:
5. To - day the gos-pel calls—to-day, Sin - ners, it speaks to you;



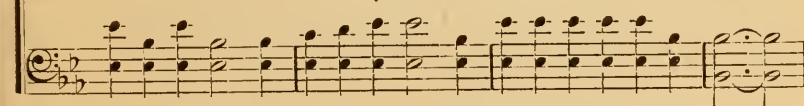
Death at the farthest, can't be far— O think be - fore thou die!
 What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dread account?
 He'll in a moment call thee hence, O sin - ner, is it well?
 But, ah! de-struction stops not there—Sin kills be - yond the tomb.
 Let ev - 'ry one for - sake his way, And mer - cy will en - sue.



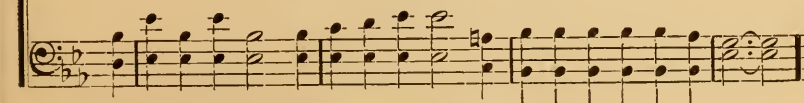
CHORUS.



O to be lost! E - ter - nally lost! Where there is no hope but despair!

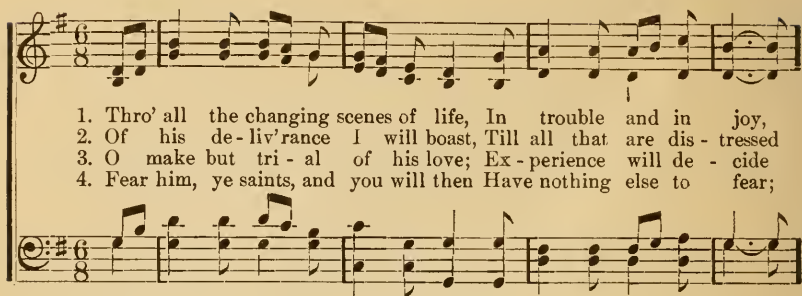


And tho' you may pray, While time rolls away, No mercy can reach you in there!



TATE & BRADY. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

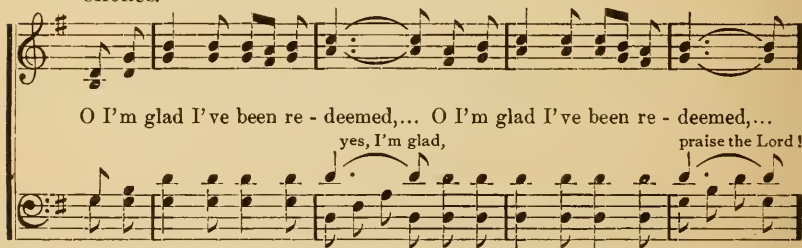


1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy,
 2. Of his de-liv'rance I will boast, Till all that are dis-tressed
 3. O make but tri-al of his love; Ex-perience will de-cide
 4. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then Have nothing else to fear;

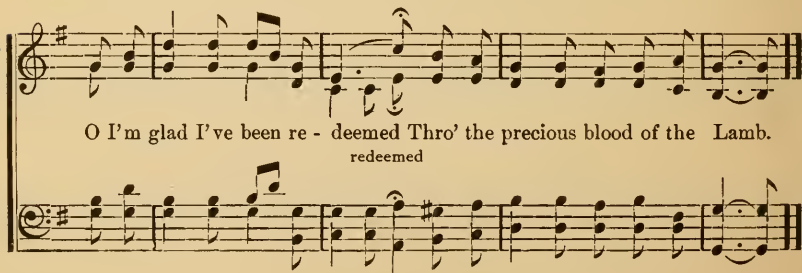


The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.
 From my ex-am-ple comfort take, And charm their griefs to rest.
 How blest they are, and on-ly they, Who in his truth con-fide.
 Make you his ser-vice your delight, He'll make your wants his care.

CHORUS.



O I'm glad I've been re-deemed,... O I'm glad I've been re-deemed,...
 yes, I'm glad, praise the Lord!



O I'm glad I've been re-deemed Thro' the precious blood of the Lamb.
 redeemed

JOHN CLEMENTS.

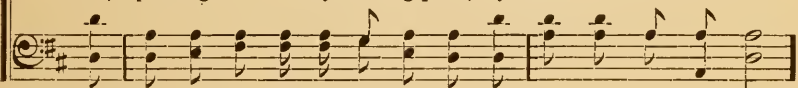
JOHN MACMILLAN.



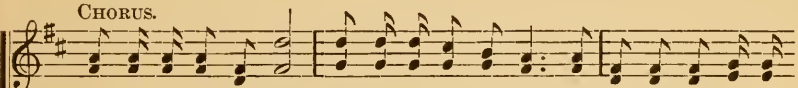
1. There's a home a - bove for the saints of God, When from the flesh they fly;
2. What a bless- ed time when we all get home! Our loved ones then we'll see,
3. I can see, by faith, all the heav'nly choir Around my Saviour stand;
4. And although I'm still in the world below, I'll fight the hosts of sin



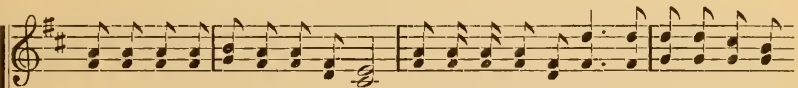
A place of rest when the battle's o'er, A mansion in the sky.
 Who've gone be- fore to the heav'nly place Prepared for you and me.
 My soul would join in their song of praise: "All glo - ry to the Lamb!"
 And, pressing on to my resting place, By faith I'll en - ter in.



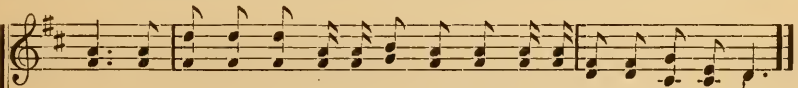
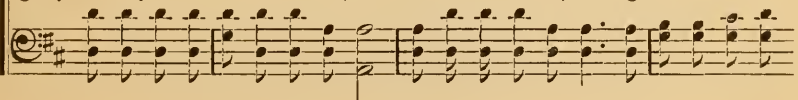
CHORUS.



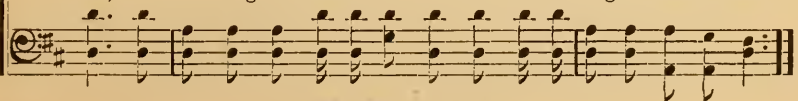
O what a resting place! O what a heav'n for me! When I get home to the



glory land, My Saviour there I'll see; Then to behold his face, whose grace has made me

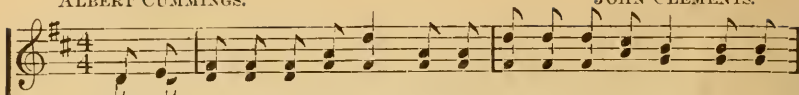


free; O I'll be glad when the roll is called And the angels come for me.

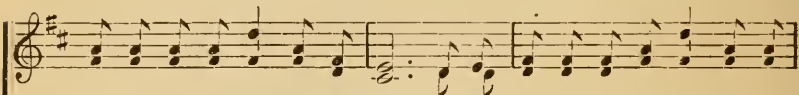


ALBERT CUMMINGS.

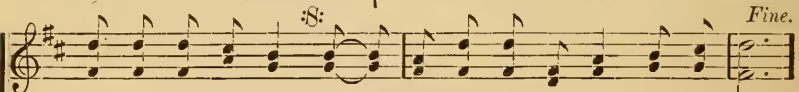
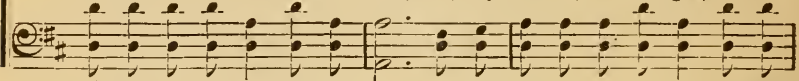
JOHN CLEMENTS.



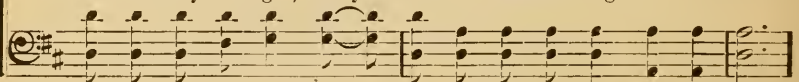
1. There's a land of pure delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, And the
2. There the saints and martyrs bold, Who have suffer'd pain untold, Walk the
3. On the cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus died to set me free, That with
4. On - ly those can en - ter in Who on earth are cleans'd from sin, And by



Sav - iour is the light o - ver there; There no sor - row en - ters in, No temp -
 shin - ing streets of gold o - ver there; There'll be saints from ev'ry land In that
 him we soon might be o - ver there; Thro' the rich - es of his grace We may
 faith an entrance win o - ver there; So, my brother, do the right, Run the

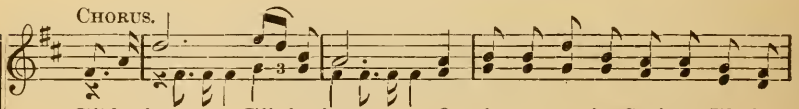


ta - tion and no sin, There's a robe and crown to win o - ver there.
 brin - an - gel - ic band, In the midst the Lamb will stand o - ver there.
 reach that hap - py place, And be - hold him face to face o - ver there.
 race with all your might, And you'll reach the mansion bright o - ver there.

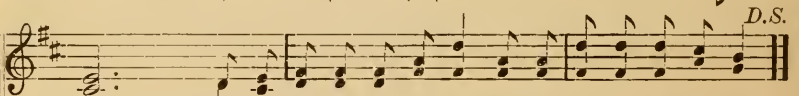
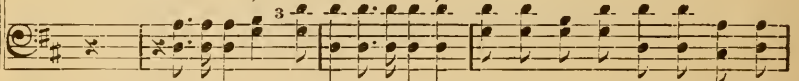


D.S.—In shin - ing robes array'd, I'll be there.

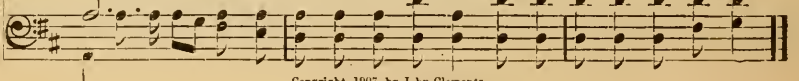
CHORUS.



I'll be there, I'll be there, O glo - ry to the Saviour, I'll be
 I'll be there, I'll be there,



there! When the golden harps are play'd, And the saints' reward is paid,
 I'll be there!



C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

V. PAUL JONES.



1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky,
 2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sin - ners giv'n;
 3. Je - sus! the pris'ner's fet - ters breaks, And bruises Satan's head;
 4. O that the world might taste and see The rich - es of his grace!



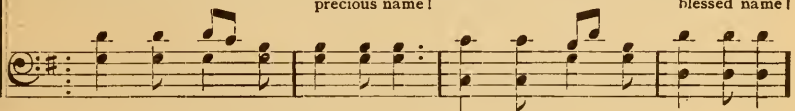
An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
 It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear, It turns their hell to heav'n.
 Pow'r in - to strengthless souls it speaks, And life in - to the dead.
 The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind em - brace.



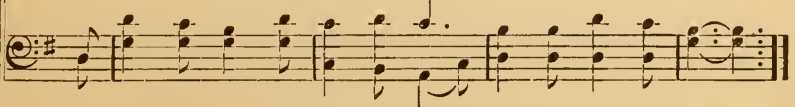
CHORUS.



Glo - ry to his name!..... Glo - ry to his name!.....
 precious name! blessed name!

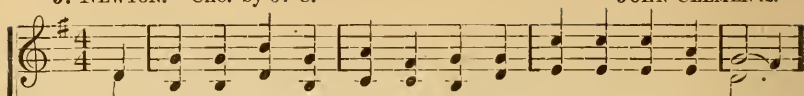


I've been redeemed thro' Je - su's blood, Glo - ry to his name!

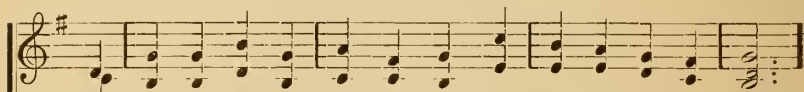


5 His only righteousness I show,
 His saving truth proclaim,
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy if, with my latest breath,
 I may but gasp his name;
 Preach him to all, and cry in death,
 "Behold, behold the Lamb!"



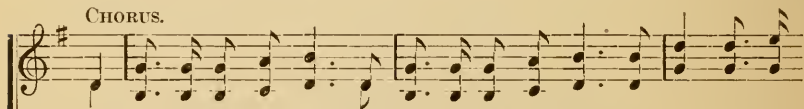
1. A - mazing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dangers, toils and snares I have al - read - y come;
4. Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,



I once was lost, but now am found—Was blind, but now I see.
 How precious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!
 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 I shall possess, with - in the vail, A life of joy and peace.



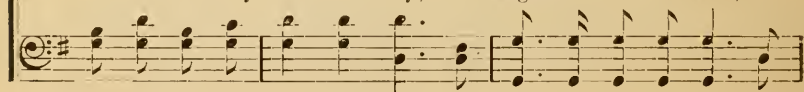
CHORUS.



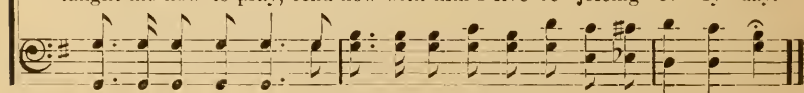
It was a happy day, A ver - y happy day, When Je - sus the



Saviour washed my sins a - way; He taught me how to watch, He



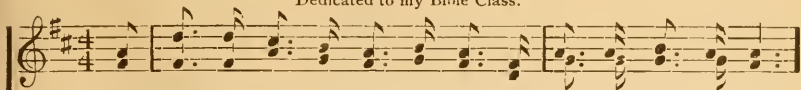
taught me how to pray, And now with him I live re - joicing ev - 'ry day.



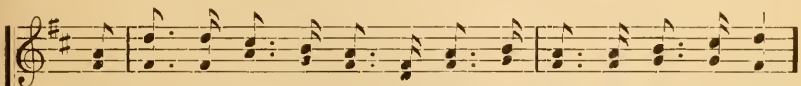
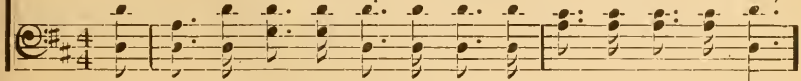
C. WESLEY. Cho. by T. P. M.

MRS. T. P. MACMILLAN.

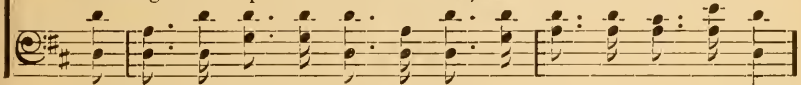
Dedicated to my Bible Class.



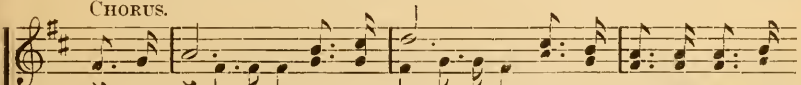
1. All praise to our redeem - ing Lord, Who joins us by his grace,
2. He bids us build each oth - er up; And, gathered in - to one,
3. The gift which he on one bestows, We all delight to prove;
4. And if our fel - low - ship be - low In Je - sus be so sweet,



And bids us, each to each restored, To - geth - er seek his face.
 To our high calling's glorious hope We hand in hand go on.
 The grace thro' ev - 'ry ves - sel flows, In pur - est streams of love.
 What heights of rap - ture shall we know, When round his throne we meet!

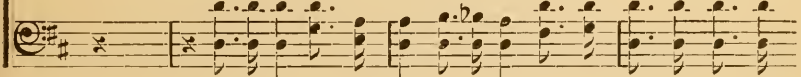


CHORUS.



By and by, by and by, We will all be home in

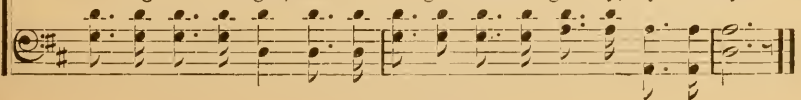
By and by, by and by,



glo - ry, by and by; If to Je - sus we are faithful, And keep
 by and by;



walking in the light, We will all get home to glo - ry, by and by.

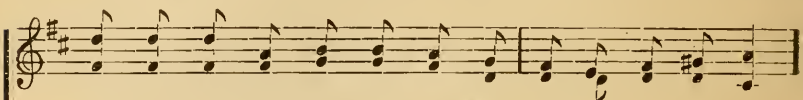
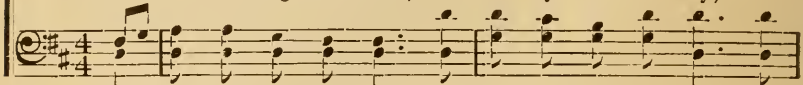


ISAAC WATTS. Cho. by J. C.

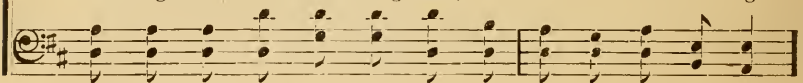
JOHN MACMILLAN.



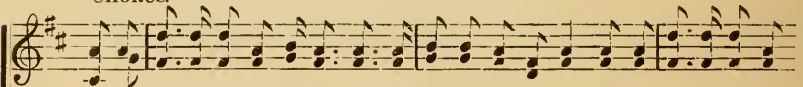
1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low; Ce -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



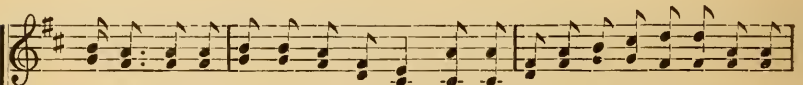
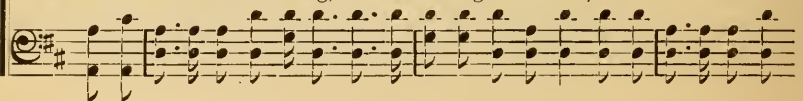
in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round his throne:
 serv - ants of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
 les - tial fruit on earth - ly ground From faith and hope may grow:
 march - ing thro' Im - manuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.



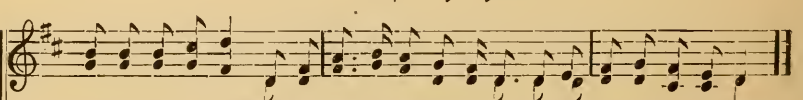
CHORUS.



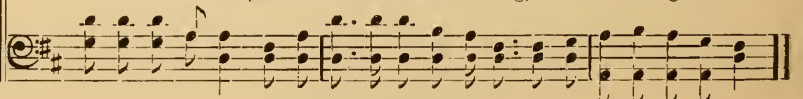
We are at the fountain drinking, where the living waters flow, We are at the fountain




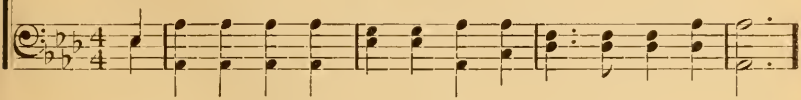
drinking, where the trees of life do grow; And the precious blood keeps cleansing, for it



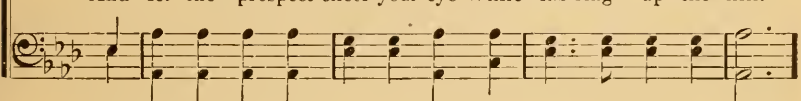
makes us white as snow, While we're at the fountain drinking, where the living waters flow.




- 
1. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great De - liv'rer sing:
 2. His hand divine shall lead you on, Thro' all the blissful road;
 3. Bright garlands of im - mortal joy Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
 4. March on in your Redeemer's strength; Pursue his footsteps still;



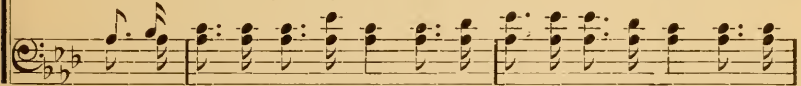

Ye pilgrims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King.
Till to the sa - cred mount you rise, And see your gracious God.
While sorrow, sigh - ing and distress, Like shadows, all are fled.
And let the prospect cheer your eye While lab'ring up the hill.



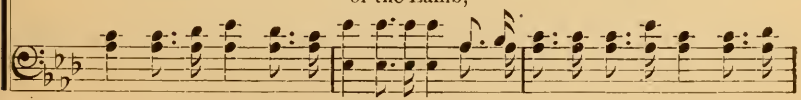

CHORUS.



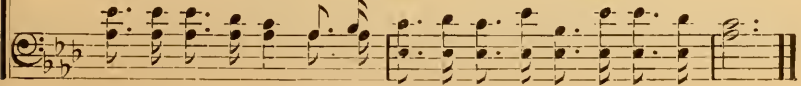
I am on my journey home to the New Je - ru - sa - lem, And I'm

washed in the blood of the Lamb; You can find me night and day Living
of the Lamb;





on the King's highway; I'm a hal - le - lu - jah Christian, so I am.



JOHN MACMILLAN.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

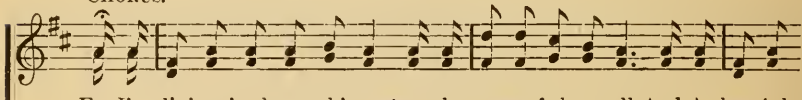


1. Since Je - sus shed the light abroad In this glad heart of mine,
 2. The pow'r of sin has brok - en been, The blood has washed me white;
 3. And all a - long this ho - ly way My heart is free from care;
 4. Lift up your heads, ye sons of light, Redemp - tion draweth nigh;

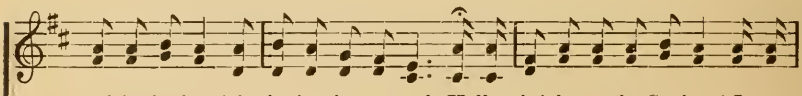


I've found his serv - ice a delight, A fel - low-ship di - vine.
 Je - ho - vah dwells within my heart, I'm walking in the light.
 My steps are or - dered by the Lord, I'm watching un - to pray'r.
 Soon in the sky our Lord shall come To bear us home on high.

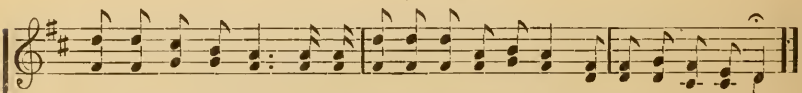
CHORUS.



For I'm living in the sunshine, where the waves of glory roll, And the heav'nly



music's ringing, 'tis ringing in my soul. Halle - lujah to the Saviour! I am



ev'ry whit made whole, And the heav'nly fire is burning, 'tis burning in my soul.

J. H. W.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

1. There is pow'r in the blood, now, to wash your soul, There is pow'r in the
 2. There is pow'r in the blood to make you white, There is pow'r in the
 3. There is pow'r in the blood, it's a - ton-ing grace, There is pow'r in the
 4. There is pow'r in the blood, plunge beneath its wave, There is pow'r in the

blood to keep you whole, There is pow'r in the blood to help you win,
 blood to keep you right, There is pow'r in the blood to lead you on,
 blood for all the race, There is pow'r in the blood, just look on high,
 blood to keep and save, There is pow'r in the blood, be firm and true,

CHORUS.

There is pow'r in the blood to save from sin.
 There is pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son.
 There is pow'r in the blood, 'tis draw-ing nigh.
 There is pow'r in the blood to help, yes, you.

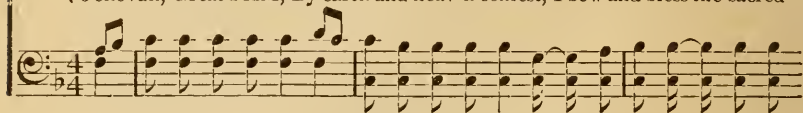
Glo - ry to the Lamb!

Glo - ry to the Lamb! For he shed his blood for thee; He will

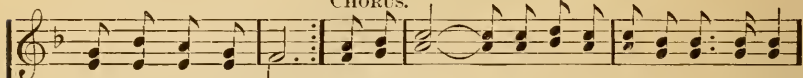
keep you in the way, And will never let you stray, There is pow'r in the blood.



1. { The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above, Ancient of everlasting
 { Jehovah, Great I AM, By earth and heav'n confest, I bow and bless the sacred



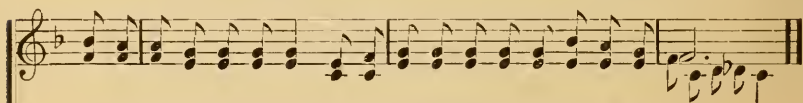
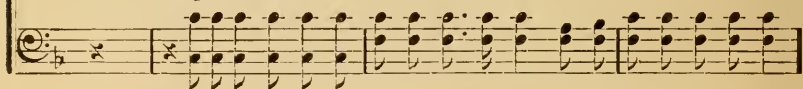
CHORUS.



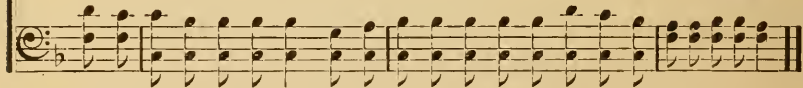
days, And God of love: } Golden harps.... are loudly ringing, o-ver there,
 name, For ev - er blest. } Golden harps



Angel choirs.. are sweetly singing, over there, And our Saviour waits, we know,
 Angel choirs



Us to welcome, when we go To that happy land to dwell forev-er- more.
 forevermore.



- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand:
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and power;
 And him my only portion make,
 My Shield and Tower.

- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all my ways.

He calls a worm his friend,
 He calls himself my God;
 And he shall save me to the end,
 Through Jesus' blood.

- 4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend;
 I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
 To heaven ascend:
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his power adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 Forevermore.

I. WATTS. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.



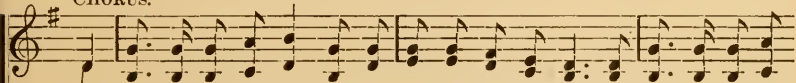
1. Now I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sor - row fall,
4. Now I can bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest,



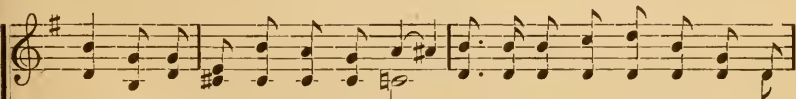
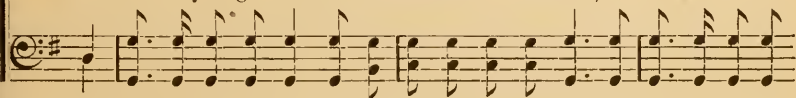
I bid farewell to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
 So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
 If ev - er waves of trouble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast



CHORUS.



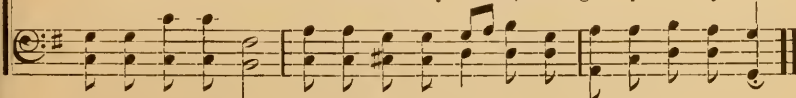
Tho' storms may surge around me and troubles o'er me roll, Safe in the arms of



Je - sus, there's glory in my soul; Don't you hear the hal - le - lujahs?

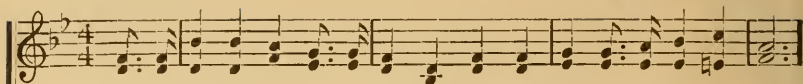


Listen to the roll Of the heav'nly music, the glo - ry in my soul!

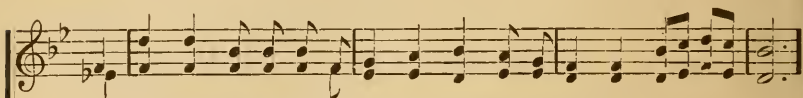
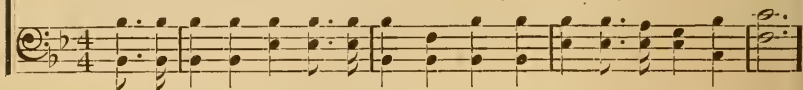


JOHN CLEMENTS.

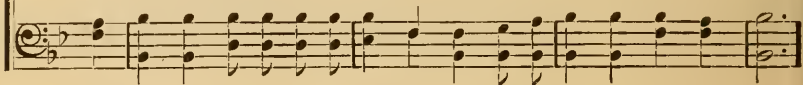
V. PAUL JONES.



1. It is nearly time for the Lord to come, I hear all the saints now say;
2. When the Lord shall come, it will be too late For sinners then to prepare;
3. Let the saints go forth in the Saviour's name, And gather the sinners in;
4. Now there's room for all at the feast to-day, And none need be left behind;
5. While the Saviour knocks at the sinner's heart, O now is your time to flee



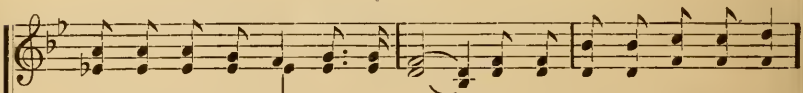
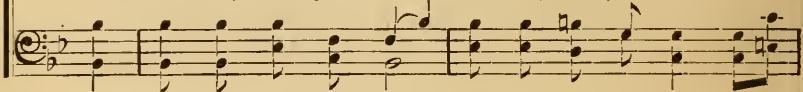
By signs and tokens showing all around, We are hast'ning to that day.
 The trump will sound and then God's wrath will pour On the guilty ev-'ry-where.
 That saved they may be ere it is too late, Soon the judgment will be-gin.
 Let rich and poor, the halt and lame and blind Come and now salva-tion find.
 From wrath to come, before it is too late; His sal-va-tion then you'll see.



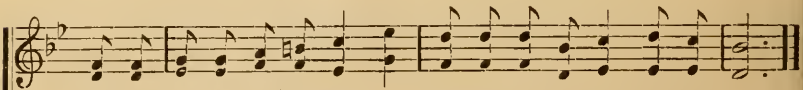
CHORUS.



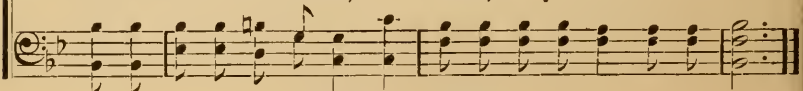
O sin-ner, will you come? Sin-ner, will you come? O



sin-ner, will you come and be saved? While he's knocking at the door,



And was oft-en there before, O sinner, will you come and be saved?



WILL YOU MEET ME THERE?

J. C.

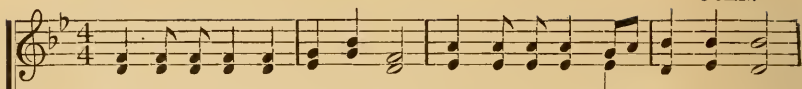
JOHN CLEMENTS.

1. { Will you meet me o - ver yonder, in the New Je - ru - sa - lem?
 When the roll is called in glo - ry and the saints are gathered home,
 2. { When I go to meet with loved ones who have laid their armor down,
 And, like them, when all is o - ver, shall re - ceive a robe and crown,
 3. { On that res - ur - rection morning, what a glorious ju - bi - lee!
 When we rise to meet our Je - sus, who from sin hath set us free!

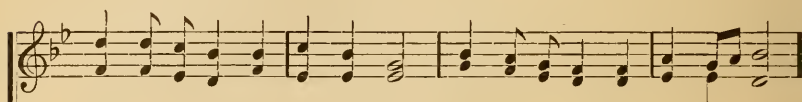
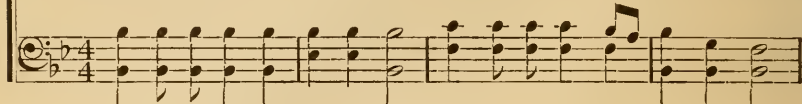
Will you meet? Meet me there? :|| Meet me there? Meet me there?
 Will you meet? Meet me there? Meet me there?

CHORUS.

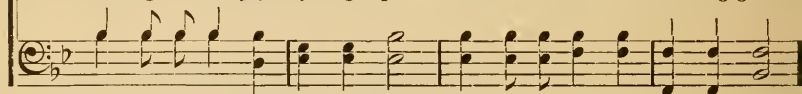
Yes, I'll meet, Meet you there, But my Saviour first of
 Yes, I'll meet, Meet you there,
 all I shall greet!..... Then the saved of all the a - ges, who have
 O - ver there!
 conquered in the fight, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, I shall meet!
 I shall meet!



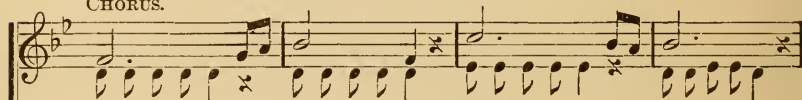
1. Sinners, o- bey the gospel word! Haste to the sup - per of my Lord!
2. Ready the Father is to own And kiss his late - re - turning son;
3. Ready the Spirit of his love Just now the ston - y to remove,
4. Ready for you the angels wait, To triumph in your blest es - tate;



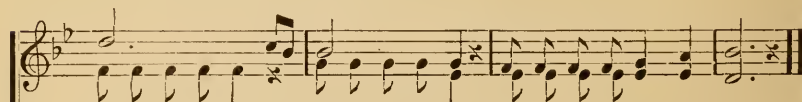
Be wise to know your gracious day; All things are ready, come a - way.
 Ready your loving Saviour stands, And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
 To apply, and witness with the blood, And wash and seal the sons of God.
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise The wonders of re - deeming grace.



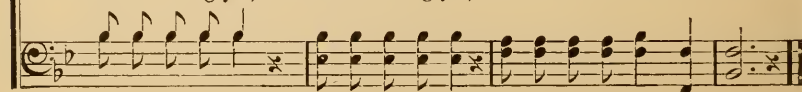
CHORUS.



God is call - ing, call - ing yet,
 God is calling yet, God is calling yet, Heed his pleading voice, God is calling yet,



God is call - ing, Sinner, heed his pleading voice.
 God is calling yet, God is calling yet,



TOPLADY.

REV. L. L. PICKETT. By per.

1. Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide..... myself in
Rock of a- ges, cleft for me, Let me hide

thee, Let the wa..... ter and the blood From thy

wound - - ed side which flowed, Be of sin..... the double

cure, Save from wrath,..... and make me pure; Be of

sin..... the double cure, Save from wrath,... and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

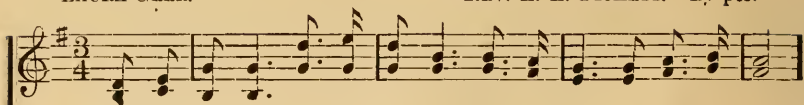
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;

Helpless, look to thee for grace;
To the cleansing fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

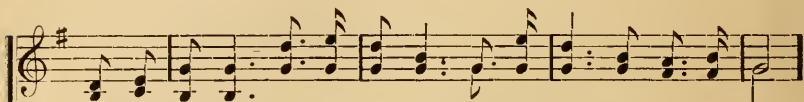
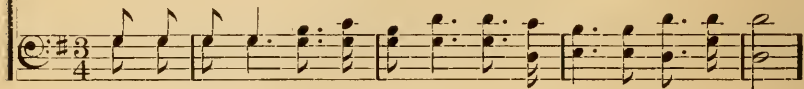
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy Judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I will hide myself in thee.

LAURA GEER.

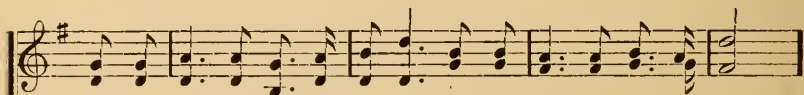
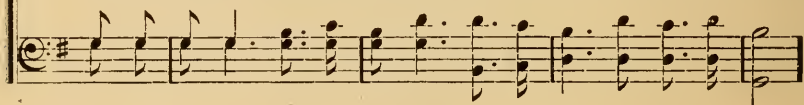
REV. L. L. PICKETT. By per.



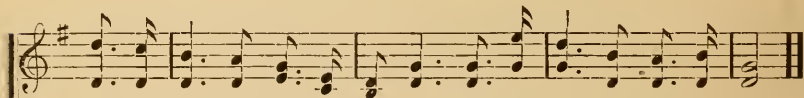
1. Are you read - y, friend, to meet him Who has done so much for you?
2. Are you read - y, friend, to meet him? Are your treasures all a - bove?
3. Are you read - y, friend, to meet him, Should he call for you to - night?



Are you read - y, friend, to greet him When he comes and calls for you?
 Are you read - y, friend, to greet him Who is Truth and Light and Love?
 Are you read - y, friend, to greet him, Should he come ere morning light?



Life is short and time is passing, Nev - er to return a - gain,
 Is your lamp all trimmed and burning With a clear and crystal glow?
 Have you lived for Christ the Saviour? Lived an honest life and true?

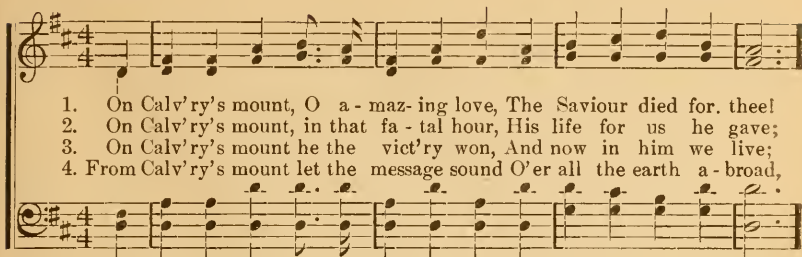


All around me they are go - ing From among the sons of men.
 All around us they are go - ing Are you read - y, friend, to go?
 All around us they are go - ing: Soon he'll come and call for you.

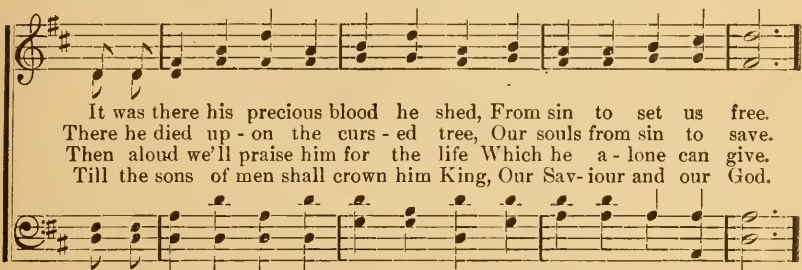


JOHN MACMILLAN.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

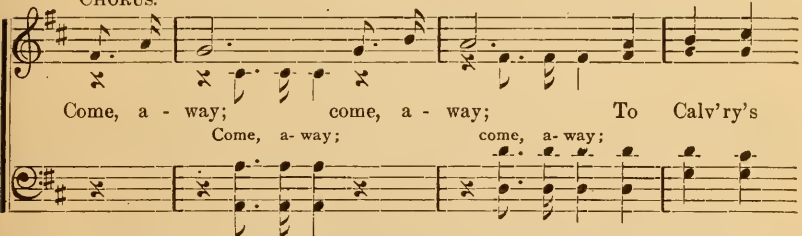


1. On Calv'ry's mount, O a - maz - ing love, The Saviour died for. thee!
 2. On Calv'ry's mount, in that fa - tal hour, His life for us he gave;
 3. On Calv'ry's mount he the vict'ry won, And now in him we live;
 4. From Calv'ry's mount let the message sound O'er all the earth a - broad,

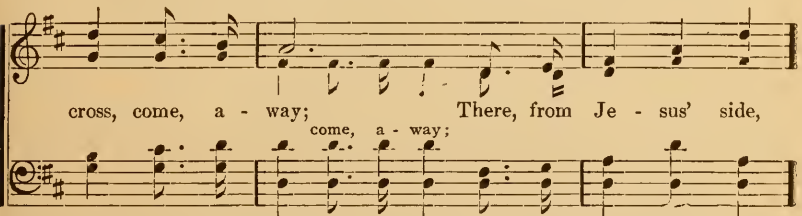


It was there his precious blood he shed, From sin to set us free.
 There he died up - on the curs - ed tree, Our souls from sin to save.
 Then aloud we'll praise him for the life Which he a - lone can give.
 Till the sons of men shall crown him King, Our Sav - iour and our God.

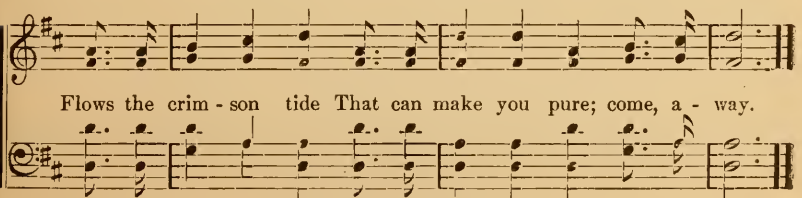
CHORUS.



Come, a - way; come, a - way; To Calv'ry's
 Come, a - way; come, a - way;



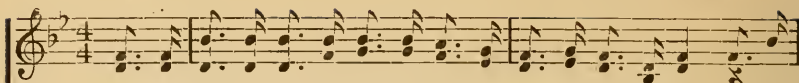
cross, come, a - way; There, from Je - sus' side,
 come, a - way;



Flows the crim - son tide That can make you pure; come, a - way.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

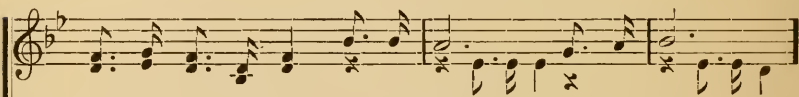
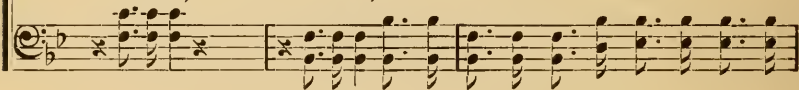


1. I've been at the cross of Je-sus, where he washed my sins away, I be-
2. There is no more condem-nation, for my sins are blotted out, I be-
3. Now I'm at the fountain drinking, and it nev - er shall run dry, I be-
4. O there's room enough in heaven, and our Je - sus is the way, I be-
5. O poor sin - ner, stop your doubting, and to Je - sus come away, And be-
6. Soon our Lord is coming back again to take us home on high, I be-



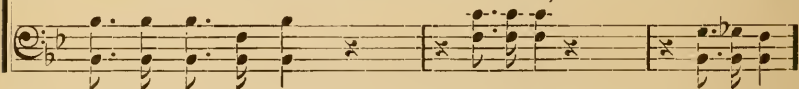
lieve, I be-lieve; And I feel so ver - y hap - py, since the
 lieve, I be-lieve; I'm so hap - py with my Saviour, since I
 lieve, I be-lieve; Till we reach our home in glo - ry, then we'll
 lieve, I be-lieve; And the on - ly way to glo - ry; so, no
 lieve, and be-lieve; For there's room at Calv'ry's fountain, if you
 lieve, I be-lieve; Where he has prepared a mansion for his

1. I believe, I believe;

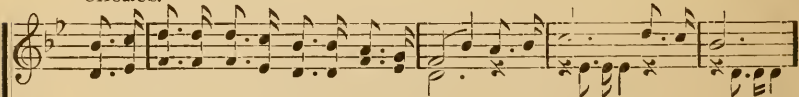


bur - den rolled a - way, I be - lieve, I be - lieve.
 found the se - cret out, I be - lieve, I be - lieve.
 drink a full sup - ply, I be - lieve, I be - lieve.
 mat - ter what they say, I be - lieve, I be - lieve.
 on - ly come to - day, and be - lieve, and be - lieve.
 children, in the sky, I be - lieve, I be - lieve.

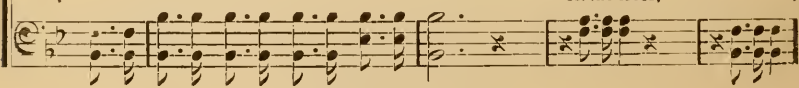
I believe, I believe.



CHORUS.



O I left my sins behind me at the cross, At the cross, at the cross;
 At the cross, at the cross;



I BELIEVE.—Concluded.

O I left them all behind me at the cross, At the cross of Cal-va-ry.

No. 71.

WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN.

J. G. F.

1. Christ our Redeemer died on the cross, Died for the sinner, paid all his due;
2. Chiefest of sinners, Je-sus can save; As he has promised, so will he do;
3. Judgment is coming, all will be there; Who have reject-ed, who have refused?
4. O what compassion, O boundless love! Je-sus hath power, Je-sus is true;

All who receive him need never fear, Yes, he will pass, will pass o-ver you.
 O sinner, hear him, trust in his word, Then he will pass, will pass o-ver you.
 O sinner, hasten, let Je-sus in, Then God will pass, will pass o-ver you.
 All who believe are safe from the storm, O he will pass, will pass o-ver you.

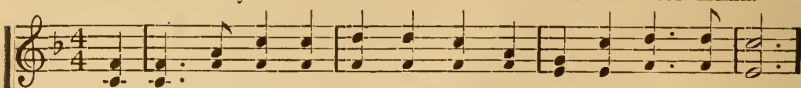
CHORUS.

When I see the blood, When I see the blood,
 When I see the blood, When I see the blood,

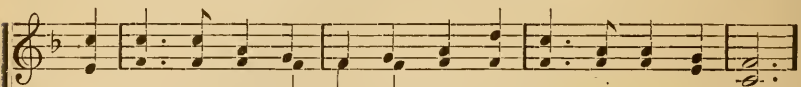
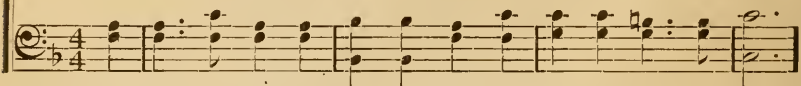
When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass over you.
 When I see the blood, over you.

I. WATTS. Cho. by H. H. H.

H. HARRISON HALL.



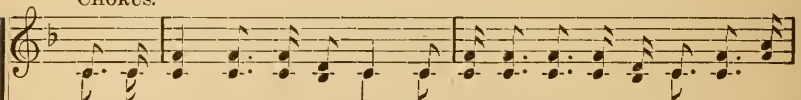
1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne;
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alt-ed thus!"
3. Je-sus is worth-y to re-ceive Hon-or and pow'r di-vine;
4. The whole cre-a-tion join in one, To bless the sa-cred name



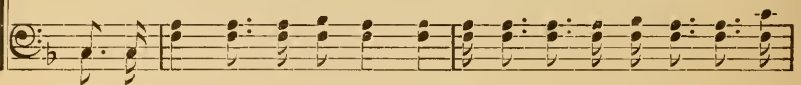
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 "Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts re-ply, "For he was slain for us."
 And blessings more than we can give. Be, Lord, for-ev-er thine.
 Of him that sits up-on the throne, And to a-dore the Lamb.



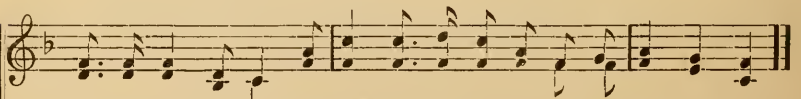
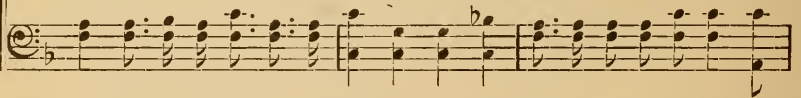
CHORUS.



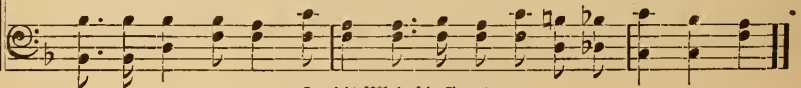
It's the old-time re-lig-ion, the heav'n-born re-lig-ion, It's the



old-time re-lig-ion of the heav'nly way; That fills our hearts with glory, to



tell the old sto-ry, This old-time re-lig-ion of the heav'nly way.



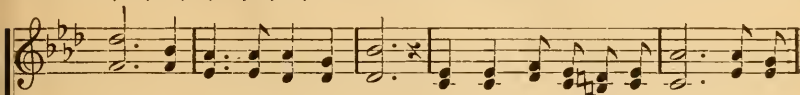
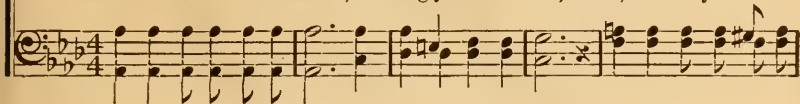
STOP, POOR SINNER!

J. NEWTON. Cho. by J. C.

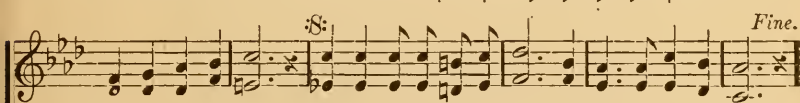
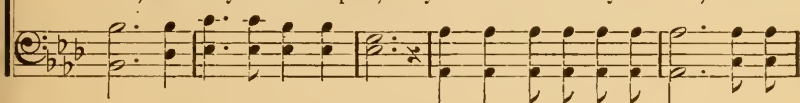
V. PAUL JONES.



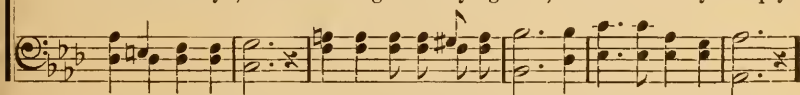
1. Stop, poor sinner! stop and think, Before you farther go! Will you sport upon the
2. Say, have you an arm like God, That you his will oppose? Fear you not that iron
3. Soon relentless death will come, To drag you to his bar; Then, to hear your awful



brink Of ev - er - lasting woe? Once again we charge you stop! For, un-
 rod With which he breaks his foes? Can you stand in that dread day When he
 doom, Will fill you with despair; All your sins will round you crowd, Countless



less you warning take, Quick and sudden you will drop Into the burning lake.
 judgment shall proclaim, And the earth shall melt away, Like wax before the flame?
 and of crimson dye; Each for vengeance crying loud, And what can you reply?

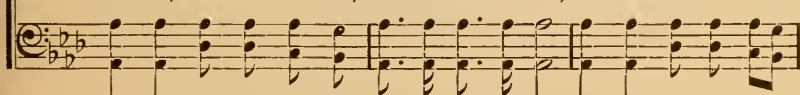


D.S.—God is calling you to-day! To-morrow may be late!

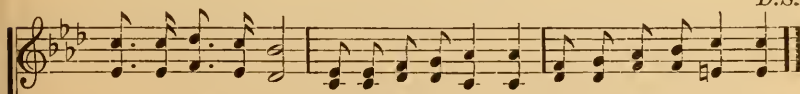
CHORUS.



Sinner, think it o - ver, ere it is too late, What an awful doom



D.S.

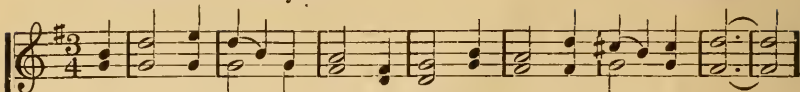


for your soul awaits! Sinner, think it o - ver; Sinner, think it o - ver;

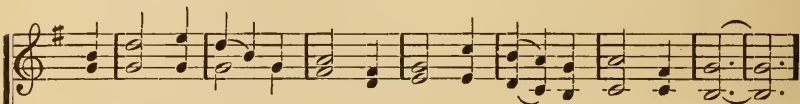
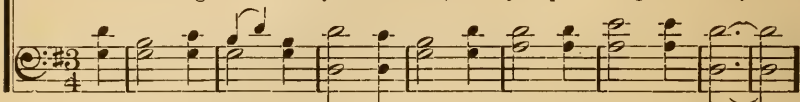


P. DODDRIDGE. Cho. by J. C.

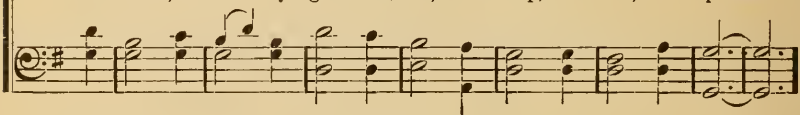
JOHN CLEMENTS.



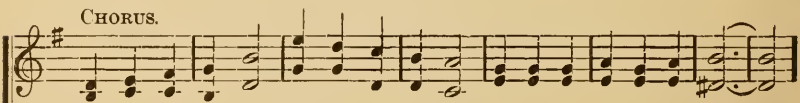
1. Re-pent! the voice ce - les - tial cries, Nor long - er dare de - lay;
2. No more the sov'reign eye of God O'erlooks the crimes of men;
3. O sin - ners! in his presence bow, And all your guilt con - fess;
4. Soon will the aw - ful trumpet sound, And call you to his bar;
5. A - maz - ing love—that yet will call, And yet pro - long our days!



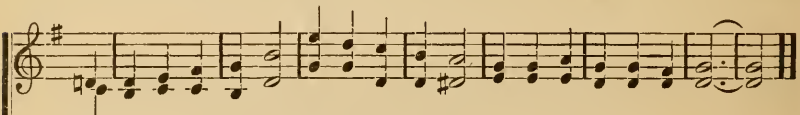
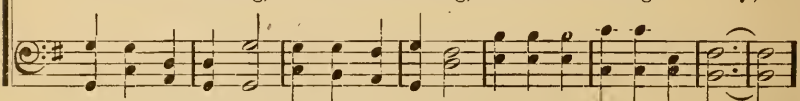
The soul that scorns the mandate dies, And meets a fier - y day.
 His her - alds now are sent a - broad To warn the world of sin.
 Ac - cept the of - fered Saviour now, Nor tri - fle with his grace.
 His mer - cy knows th'appointed bound, And yields to jus - tice there.
 Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall, And weep, and love, and praise.



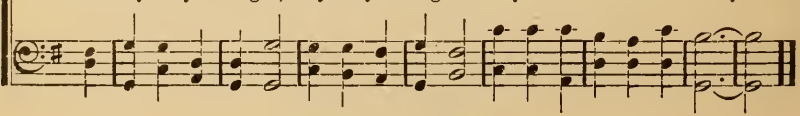
CHORUS.



Je - sus is calling, Je - sus is calling, Jesus is calling to - day;



Then why do you linger, why do you linger? Why not arise and o - bey?

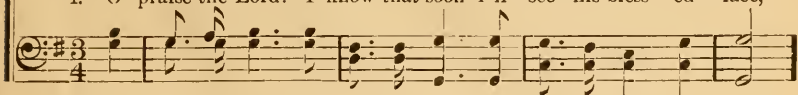


JOHN MACMILLAN.

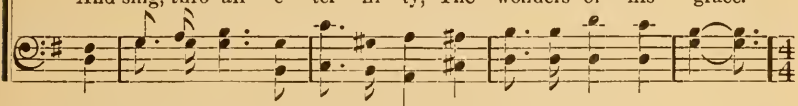
MRS. T. P. MACMILLAN.



1. My heart is full of ho - ly joy, Since Je - sus ransomed me;
2. For me he shed his precious blood—O wondrous love di - vine!
3. In grat - i - tude my ransomed soul Would sound his pow'r a - broad,
4. O praise the Lord! I know that soon I'll see his bless - ed face,



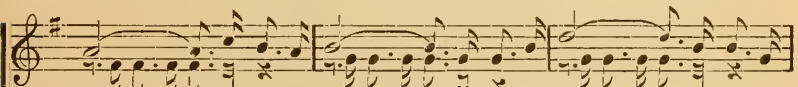
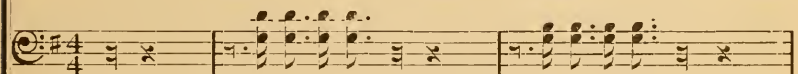
Up - on the cross he paid the price My soul from sin to free.
 His blood a full a - tonement made For ev - 'ry sin of mine.
 And cry aloud, while life shall last, The prais - es of my God.
 And sing, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, The wonders of his grace.



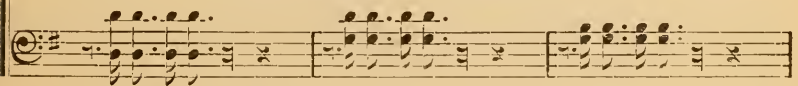
CHORUS.



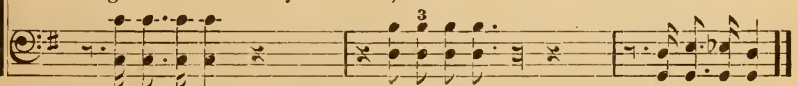
I've been re - deemed!..... I've been re - deemed!..... Thro' Je - sus'



blood..... I've been re - deemed!..... And while I live..... I'll shout and

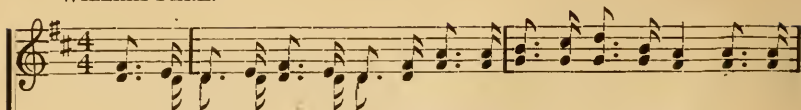


sing:..... Glory to God,..... I've been redeemed!

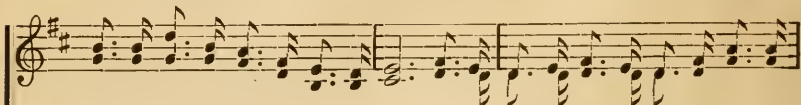
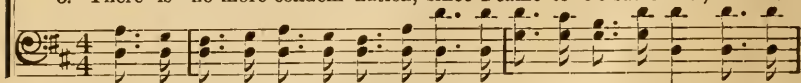


WILLIAM PARK.

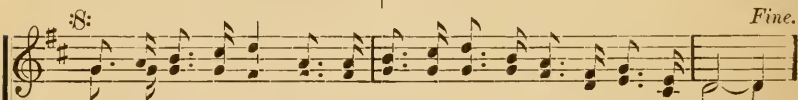
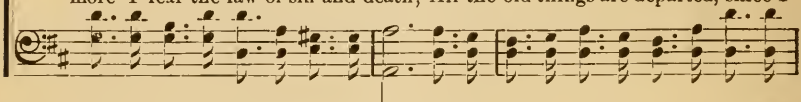
JOHN CLEMENTS.



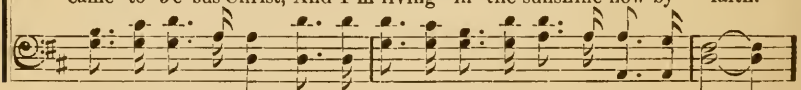
1. Now my heart is filled with gladness, since I came to Je-sus Christ, For he
2. 'Twas by faith in his atonement that I came to Je-sus Christ, And his
3. There is no more condem-nation, since I came to Je-sus Christ, And no



blotted out my sins and made me clean; There is peace that passeth knowledge, since I
 Spirit now bears witness to the blood; I am saved and kept rejoicing, since I
 more I fear the law of sin and death; All the old things are departed, since I



came to Je-sus Christ, There is sunshine now where darkness long had been.
 came to Je-sus Christ, And I'm on my way to glo - ry and to God.
 came to Je-sus Christ, And I'm living in the sunshine now by faith.

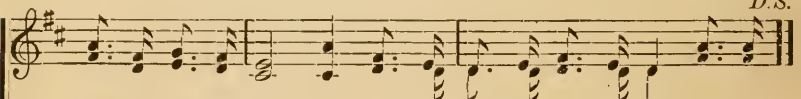
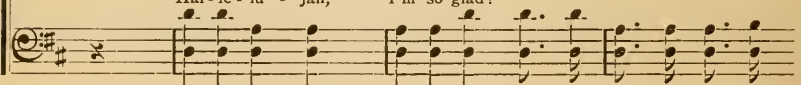


D.S.—Saviour made me whole, To en-joy this great sal-vation, hal - le - lu - jah!

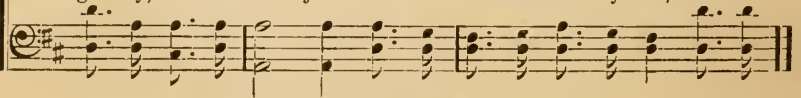
CHORUS.



I'm re-joic-ing, hal - le - lu - jah! I am on my way to
 Hal - le - lu - jah, I'm so glad!



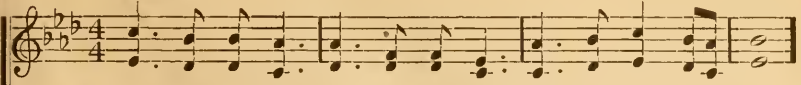
glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! And there's sunshine in my soul, since the




F. R. HAVERGAL. Cho. by J. C.

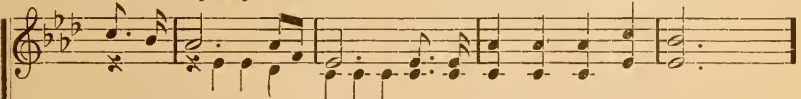
V. PAUL JONES.

Feelingly.

- 
1. Pre-cious, precious blood of Je-sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
 2. Tho' thy sins are red like crimson, Deep in scar - let glow,
 3. Pre-cious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid!
 4. Pre-cious blood! By this we conquer In the fierc - est fight,



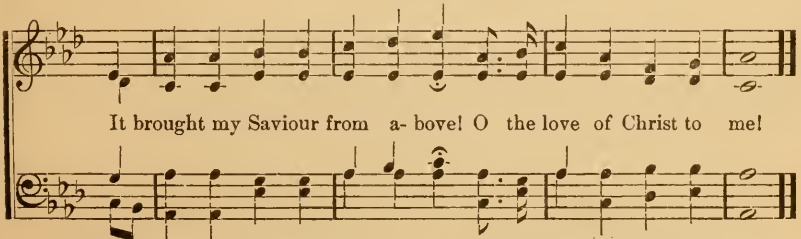
Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for thee!
 Je - su's pre - cious blood shall wash thee White as snow.
 Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Peace is made.
 Sin and Sa - tan o - ver - com - ing By its might.

CHORUS. Joyously.


O the love of Christ, O the love of Christ to me!
 the love of Christ, to me!

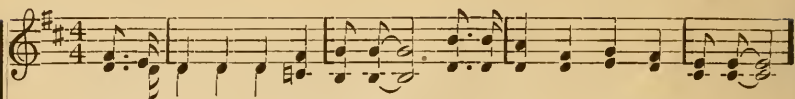


It brought my Saviour from a - bove! O the love of Christ to me!

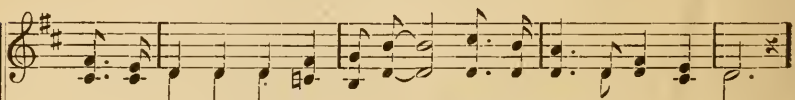


JOHN MACMILLAN.

JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. There's a day of judgment coming, There's a day of judgment coming,
2. Then your sins will rise before you, Then your sins will rise before you,
3. O you'll wish you were converted, O you'll wish you were converted,
4. But 'twill be too late for mercy, But 'twill be too late for mercy,



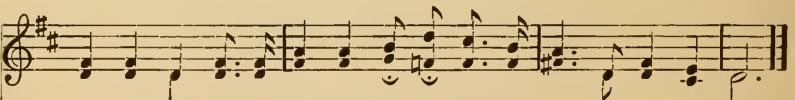
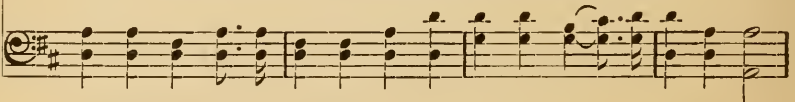
There's a day of judgment coming, When the stars begin to fall.
 Then your sins will rise before you, When the stars begin to fall.
 O you'll wish you were converted, When the stars begin to fall.
 But 'twill be too late for mercy, When the stars begin to fall.



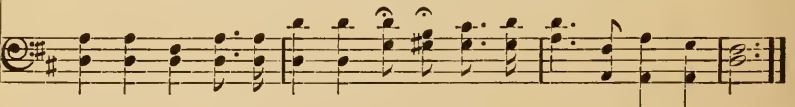
CHORUS.



O my Lord, what a wailing, wailing, When the stars begin to fall;



O my Lord, what a wailing, wailing, When the stars begin to fall.



5 Sealed will be your doom forever.

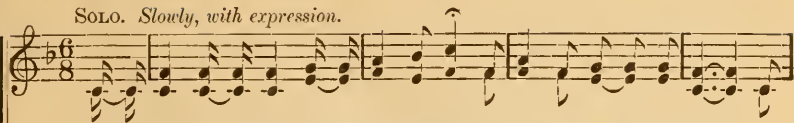
7 Jesus' blood alone can save you.

6 O get ready, lest you perish.

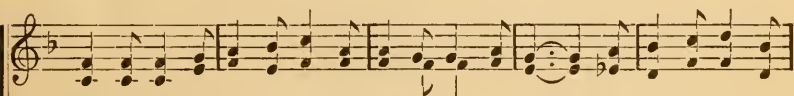
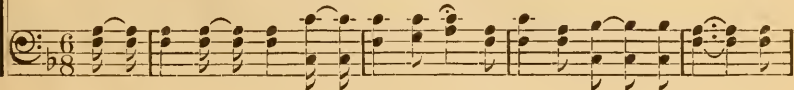
8 It will give you joy and comfort.

J. H. W.

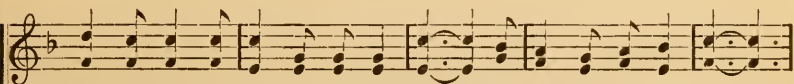
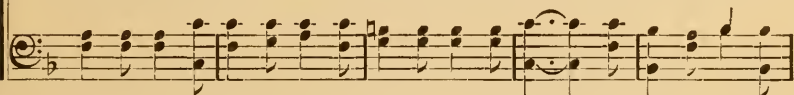
REV. J. H. WEBER.

SOLO. *Slowly, with expression.*

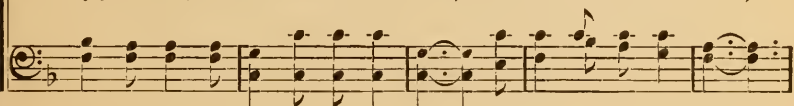
1. In the bus - y marts, in the crowded street, The world goes hurrying on; It
2. We're busy at home with our friends and cares, And there's no time to pray; It's
3. The world, with its song, goes marching on, You join the glad re - frain; With



craves for wealth and pomp and show, And heeds the siren's song. It's pleasure first, it's
 lodge or club and worldly things, In this gay world to-day: But death will come, and
 soul and mind and ev'ry nerve, You plan for earthly gain. O stop and think, some



self and gold, And Christ is crowded out, And Christ is crowded out;
 you will die, And Christ is crowded out, And Christ is crowded out;
 day you'll die, And Christ is crowded out, And Christ is crowded out;

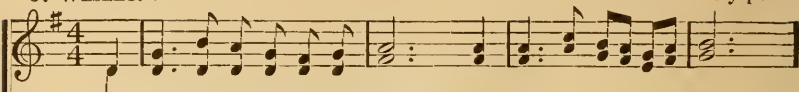


What will you say, in the judgment day, If Christ is crowded out?

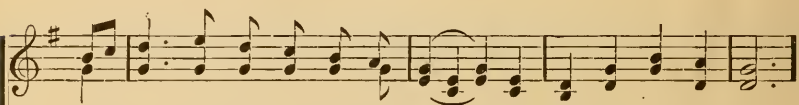
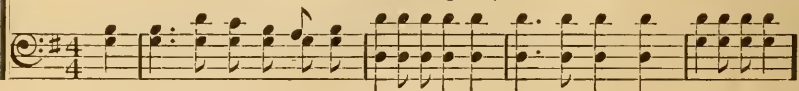


J. WESLEY.

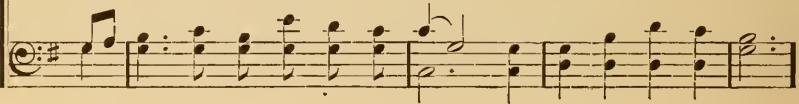
T. C. O'KANE. By per.



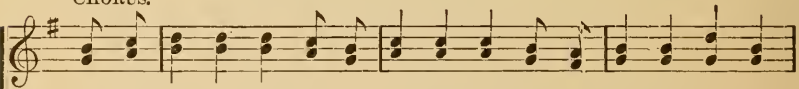
1. Thee, Jesus, full of truth and grace, Thee, Saviour, we a - dore,
 2. Thy pow'r, in human weakness shown, Shall make us all en - tire;
 3. Thee, Son of man, by faith we see, And glo - ry in our guide;
 4. The fire our graces shall re - fine, Till, moulded from a - bove,
 1. truth and grace, we adore,



Thee in af - fliction's furnace praise, And mag - ni - fy thy pow'r.
 We now thy guardian presence own, And walk unburned in fire.
 Surround - ed and upheld by thee, The fier - y test a - bide.
 We bear the char - ac - ter di - vine, The stamp of perfect love.



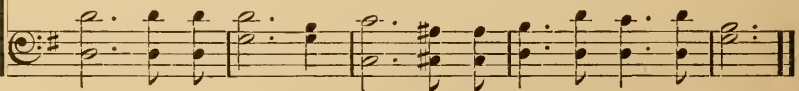
CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, and it won't be long, We will anchor by and



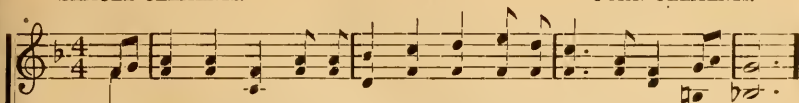
by, We will stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by.



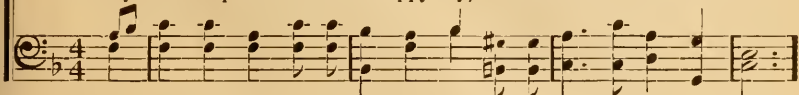
SAMUEL CLEMENTS.

Dedicated to Miss Bax.

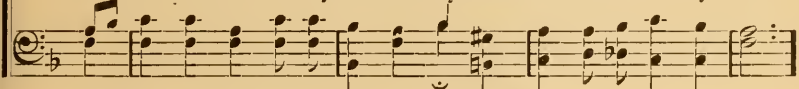
JOHN CLEMENTS.



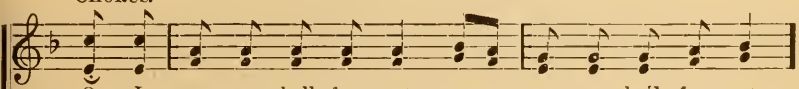
1. That dear old place I shall ne'er forget, Where I first beheld the light,
2. Faithful and true were the heralds then, With their words so clear and plain,
3. My mem'ry lingers around the place, I can hear their voices still,
4. O years have passed since that happy day, Yet how short the time does seem



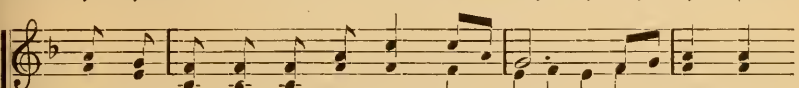
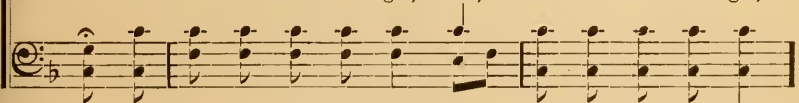
Down at the cross, as I knelt in pray'r: 'Twas there I received my sight.
 Tell-ing to all what the Lord had said: That we must be born a - gain.
 Pleading with me to give God my heart; My soul answered, Yes, I will.
 Since Je - sus washed all my sins a - way! His love still is all my theme.



CHORUS.



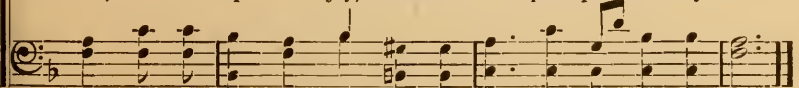
O I nev - er shall for - get, no, nev - er shall for - get,



When the bur - den from my heart did roll At Calv'ry's

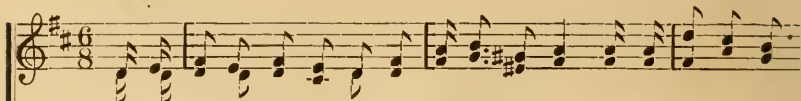


cross, where I wept for joy, When the Lord spoke peace to my soul.

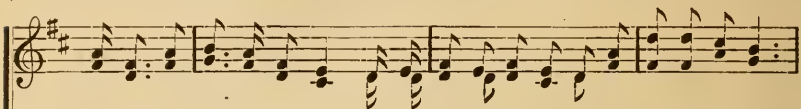
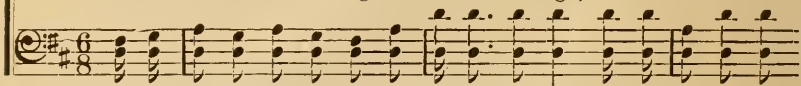


JOHN MACMILLAN.

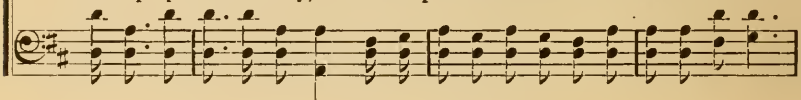
V. PAUL JONES.



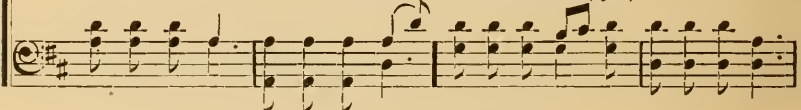
1. When the saints of all a - ges are gathered safe home, And we meet with our
2. Ma - ny tri - als I'll meet on this heaven - ly way, But the joy set be -
3. Tho' the conflict rage fiercely and rugged the road, Yet I'll still shout ho -
4. Soon our Saviour is coming to take me on high, To a crown and a



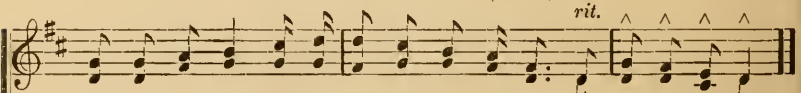
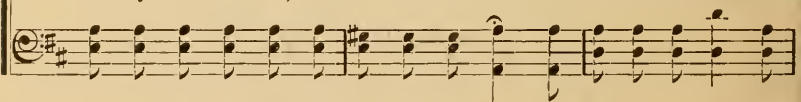
loved ones around the white throne, To adore the dear Saviour and praise him alone,
 fore me forbids my delay; There a mansion awaits me, where reigns endless day—
 sanna to Je - sus my God, Who from Calv'ry has gone to prepare my abode—
 mansion prepared in the sky, Where temptations ne'er enter and saints never die—



I shall be there! I shall be there! I shall be there, yes, I shall be there!



Glo - ry to Je - sus, I know I'll be there! When life's course is run and



heaven is won, Thro' the grace of Je - hovah, I know I'll be there!



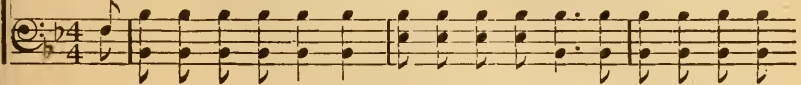
No. 83. IN THE GOOD OLD WAY.

THOMAS OLLIVERS. Cho. by J. C.

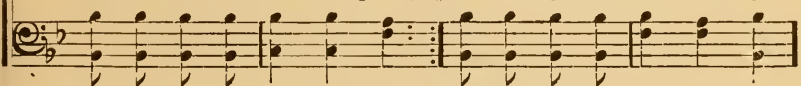
JOHN CLEMENTS.



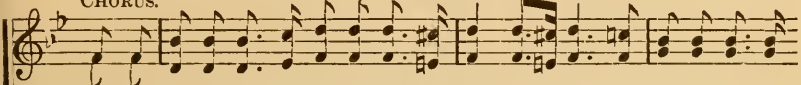
1. { Tho' nature's strength decay, And earth and hell withstand, To Canaan's bounds I
2. { The watery deep I pass, With Je- sus in my view; And thro' the howling
3. { The goodly land I see, With peace and plenty blest; A land of sacred
There milk and honey flow, And oil and wine abound, And trees of life for
There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our righteousness, Triumphant o'er the
On Zion's sacred height His kingdom still maintains, And glorious with his



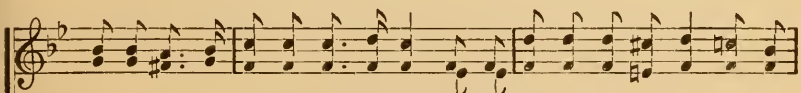
urge my way, At his command. || wil- der- ness My way pur - sue.
lib - er - ty, And end - less rest: || ev - er grow, With mer- cy crowned.
world and sin, The Prince of peace; || saints in light For ev - er reigns.



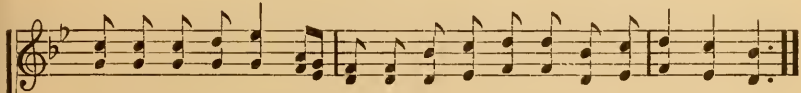
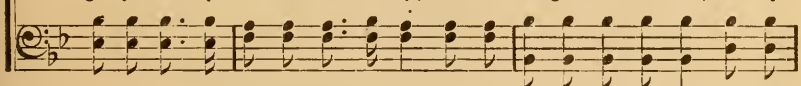
CHORUS.



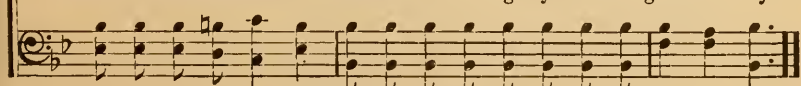
For I'm going home to glory in the good old way, I'm going home to



glory with my sins all washed away; And no danger will I fear, for my



Saviour still is near To lead me home to glory in the good old way.



Dedicated to Miss Smith.

MRS. PHOEBE H. BROWN. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

SOLO.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-'ry cumb'ring care,
 2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear,
 3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore,
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of brightest scenes in heav'n;
 5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its depart-ing ray

And spend the hours of set-ting day In humble, grateful pray'r.
 And all his prom-is-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sor-rows cast On him whom I a-dore.
 The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tem-pests driv'n.
 Be calm at this im-pressive hour, And lead to end-less day.

CHORUS. DUET.

O happy place,..... O blest re-treat,..... Where God comes
 O happy place, O blest retreat,

down..... my soul to greet;..... I learn the way..... the Master
 When God comes down my soul to greet; I learn the way

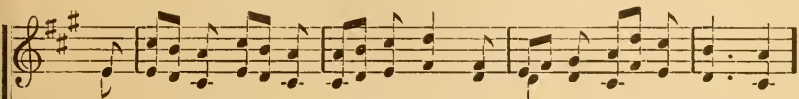
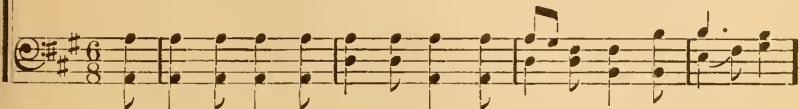
trod..... When I am all..... alone with God.
 the Master trod When I am all a-lone with God.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

V. PAUL JONES.



1. Tho' lost in sin and far from God, I heard his tender pleading;
2. But stern Mount Sinai stood between, Loud pealed its le-gal thunder;
3. My conscience from her slumber waked, I re-al-ized my dan-ger,
4. "O how shall sinners stand before A Judge so pure and ho-ly?"
5. For me he shed his precious blood, O bless the Lord for-ev-er!



As in his love he wooed me back, My soul to Calv'ry lead-ing.
 The lightnings of its judgments filled My soul with awe and won-der.
 And saw that all my car-nal ways God viewed with ho-ly an-ger.
 I cried, till God revealed to me The Saviour meek and low-ly.
 For love like this there's naught on earth From him my soul shall sev-er.



CHORUS.



For all who will may come— Re-peat the wondrous sto-ry;

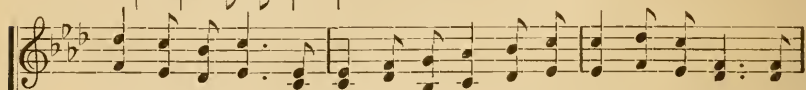


The blood our par-don bought, O glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry!

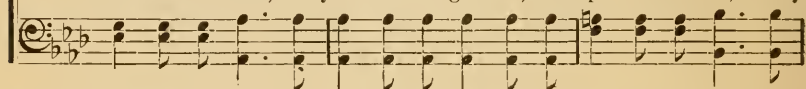




1. Ye neighbors and friends Of Je-sus, draw near: His love condescends By
2. The Shepherd who died His sheep to redeem, Now on ev'ry side Are
3. The blind are restored Thro' Jesu's blest name, They see their dear Lord, And
4. The deaf hear his voice And comforting word, It bids them rejoice In



ti - tles so dear To call and invite you His triumph to prove, And
gathered to him The weary and burdened, The rep-robate race; And
fol-low the Lamb; The halt they are walking, And running their race; The
Je-sus their Lord, "Thy sins are for-giv - en, Ac-cept - ed thou art;" They

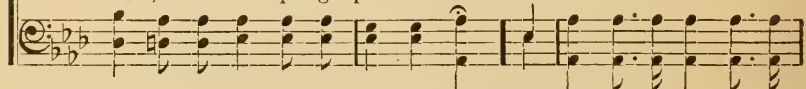


CHORUS.

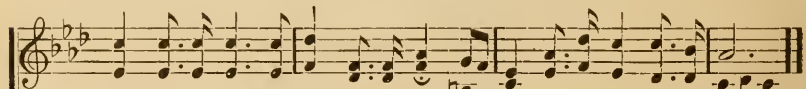
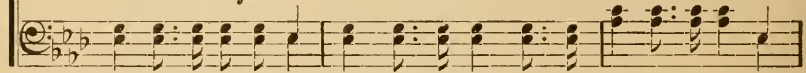


free-ly delight you In Je-su's love.
wait to be pardoned Thro' Jesu's grace.
dumb they are talking Of Je-su's grace.
listen, and heav'n Springs up in their heart.

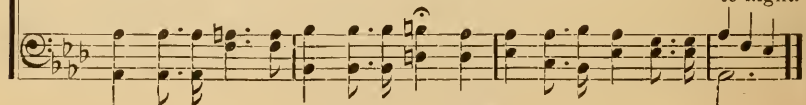
O Je - sus will save you to-



night! Hal-le-lujah! O Je - sus will save you to - night! Re-
Praise the Lord!

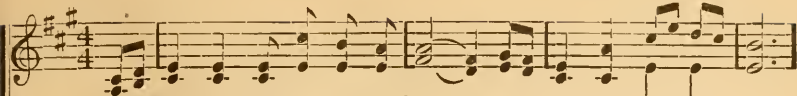


pent and believe, free pardon receive While mercy is offered to-night.
to-night.

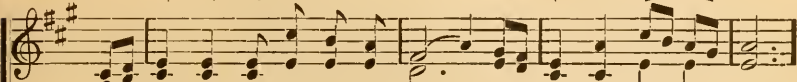
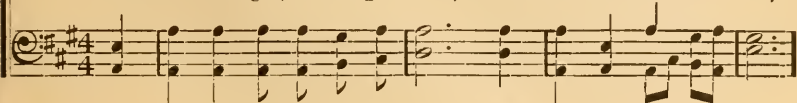


JOHN MACMILLAN.

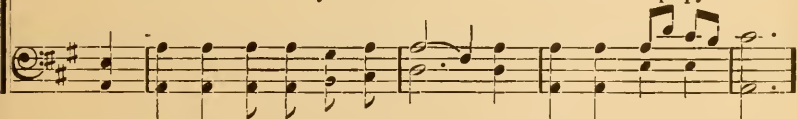
JOHN CLEMENTS.



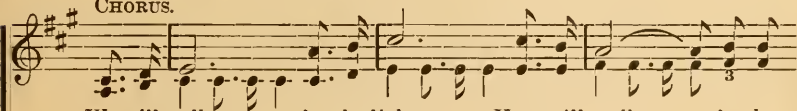
1. Walk in the light, ye ransomed souls Who know your sins for-giv'n,
2. Walk in the light, nor fear to stand Against each storm-y gale;
3. Walk in the light, that blessed way Which Christ himself hath trod;
4. Walk in the light, be strong and true, Un - til the strife is o'er;



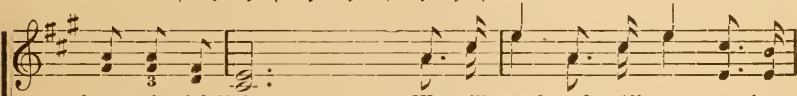
And strive by patient faith to gain Your place prepared in heav'n.
 But let the anchor of your hope Lay hold with-in the veil.
 The way of self-de-n-y-ing love That leads us up to God.
 And then for - ev - er ye shall rest On Canaan's hap-py shore.



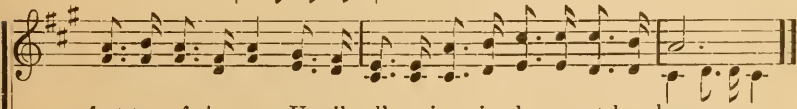
CHORUS.



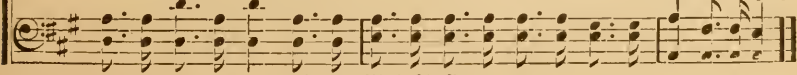
We will walk in the light, Yes, we'll walk..... in the
 ev - er walk with our God, always walk



beau - ti - ful light; We will watch and we'll pray, ev - 'ry
 heaven - ly light;

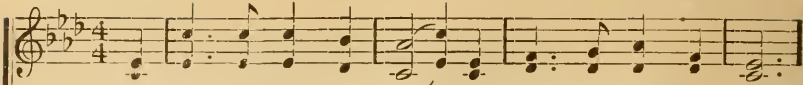



footstep of the way; Un-till all arrive in glo-ry, watch and pray.
 watch and pray.



J. M.


JOHN MACMILLAN.

- 
1. Come gird your arm - or on, Ye loy - al saints and true,
 2. No shaft of sin can pierce The shield of faith you bear,
 3. Step bold - ly forth and push The bat - tle to the gate;
 4. The strife, tho' fierce, shall soon In glo - rious vic - t'ry end,
 5. And when the fight is fought, And when the bat - tle's won,



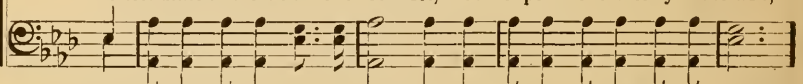
And fight the bat - tles of the Lord Who gave his life for you.
 Nor is there pow'r in hell can break The hel - met that you wear.
 Armed with the flam - ing sword of truth, De - fy - ing Satan's hate.
 For he who conquered sin and death Our souls shall still de - fend.
 Ex - alt - ed on the Great White Throne, Our God shall say "Well done."

CHORUS.

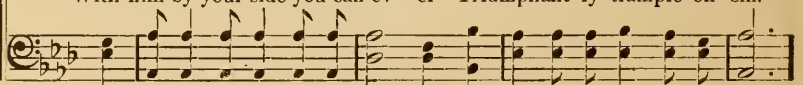


Be steadfast and true in the conflict, Your Captain the vict'ry must win;


Fine.



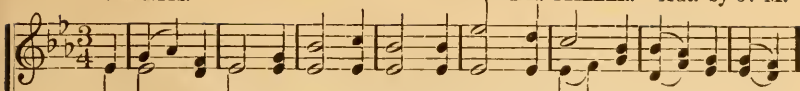
With him by your side you can ev - er Triumphant-ly trample on sin.



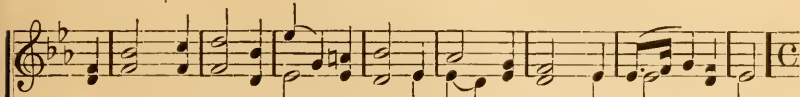
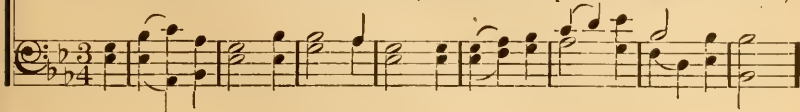
D.S.—The army of Je - sus the conqu'ror, Who holdeth the world in his hand.

D.S.


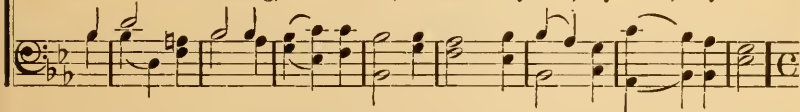
Then for - ward to vic - t'ry, Naught can withstand
 Then forward march to vic - to - ry, The hosts of hell can - not withstand



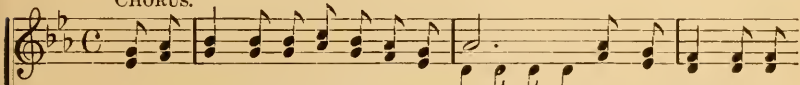
1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;



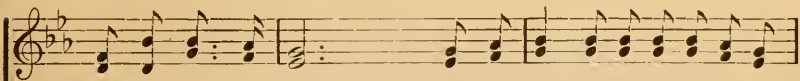
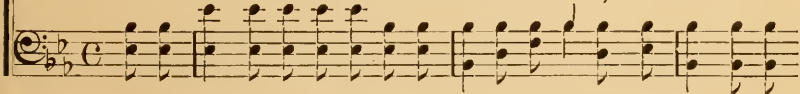
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - mazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



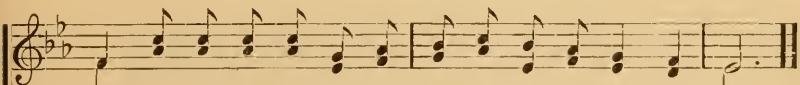
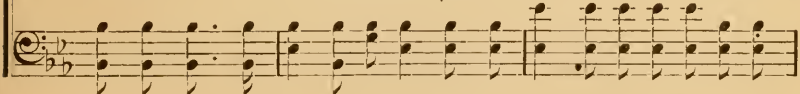
CHORUS.



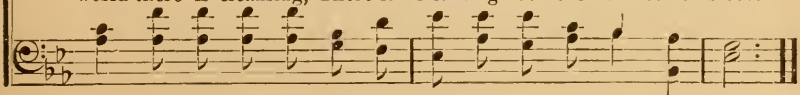
O I'm glad there is cleansing in the blood, O I'm glad there is
 in the blood,



cleansing in the blood; Tell the world there is cleansing, All the
 in the blood;



world there is cleansing, There is cleansing in the Saviour's blood.



WM. PARK.

V. PAUL JONES.

With expression.

1. The Saviour who saves, is the Saviour for me; He saved me! O
 2. The Saviour, who saves from do-min-ion of sin, Cre-ates a new
 3. The Saviour, who saves, ev-'ry day is the same; Who was and still
 4. This Saviour is yours! O re-pent and be-lieve, Now turn un-to

glo-ry, from sin I am free! He keeps me from sin by his
 heart and then dwelleth with-in; O this is the Saviour that
 is God, Je-ho-vah, I AM! The Saviour from sin who has
 him and con-fess, he'll for-give! If on-ly you'll come, there is

pow-er each day, While walking with him on the straight, narrow way.
 died in my stead; A-broad in my heart his dear love has been shed.
 bought my re-lease Has promised to give me sweet com-fort and peace.
 mer-cy for all; While Je-sus is wait-ing, O come at his call!

CHORUS.

He is mine..... and he loves..... me, I know;... In his love.....and his

grace..... I shall grow!..... And with joy.....doth my heart..... over-

HE IS MINE.—Concluded.

flow,..... For his blood..... makes me white... as the snow.....

No. 91.

THE CHURCH OF JESUS.

C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

1. Hap - py the souls that first believed, To Je - sus and each other cleaved,
2. Meek, sim - ple foll'wers of the Lamb, They lived and spake and tho't the same;
3. With grace a - bund - ant - ly en - dued, A pure, be - liev - ing mul - ti - tude,
4. Ye diff'rent sects, who all declare, "Lo, here is Christ!" or, "Christ is there!"

Joined by the unction from a - bove In mys - tic fel - low - ship of love.
 They joy - ful - ly conspired to raise Their ceaseless sac - ri - fice of praise.
 They all were of one heart and soul, And on - ly love inspired the whole.
 Your stronger proofs di - vine - ly give, And show me where the Christians live.

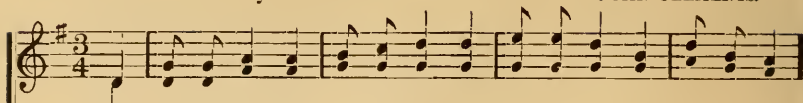
CHORUS.

This is the Church of the Lamb of God, This is the Church that is saved by blood;

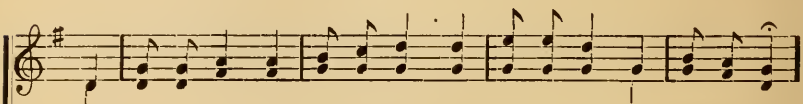
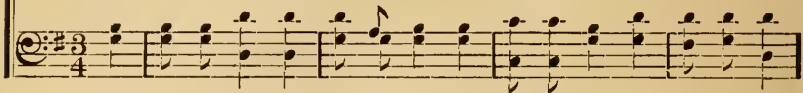
This is the Church of Christ on earth, This is the Church of Je - sus.

C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

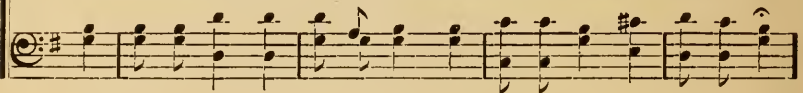
JOHN CLEMENTS.



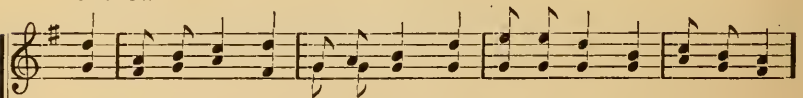
1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast, Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call, The in-vi-ta-tion is to all:
3. Come, all ye souls by sin opprest, Ye wea-ry wand'ers af-ter rest,
4. My message as from God receive, Ye all may come to Christ and live;
5. This is the time, no more de-lay! Now is the time, ac-cept to-day!



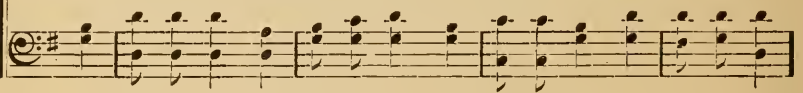
Ye need not one be left behind, For God hath bid-den all mankind.
 Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou! All things in Christ are read-y now.
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart-y welcome find.
 O let his love your hearts constrain, Nor suf-fer him to die in vain!
 Come, in this moment, at his call, And live for him who died for all!



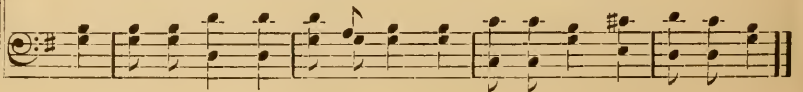
CHORUS.



His blood, his blood, can make you whole, His precious blood can save your soul;



O sinner, come and taste and see, For O his blood a-vails for me!



Cho. by J. C. :8:

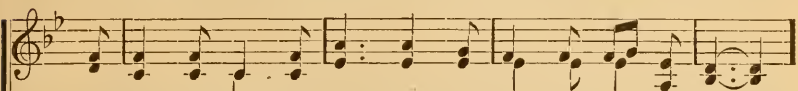
Arr. by H. C. BOYD.



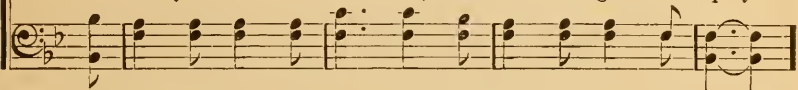
1. O when shall I see Je - sus, And reign with him a - bove,
2. But now I am a sol - dier; My Captain's gone be - fore;
3. Thro' grace I am de - termined To conquer, though I die,
4. And if you meet with trou - bles And tri - als on your way,



CHO.—Saved by grace a - lone,..... Saved by grace a - lone,



And from that flow - ing fount - ain Drink ev - er - last - ing love?
 He's giv - en me my or - ders, And bid me not give o'er;
 And then a - way to Je - sus On wings of love to fly.
 Then cast your care on Je - sus, And don't for - get to pray.



And soon we'll be with Je - sus And hear his welcome home;

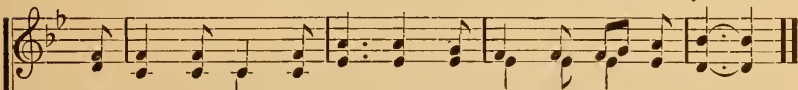


When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
 His faithful word has promised A righteous crown to give;
 Fare - well to sin and sor - row—I bid you all a - dieu;
 Gird on the heavenly arm - or Of faith, and hope, and love;

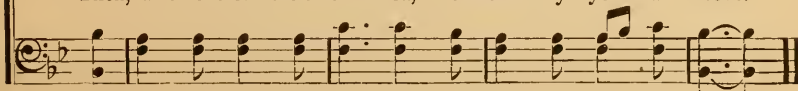


Saved by grace a - lone,..... Saved by grace a - lone,

D. S. for Chorus.



And with my bless - ed Je - sus, Drink end - less pleasures in?
 And all his val - iant soldiers E - ter - nal life shall have.
 And O, my friends, prove faithful, And on your way pur - sue!
 Then, when the combat's end - ed, He'll car - ry you a - bove.



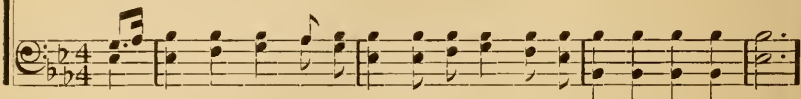
And soon we'll be with Je - sus And hear his welcome home.

WILLIAM PARK.

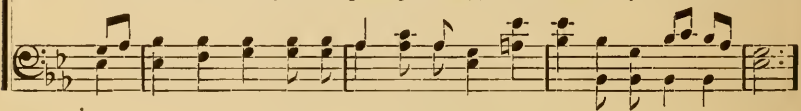
V. PAUL JONES.



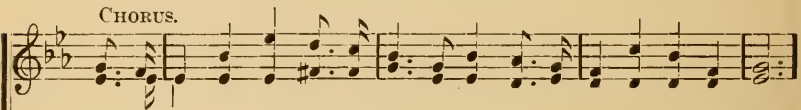
1. O what a change Jesus wrought in my soul When I left the paths of sin,
2. O what a change! I'm a sinner no more, And I'm on the narrow way:
3. O what a change! All my sorrows are gone, And my heart from sin is free;
4. O sin-ner, come to the Saviour of men, Seek by faith his pard'ning love;



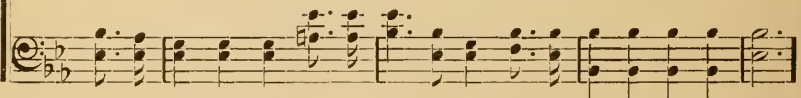
And sought the way of my Saviour and God, Whose Spirit abides with-in!
 The way, once trod by the martyrs of God, That leads me to endless day.
 From Jesus Christ I've the Witness divine, That his blood now cleanseth me.
 If here be - low you his precepts obey, He'll welcome your soul above.



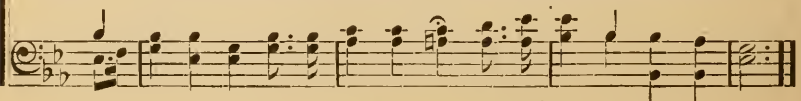
CHORUS.



There is joy, glad joy, in my heart to-day, There is peace, sweet peace, within:

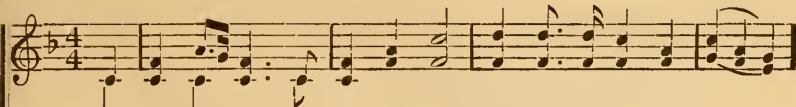


Since I've been washed in the precious blood That has cleansed my heart from sin.

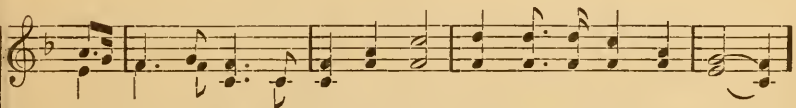
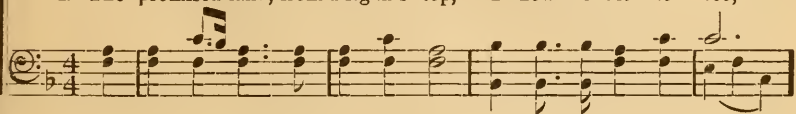


C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

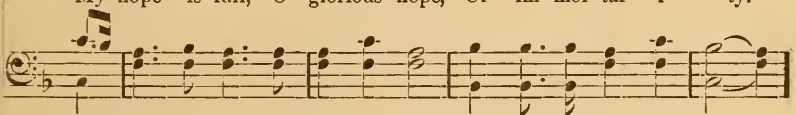
JOHN CLEMENTS.



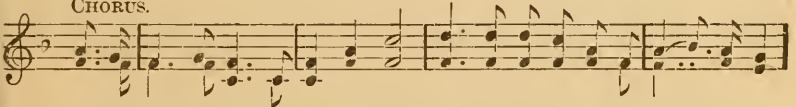
1. O joy - ful sound of gos - pel grace! Christ shall in me ap - pear;
2. This heart shall be his constant home; I hear his Spirit's cry,
3. The glorious crown of righteousness, Reached out to me, I view;
4. The promised land, from Pisgah's top, I now exult to see;



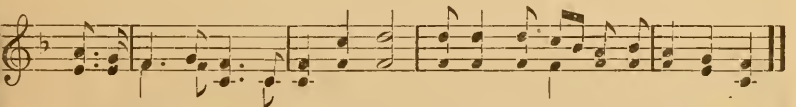
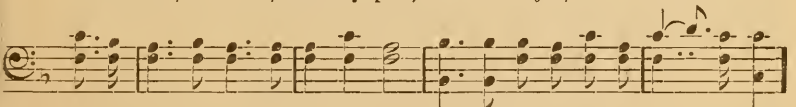
I, e - ven I, shall see his face, I shall be ho - ly here.
 "Sure - ly," he saith, "I quickly come," He saith, who cannot lie.
 Conqu'ror thro' him, I soon shall seize And wear it as my due.
 My hope is full, O glorious hope, Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.



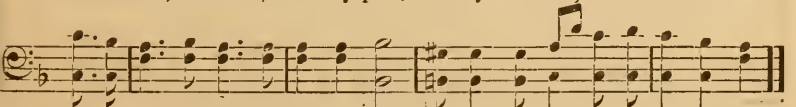
CHORUS.



O the blood, the blood, is all my plea, Hal - le - lujah, for it cleanseth me!

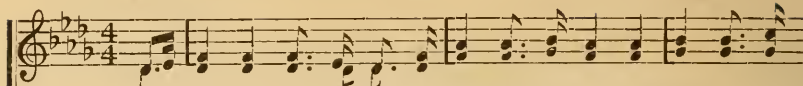


O the blood, the blood, is all my plea, Glory to God, for it cleanseth me!

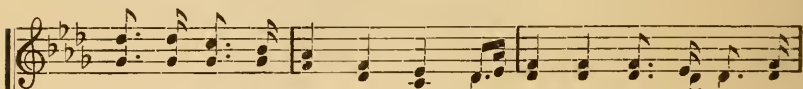
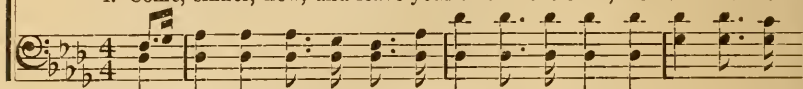


JOHN MACMILLAN.

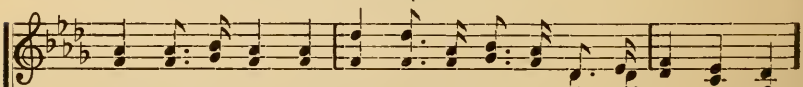
JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. The world has lost its charms for me, since that day When Jesus in
2. The way may narrow be, the conflict be hard, But Je - sus has
3. Our blessed Lord has left this promise to all Who seek his sal-
4. Come, sinner, now, and leave your sins at the cross, For Je - sus ac-



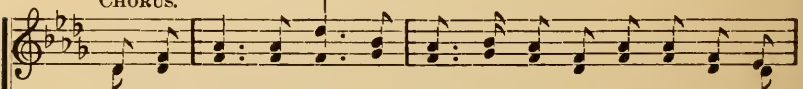
mer - cy washed my sins a - way And taught my grateful heart in
 promised me a great re - ward; So I'll fight man - ful - ly, a
 va - tion and o - bey his call, That soon he'll come a - gain to
 counting all the world but dross; Then, set - ting all your heart to



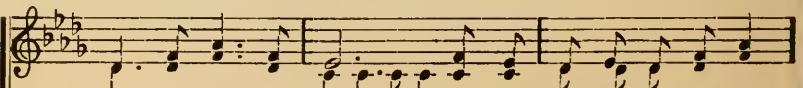
gladness to raise An anthem of vic - to - ry, a song of praise.
 vic - tor I'll be, Un - til in his glo - ry I my Saviour see.
 gath - er us home To that blessed place where he himself has gone.
 walk in his ways, You'll soon reach the regions of e - ter - nal praise.



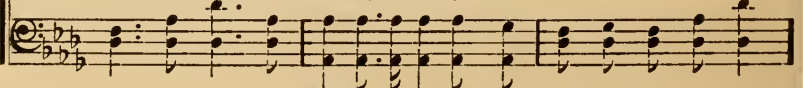
CHORUS.



For I know, I know, I have an - oth - er building, Yes, I



know, I know, I know! When this earth - ly one shall fail,
 Praise the Lord!



I HAVE A BUILDING.—Concluded.

Then a-way, within the veil, I have another building, yes, I know!

No. 97. THEY'RE ALL TAKEN AWAY.

H. BONAR. Cho. by J. C.

V. PAUL JONES.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Weary and worn and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."

I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he has made me glad.

The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.

CHORUS.

They're all taken a-way, away, My sins are all taken a-way, a-way;

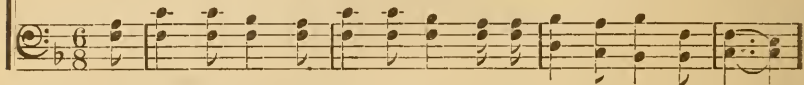
They're all taken a-way, a-way, Bless God, they're all taken a-way!

JOHN C. KELLER.

JOHN CLEMENTS.



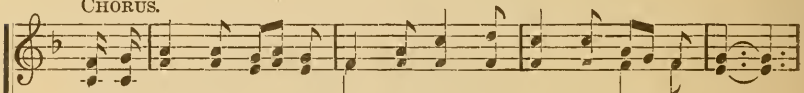
1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, now, Who has turned my night to day,
2. O what a friend is Je-sus Christ, And he's all the world to me
3. When troubles come and tri-als, too, And we all must have our share,
4. So I'll not wor-ry nor complain While beneath the chast'ning rod,
5. Thro' all those years since I've been saved, He is precious still to me;



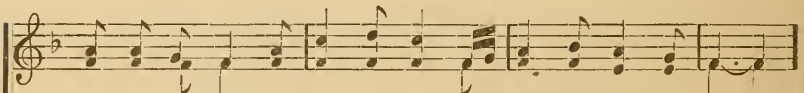
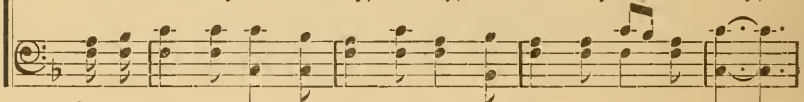
And I'm so glad I know he's mine, For he washed my sins a-way.
 Since he has washed my sins a-way And my soul has been set free.
 I roll them all on Je-sus, now, Who has made my wants his care.
 For Je-sus knows what's best for me As he leads me home to God.
 How glad I'll be when all is o'er, And his bless-ed face I see!



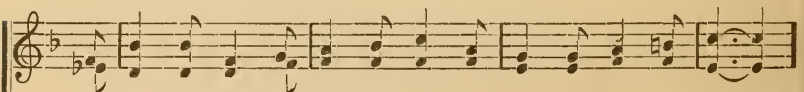
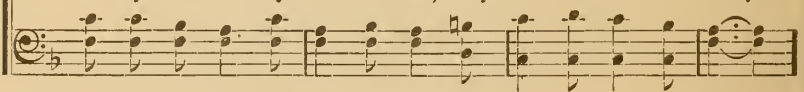
CHORUS.



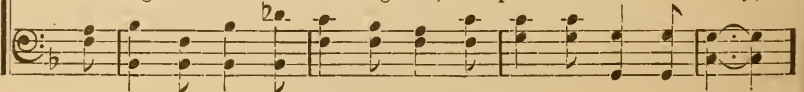
He has washed my sins a-way, a-way, And turned my night to day;



Glo-ry to God my soul is free, My sins are washed a-way.



I'll sing and shout re-deeming love, And praise his name al-way;



ALL THE WORLD TO ME.—Concluded.

For my heart is filled with glo - ry, now, Since he washed my sins a - way.

No. 99.

O BLESSED NAME.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

V. PAUL JONES.

1. No oth - er name sounds half so sweet As thy dear name to me,
 2. Thy name dispelled my guilt and fears, And turned to joy my grief;
 3. The world no pleasure can be - stow, No last - ing joy can find
 4. O bless - ed name, thy mu - sic fills My heart with love and praise!

Thou bless - ed Lamb of God, who died My soul from sin to free.
 When in distress to thee I cried, Thy mer - cy sent re - lief.
 L'ke that which thy dear name in - stills In heart and soul and mind.
 My voice, in thankful - ness to thee, A song of joy shall raise.

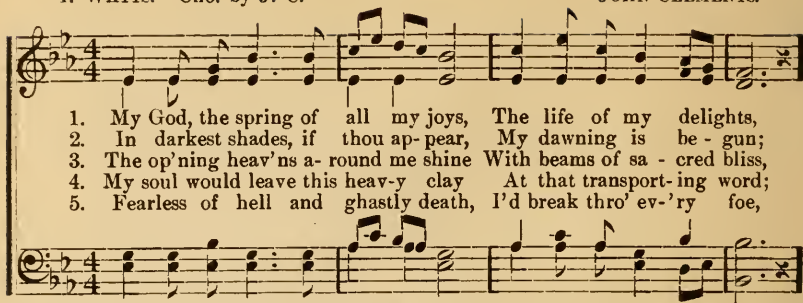
CHORUS.

O glo - ry be to the Lamb of God! Who purchased us with his precious blood,

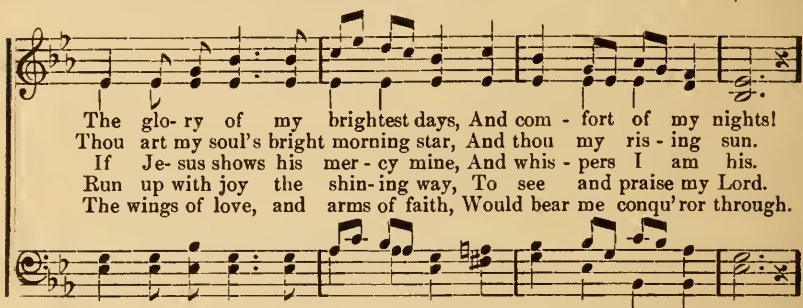
And washed our hearts in the crimson flood, And fits our souls for glo - ry!

I. WATTS. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

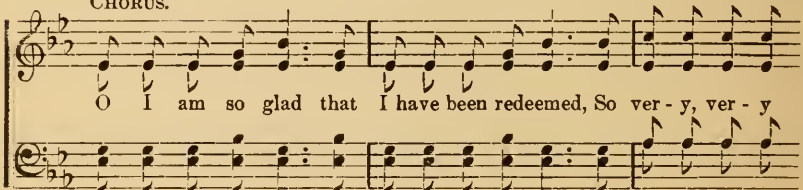


1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights,
 2. In darkest shades, if thou ap-pear, My dawning is be-gun;
 3. The op'ning heav'ns a-round me shine With beams of sa-cred bliss,
 4. My soul would leave this heav-y clay At that transport-ing word;
 5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death, I'd break thro' ev-'ry foe,

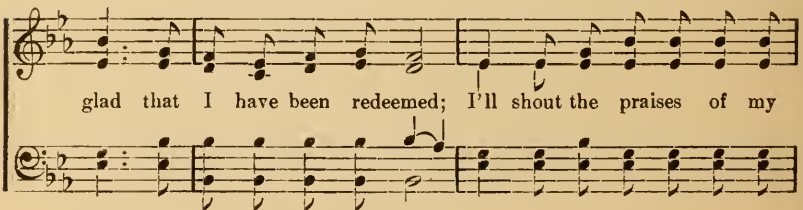


The glo-ry of my brightest days, And com-fort of my nights!
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris-ing sun.
 If Je-sus shows his mer-cy mine, And whis-pers I am his.
 Run up with joy the shin-ing way, To see and praise my Lord.
 The wings of love, and arms of faith, Would bear me conqu'ror through.

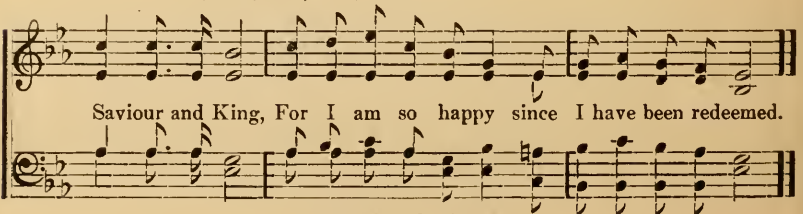
CHORUS.



O I am so glad that I have been redeemed, So ver-y, ver-y



glad that I have been redeemed; I'll shout the praises of my



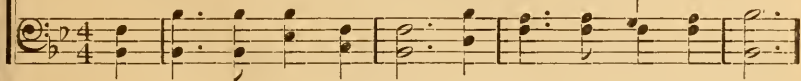
Saviour and King, For I am so happy since I have been redeemed.

C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. M.

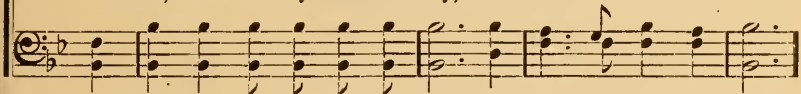
MRS. H. C. BOYD.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill:
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care As in thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly,



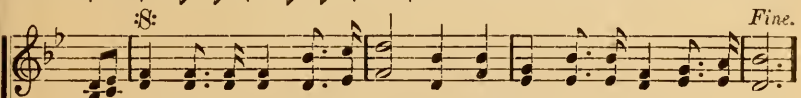
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Master's will!
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give!
 Assured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.



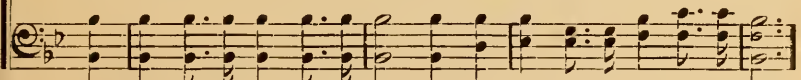
CHORUS.



Then let me for - ev - er prove faithful To Je - sus, my Saviour and God,
 and God,



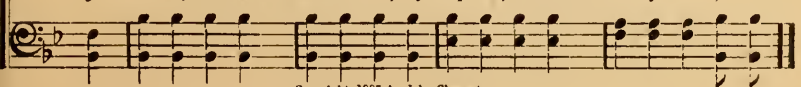
Who purchased my pardon on Cal - v'ry And saved me from sin, thro' his blood.



D.S.—guide and will graciously keep me, Upholding my soul to the end.



Je - ho - vah, my Mas - ter, Shep - herd and Friend, Who will
 Je - hovah, Lord and Master dear, My Shepherd, Guide and on - ly Friend,

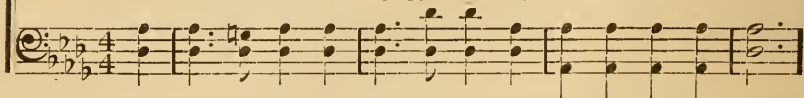


ANON. Cho. by J. C.

MRS. T. P. MACMILLAN



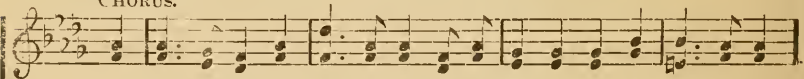
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me;
2. Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or feel at death dis - may?
3. A - pos - tles, martyrs, prophets there Around my Saviour stand;
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee;



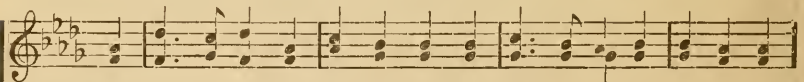
When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view, And realms of endless day.
 And soon my friends in Christ be - low Will join the glorious band.
 Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.



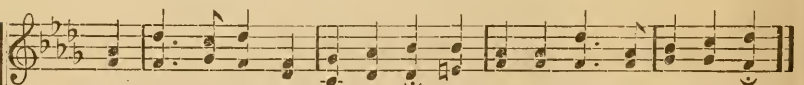
CHORUS.



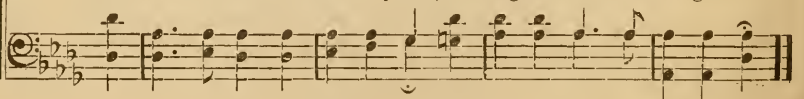
O I'll be there, yes, I'll be there, In that happy home you'll find me there;



With all that ransomed, blood-washed throng, I'll sing the glad, triumphant song



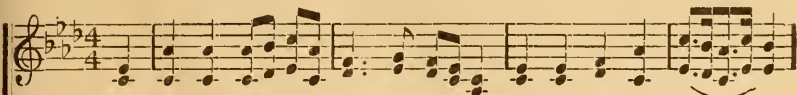
To him who loved and saved my soul, I'll sing while countless a - ges roll.



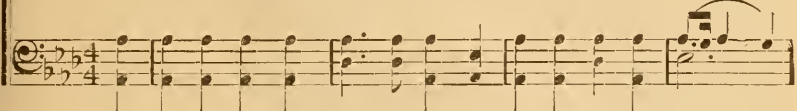
No. 103. I AM A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

I. WATTS. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. I am a sol - dier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb!
2. I'll not be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
3. Then I must fight, if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;
4. O what a glorious shout there'll be When we arrive at home!



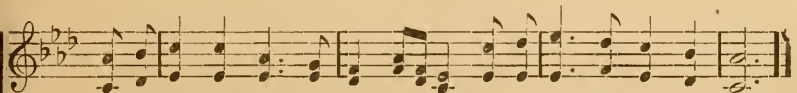
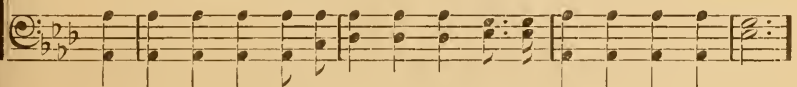
And I'll not fear to own his cause, Nor blush to speak his name!
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas!
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Support - ed by thy Word.
Our friends and Je - sus we shall see, And God shall say "Well done."



CHORUS.



Yes, I will fight for the Saviour now, And it's here I'll take my stand—



That I will not lay my arm - or down Till I reach the glo - ry land.

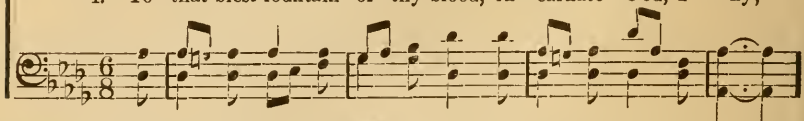


I. WATTS.

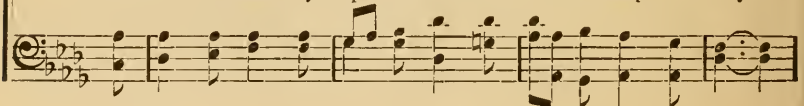
MRS. H. C. BOYD.



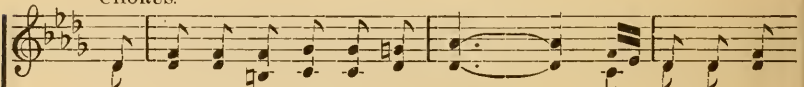
1. How sad our state by na - ture is! Our sin, how deep it stains!
2. But hark! A voice of sov'reign grace Sounds from the sacred Word;
3. My soul o - beys the Saviour's call, And runs to this re - lief;
4. To that blest fountain of thy blood, In - carnate God, I fly;



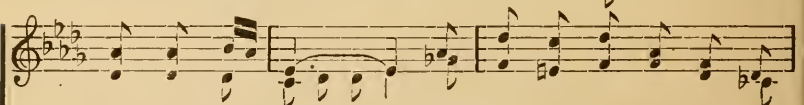
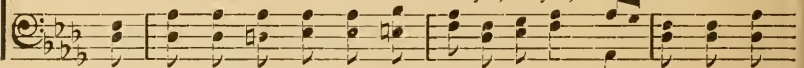
And Sa - tan binds our captive souls Fast in his slav - ish chains.
 "Ho, ye despair - ing sinners, come, And trust up - on the Lord!"
 I would believe thy promise, Lord; O help my un - be - lief!
 There let me wash my spotted soul From sins of deep - est dye.



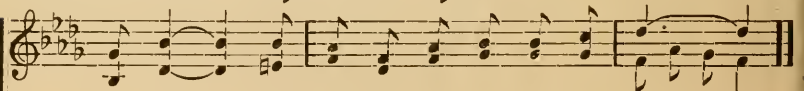
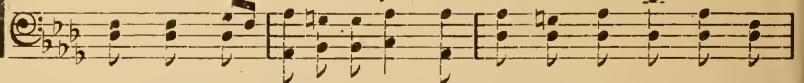
CHORUS.



O yes, there's sal - vation for you,..... O yes, there's sal -
 yes, for you,



va - tion for you;..... For you on the cross Je - sus
 e - ven you;




suf - fered; Bless God, there's sal - va - tion for you.....
 e - ven you.



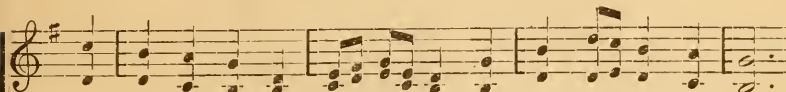
STILL HE IS PLEADING.

C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.




1. Lov - ers of pleasure more than God, For you he suffered pain;
 2. Mi - sers, for you his life he paid, Your bas - est crimes he bore;
 3. The God of love, to earth he came That you might come to heav'n;
 4. Be - lieve in him who died for thee, And sure as he hath died,




Swearers, for you he spilt his blood And shall he bleed in vain?
 Drunkards, your sins on him were laid, That you might sin no more.
 Be - lieve, believe in Je - sus' name, And all your sins for - giv'n.
 Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free, And thou art jus - ti - fied.

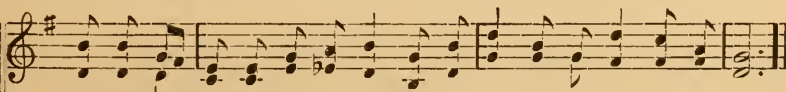
CHORUS.



While the fountain now is o - pen, O sin - ner, will you come? While the



fountain now is o - pen, O sinner, will you come? And your Saviour still is

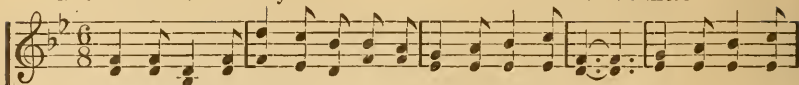


pleading, O sinner, will you come And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

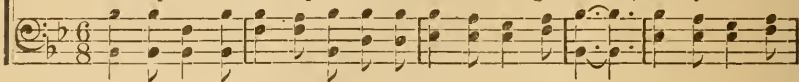
(Wedding Hymn.)

DR. RAFFLES. Cho. by J. C.

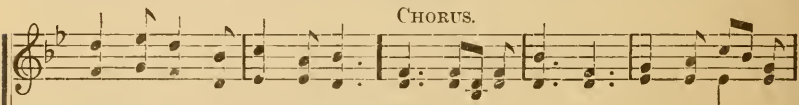
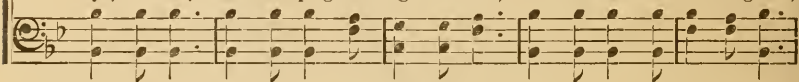
MRS. T. P. MACMILLAN.



1. Saviour, let thy sanction rest On the union witnessed now; Be it with thy
2. Thou in Cana didst appear At a marriage-feast like this; Deign to meet us,
3. We no miracle require, Turning water in - to wine; All our panting
4. Let the path our friends pursue, From this hour together trod, Many tho' its



presence blest, Rat - i - fy the nuptial vow: Hallowed let this union be,
 Saviour, here, Fountain of unmingled bliss! Crown with joy this festive board,
 hearts desire Is to taste thy love divine: Ho - ly influence from above,
 days, or few, Be a pilgrim - age to God; To the land where rest is giv'n,



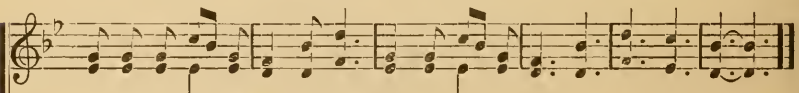
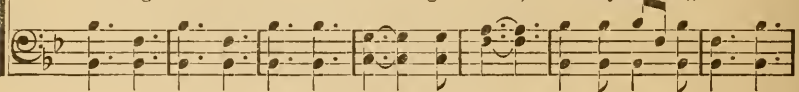
CHORUS.

With each oth - er, and with thee.
 Joy that earth cannot afford.
 Con - se - crating earthly love.
 To thy house, O Lord, in heav'n.

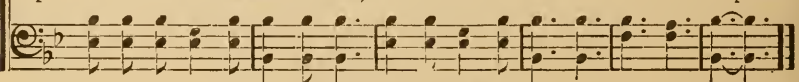
} O loving Saviour, may thy richest



blessing Seal this solemn marriage vow; And may nothing ev - er



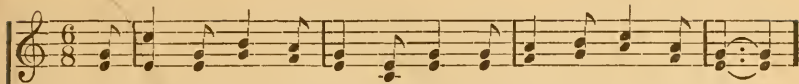
part us from him who cleansed our hearts, While our lives shall still show forth his praise.



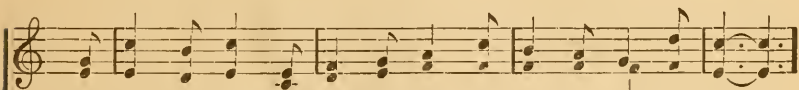
(Reception of Children.)

P. DODDRIDGE. Cho. by J. C.

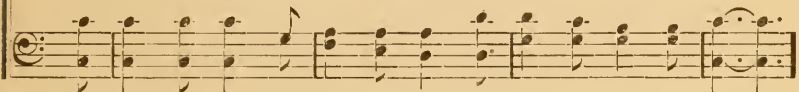
MRS. H. C. BOYD.



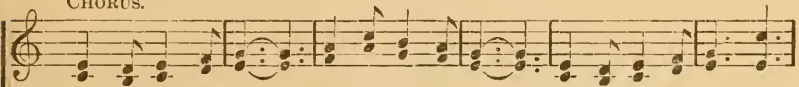
1. See Israel's gen - tle Shepherd stand With all - en - gag - ing charms:
 2. "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name:
 3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands, And yield them up to thee:



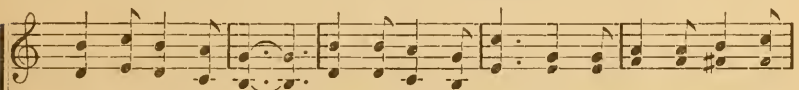
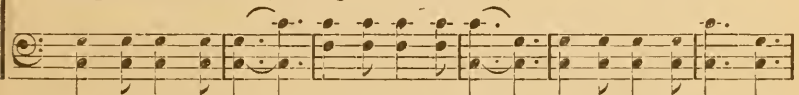
Hark how he calls the ten - der Lambs, And folds them in his arms!
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came."
 Joy - ful that we ourselves are thine, Thine let our offspring be.



CHORUS.



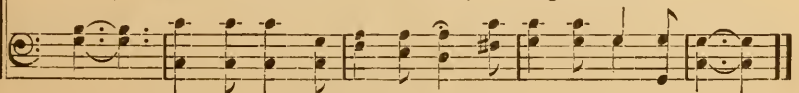
Bring the children in, bring the children in, To the fold of Je - sus .



bring the children in; He who saved the parents and cleansed their hearts from



sin, Will receive their lit - tle ones; O bring the children in.



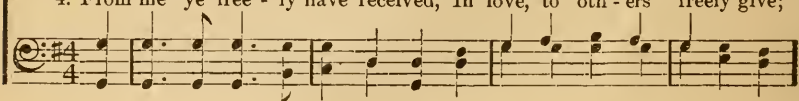
JOHN LOGAN.

(Christian Workers' Hymn.)

V. PAUL JONES.



1. Go forth, ye heralds, in my name, The gos-pel trumpet sweetly sound;
2. The joy-ful news to all impart, And teach them where sal-va-tion lies;
3. Be wise as serpents, where you go, But harmless as the peaceful dove;
4. From me ye free-ly have received, In love, to oth-ers freely give;



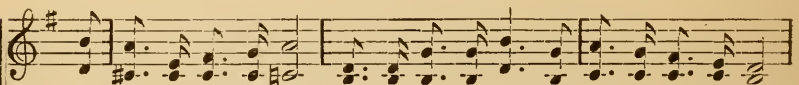
The glorious ju-bi-lee proclaim, Where'er the human race is found.
 With care bind up the brok-en heart, And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.
 And let your heav'n-taught conduct show That ye're commissioned from above.
 Thus shall your doctrines be believed, And, by your la-bors, sinners live.



CHORUS.



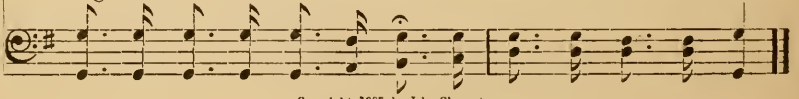
Then forward, march! To Je-sus we will bring, Sinners of ev-'ry clime,



And he will take them in. Rich and poor as well, It does not matter how,



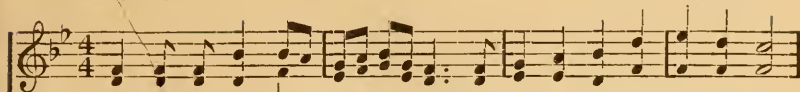
Bring them in with all their sin—He'll wash them white as snow.



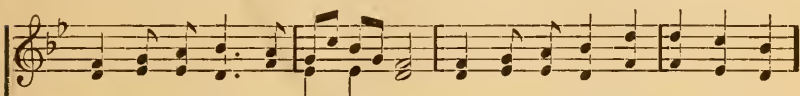
(Reception of Members.)

J. WESLEY.

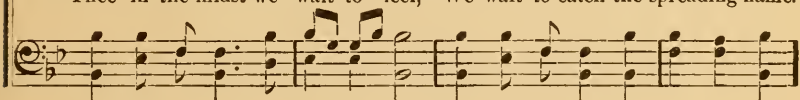
JOHN CLEMENTS.



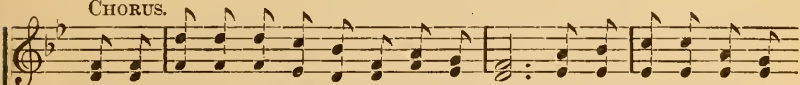
1. Brethren in Christ, and well-belov'd, To Je - sus and his servants dear,
2. Welcome from earth: lo, the right hand Of fellowship to you we give!
3. Say, are your hearts resolved as ours? Then let them burn with sacred love;
4. Je - sus, attend, thy self reveal! Are we not met in thy great name?



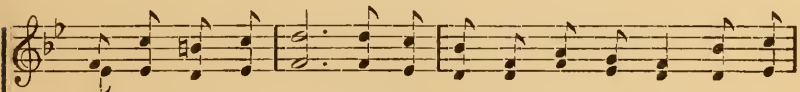
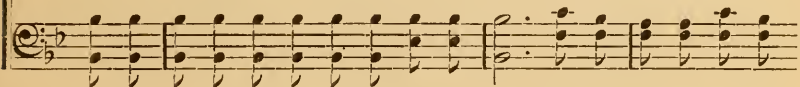
En - ter and show yourselves approved; En - ter, and find that God is here.
 With open hearts and hands we stand, And you in Je - sus' name receive.
 Then let them taste the heav'nly pow'rs, Partak - ers of the joys a - bove.
 Thee in the midst we wait to feel, We wait to catch the spreading flame.



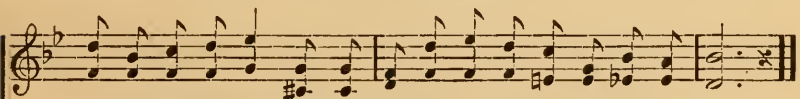
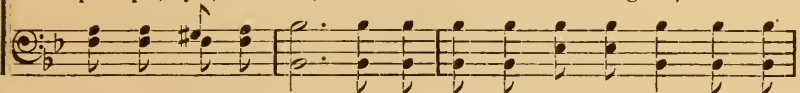
CHORUS.



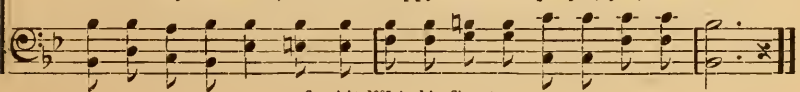
We're a happy lot of people, yes, we are, We're a happy lot of



peo - ple, yes, we are; For our sins are all forgiv'n, And we're

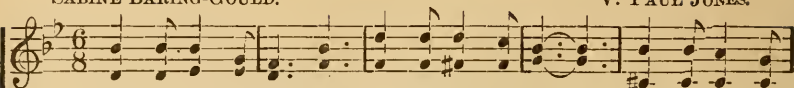


on our way to heav'n; We're a happy lot of people, yes, we are.

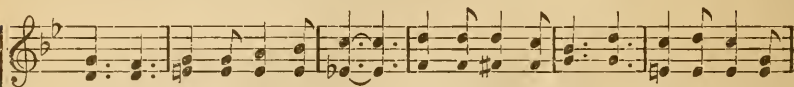
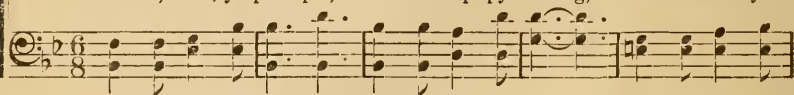


SABINE BARING-GOULD.

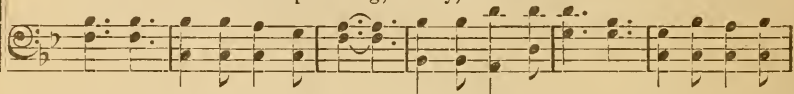
V. PAUL JONES.



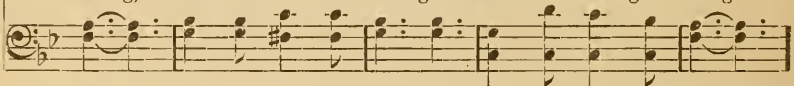
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the royal Master, Leads against the
treading Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one body
Je - sus Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never 'Gainst that Church pre -
voic - es In the triumph - song; Glory, laud and hon - or Unto Christ the



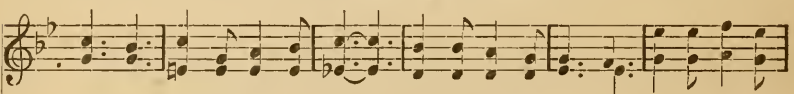
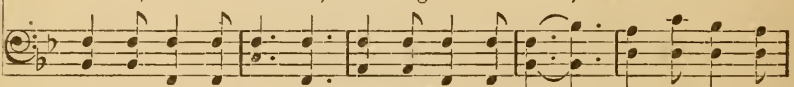
foe; Forward, in - to bat - tle, See his ban - ners go!
we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
vail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.



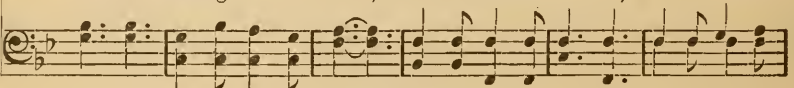
CHORUS.



Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of



Je - sus Going on be - fore; We will never fal - ter, We will never



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.—Concluded.

yield, Till our foes are vanquished We'll not quit the field.

No. 111. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

DR. WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
 2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome:
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell in peace at home?
 This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.
 And lean for suc - cor on his breast, Till he con - duct me home.
 With him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

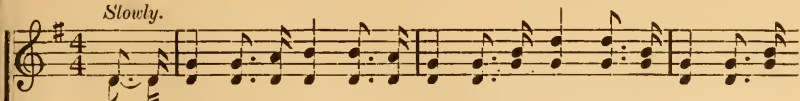
CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll watch till Jesus comes, We'll
 We'll work We'll watch


pray till Je - sus comes, And then be gathered home.
 We'll pray

J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

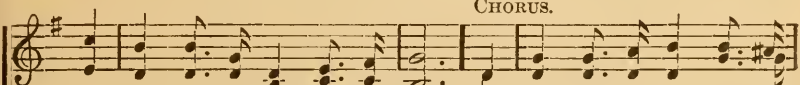
Slowly.


1. I know there's a home, far a-way in the skies, That the Saviour has
 2. They'll hunger no more, on that ev-ergreen shore, Neither sorrow nor
 3. Many loved ones have I in that beautiful home, And shall soon their fe-
 4. We'll all watch and pray, and the Saviour o-bey, And his cross we shall

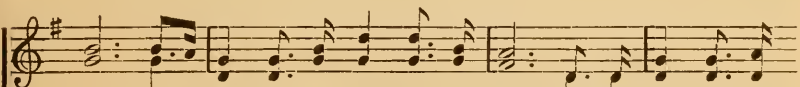


gone to prepare For all who are washed in his own precious blood;
 pain shall they bear; But wine on the lees, blessed fruit on the trees;
 li-ci-ty share Who now watch to see if I faith-ful shall be;
 faith-ful-ly bear, Till Jor-dan is passed and we reach home at last;


CHORUS.



O say, will you meet me up there? O say, will you meet me up



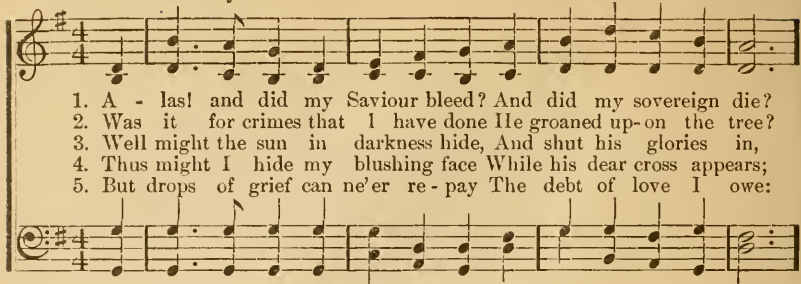
there? O say, will you meet me up there? When our work here is



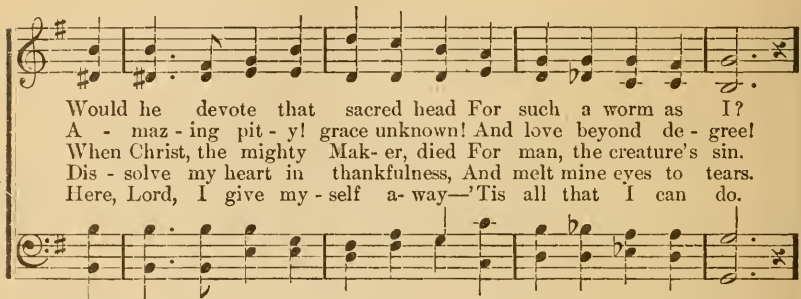
done, then the an-gels will come To car-ry us home, o-ver there!

I. WATTS. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

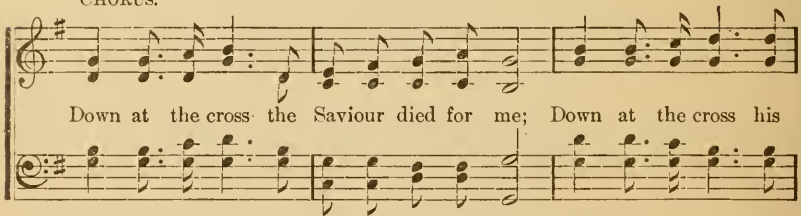


1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

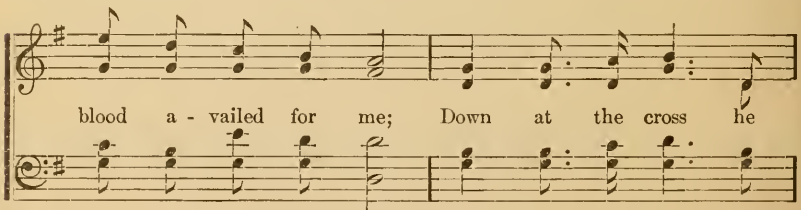


Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de - greel
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died For man, the creature's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way—'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.



Down at the cross the Saviour died for me; Down at the cross his



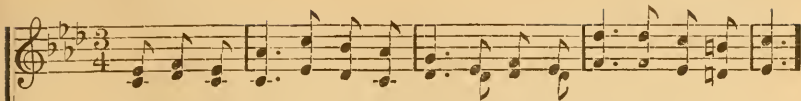
blood a - vailed for me; Down at the cross he



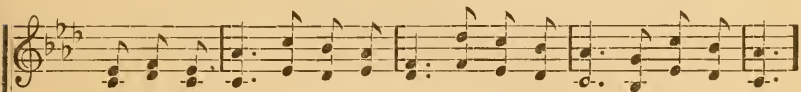
first spoke peace to me; Glory! Hal - le - lu - jah! He's my Sav - iour!

JOHN CLEMENTS.

V. PAUL JONES.



1. Sweet peace have I within my soul, Since Jesus cleansed and made me whole;
2. If thro' deep waters I may go, And they should seem to o - ver - flow,
3. And when I reach my home above, Where all within is peace and love,
4. How sweet the tho't, some day I'll see The blessed Lord who died for me;



No more a slave to sin and hell, O bless the Lord, with me 'tis well!
 They never shall my soul o'erwhelm While Jesus guides and holds the helm.
 We'll meet our loved who've gone before, Then all our partings will be o'er.
 In heav'n I know my Saviour stands, He bears my name up-on his hands.



CHORUS.

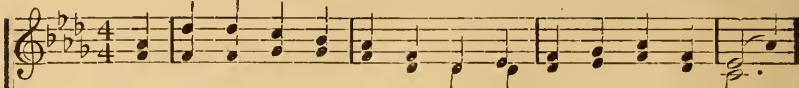


O hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb Who died to make me what I am—

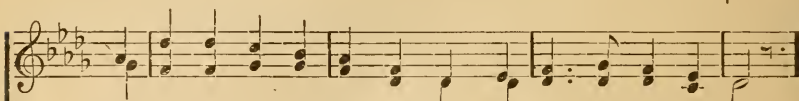


A child of God, an heir of heav'n, And when I die, that home is giv'n.





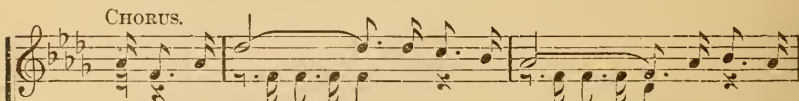
1. Be - hold the Saviour of mankind Nailed to the shameful tree;
2. Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend:
3. 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid! "Receive my soul!" he cries:
4. But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory shine:



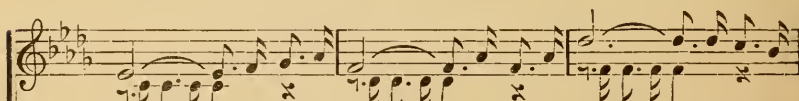
How vast the love that him inclined To bleed and die for me!
 The temple's veil in sun - der breaks, The sol - id marbles rend.
 See where he bows his sa - cred head; He bows his head, and dies!
 O Lamb of God, was ev - er pain, Was ev - er love, like thine?



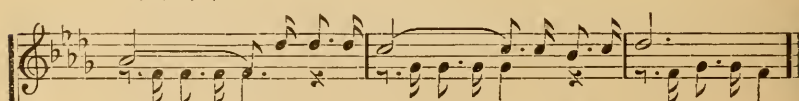
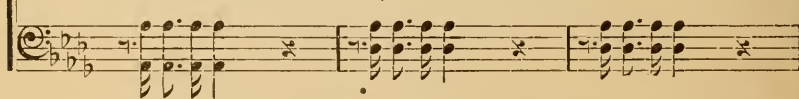
CHORUS.



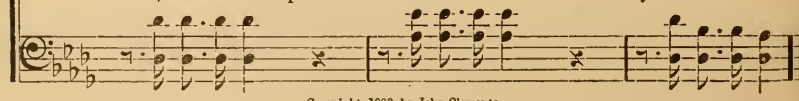
It was for me.. . . my Saviour died;..... For me my



Lord..... was cru - ci - fied;..... For me he bowed..... his head and

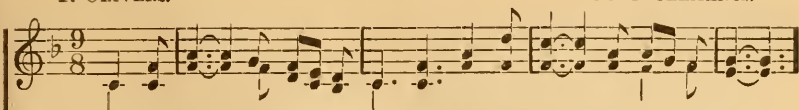


died,..... Upon the cross..... of Calva - ry.

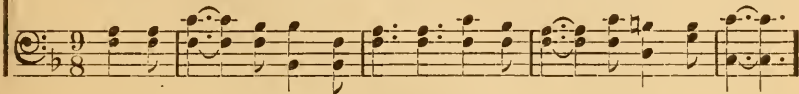


T. OLIVERS.

JOHN CLEMENTS.



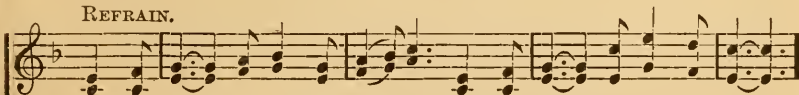
1. O thou God of my Sal - va - tion, My Re - deem - er from all sin,
2. Tho' un - seen, I love the Saviour, He hath brought sal - va - tion near;
3. While the an - gel choirs are crying "Glo - ry to the great I Am!"
4. Angels now are hov'ring round us, Un - per - ceived, a - mid the throng,



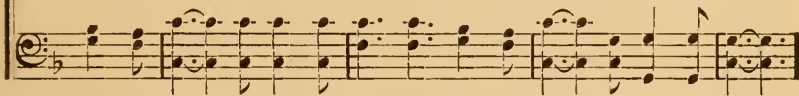
Moved by thy di - vine com - pas - sion, Who hast died my soul to win,
 Man - i - fests his pard'ning fa - vor; And when Je - sus doth ap - pear
 I with them will still be vy - ing—Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!
 Wond'ring at the love that crowned us, Glad to join the ho - ly song;



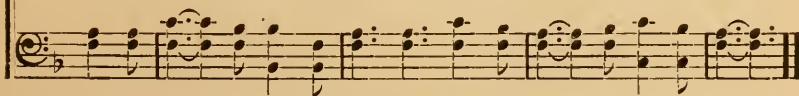
REFRAIN.



I will praise thee, I will praise thee, Where shall I thy praise be - gin?
 Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y, Shall his glo - rious im - age bear;
 O how precious, O how precious, Is the sound of Je - sus' name;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Love and praise to Christ be - longs;



I will praise thee, I will praise thee, Where shall I thy praise be - gin?
 Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y, Shall his glorious im - age bear.
 O how precious, O how precious, Is the sound of Je - sus' name.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Love and praise to Christ be - longs.



J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

1. Bless God, I'm not ashamed to tell, Yes, I'm washed, yes, I'm washed,
 2. For ma - ny years a slave to sin, Yes, I'm washed, yes, I'm washed,
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, Yes, I'm washed, yes, I'm washed,
 4. In paths of sin no more I'm found, Yes, I'm washed, yes, I'm washed,

How Je - sus saved my soul from hell, Yes, I'm washed, yes, I'm washed.
 Yet, O, my Saviour took me in, Yes, I'm washed, yes, I'm washed.
 And now he rules and reigns with - in, Yes, I'm washed, yes, I'm washed.
 I'm liv - ing now on high - er ground, Yes, I'm washed, yes, I'm washed.

CHORUS.

It was the Saviour died for me, Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry,

And by his grace I am set free: Yes, I'm washed, yes, I'm washed.

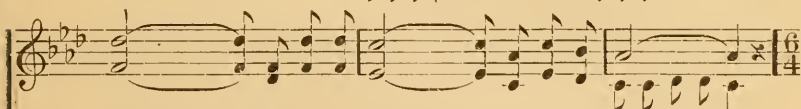
- | | |
|--|---|
| 5 Don't look for me in the scorn's seat,
But where the saints of God do meet. | 9 O how I once did love to dress,
But now I'm robed in righteousness. |
| 6 This way is only for the pure,
And those who to the end endure. | 10 And all along this good old way,
My comrades now, like me, can say. |
| 7 I used to smoke and drink and chew,
But Jesus has made all things new. | 11 I'm climbing up the golden stair,
That leads me home to mansions fair. |
| 8 Although so filthy I have been,
Praise God, salvation makes me clean. | 12 When I get there I'll shout for joy,
And all my ransomed pow'rs employ. |



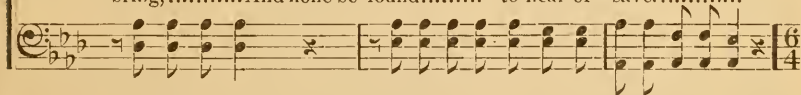
1. While life pro- longs..... its pre-cious light,..... Mercy is
2. While God in- vites,..... how blest the day!..... How sweet the
3. Soon, borne on time's..... most rapid wing,..... Shall death com-



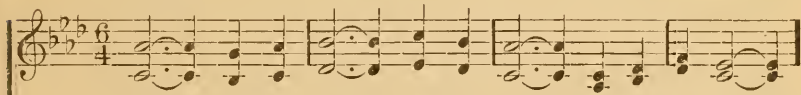
found,..... and peace is giv'n;..... But soon, ah! soon,..... approaching
Word's.... most charming sound!..... Come, sinners, haste,..... O haste a-
mand..... you to the grave,..... Before his bar..... your spirits



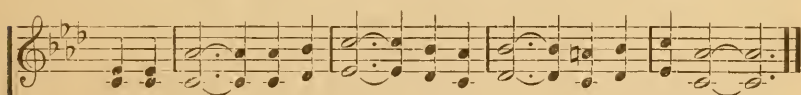
night..... shall blot out all..... your hope of heav'n.....
way,..... While yet your God..... is to be found.....
bring,..... And none be found..... to hear or save.....



CHORUS.



Come, sin-ners, come, For the tide is re- ced - ing,



And your Sav - iour will soon And for - ev - er cease plead-ing.

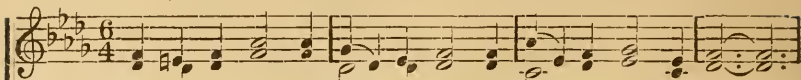


4 In that lone land of deep despair
No heav'nly light shall ever rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

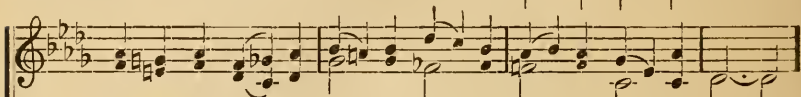
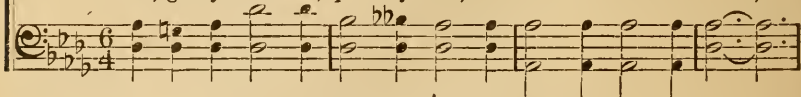
5 Now God invites—how blest the day!
How sweet the Word's most charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet your God is to be found.

H. K. W. BEMAN. Cho. by J. C.

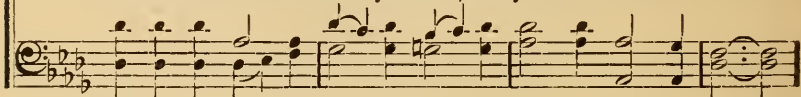
V. PAUL JONES.



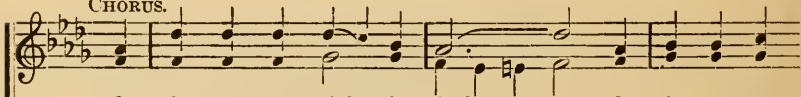
1. Ye who despise the Saviour's grace, And scorn his gos - pel here,
2. When ev-'ry earthly hope shall fail, When storms of wrath are nigh,
3. Why will you mad - ly rush on death, And force your way to woe?
4. Turn, guilty sin - ners, quick - ly turn, O come to Je - sus now;



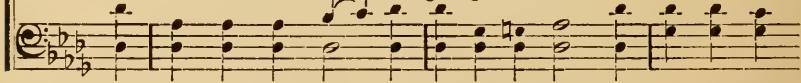
How can you meet his an - gry face, Or at his bar ap - pear?
 How will your souls, af - frighted, quail Beneath his burning eye?
 Why tempt the God that holds your breath To strike the fa - tal blow?
 Ere the fierce flames a - round you burn, To your Re - deemer bow.



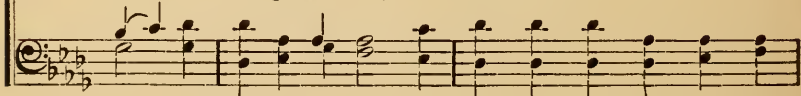
CHORUS.



O sin - ner, get right with God;..... O sin - ner, get
 O get right with God;

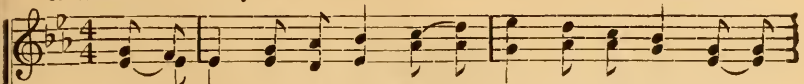


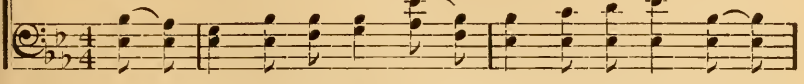
right with God;..... O where will you be, in e -
 right with God;



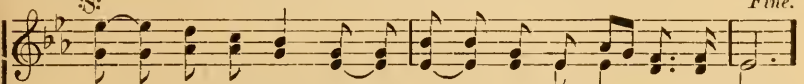
ter - ni - ty, If your heart is not right with God?.....
 right with God?



- 
1. Come, let us ascend, My com - pan - ion and friend, To a
 2. Who in Je - sus confide, We are bold to outride The
 3. Who on earth can conceive How hap - py we live, In the
 4. Hal - le - lu - jah, they cry, To the King of the sky, To the



taste of the banquet a - bove; If thy heart be as mine, If for
storms of af - flic - tion beneath; With the prophet we soar To the
pal - ace of God, the great King? What a con - cert of praise, When
great ev - er - last - ing I AM; To the Lamb that was slain, And

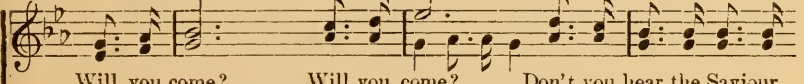
Fine.


Je - sus it pine, Come up in - to the chariot of love.
hea - ven - ly shore, And out - fly all the arrows of death.
our Je - su's grace The whole heav'nly com - pa - ny sing!
liv - eth a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb!

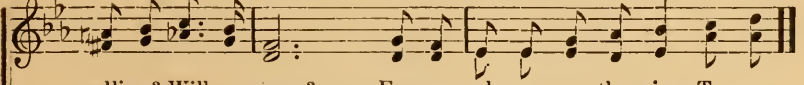


D.S.—nite with those that sing Hal - le - lujahs to our King! Will you come?

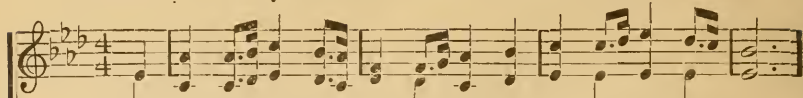
CHORUS.



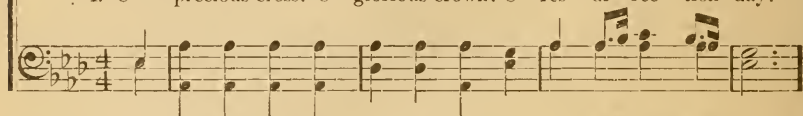
Will you come? Will you come? Don't you hear the Saviour
Will you come? Will you come?

D. S.


calling? Will you come? For our souls are on the wing To u -
Will you come?



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - su's pierc - ed feet,
4. O pre - cious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!



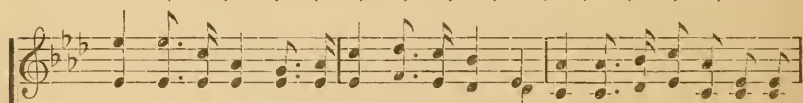
No, there's a cross for ev - ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
 Ye an - gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.



CHORUS.



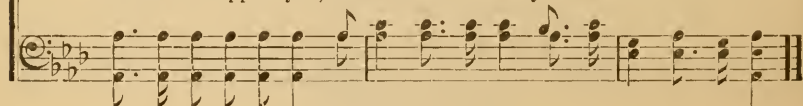
I'm bound for the kingdom; Will you go to glo - ry with me, To



sing Halle - lujah to God and the Lamb? Then stand up for Jesus, And tho'



all the world oppose you, Still shout Halle - lu - jah to God and the Lamb.

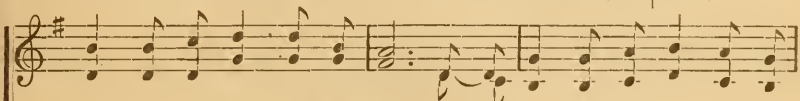


JOHN WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

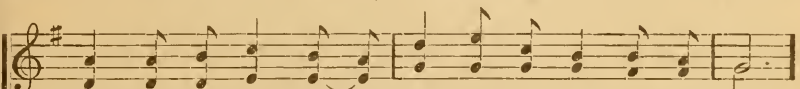
V. PAUL JONES.



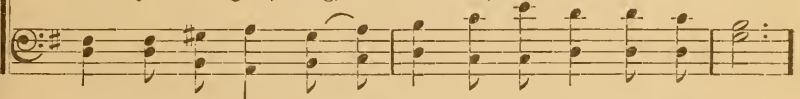
1. Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed, a - rise, And re -
2. We have laid up our love And treas - ure a - bove, Tho' our
3. For thy glo - ry we are, Cre - a - ted to share Both the
4. Hal - le - lu - jah, we sing, To our Fa - ther and King, And his



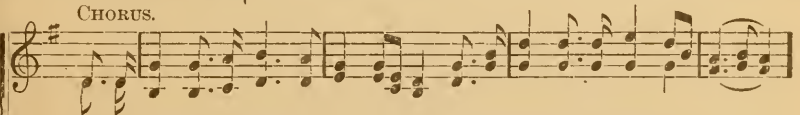
joice in the day thou wast born; On this fes - ti - val day Come ex -
 bod - ies con - tin - ue be - low; The redeemed of the Lord, We re -
 na - ture and kingdom di - vine; Cre - at - ed a - gain That our
 rap - tur - ous prais - es re - peat; To the Lamb that was slain, Hal - le -



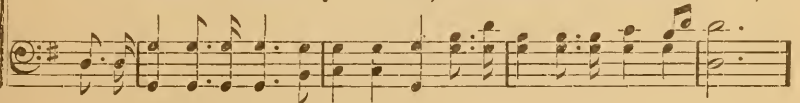
ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.
 mem - ber his word, And with sing - ing to Par - a - dise go.
 souls may re - main In time and e - ter - ni - ty thine.
 lu - jah a - gain, Sing, all heav - en, and fall at his feet!



CHORUS.



There's a home over there for you and me, There's a home over there for me;

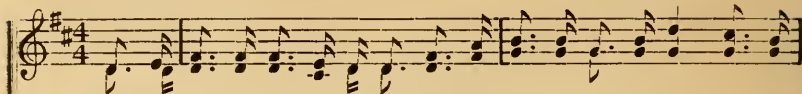


Because I am washed in Je - su's blood, There's a home over there for me.

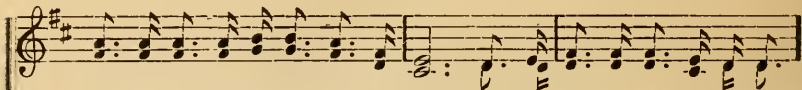
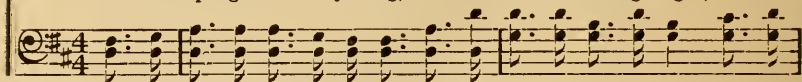


JOHN MACMILLAN.

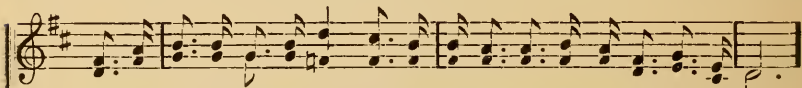
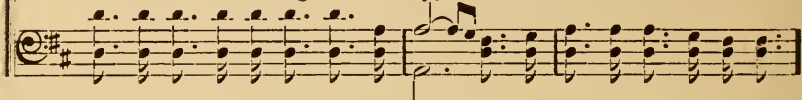
MRS. H. C. BOYD.



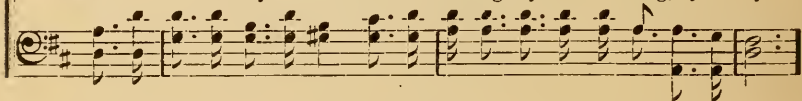
1. O the crowning day is coming, And the roll will soon be called, For the
2. Tho' the world may now despise us, We will still keep praising God Till we
3. Let us keep right on re-joicing, And our arm- or shining bright, Till we



coming of the Saviour draweth nigh, When the saints shall all be gathered
reach our blessed mansion up on high; Then we'll soon forget our trials,
see our Saviour coming in the sky; Then we all shall rise to meet him



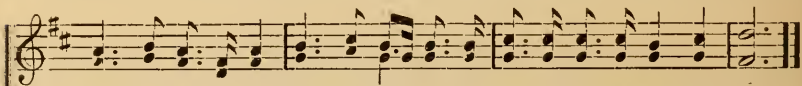
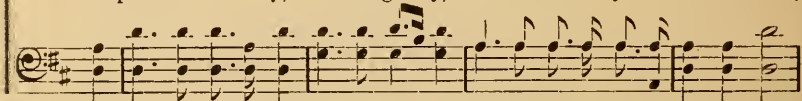
To their heav'nly home above, In the crowning day that's coming, by and by.
When our work on earth is done, In the crowning day that's coming, by and by.
With a hal-le-lujah shout! In the crowning day that's coming, by and by.



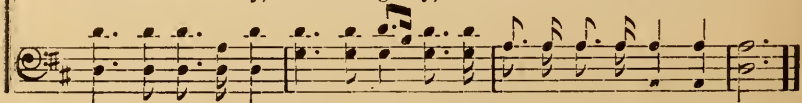
CHORUS.



Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry we soon shall wear;



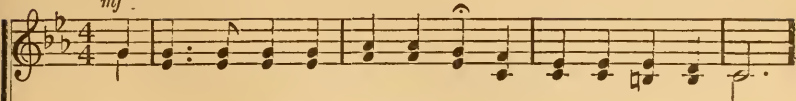
Palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, The victor's crown we all shall wear.



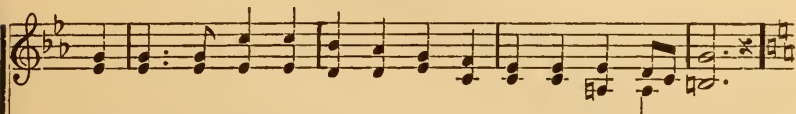
(Death of Christian friends.)

I. WATTS. Cho. by J. C.

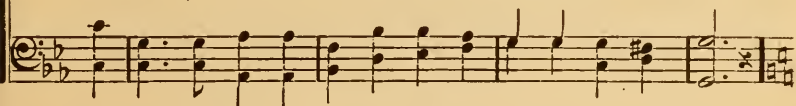
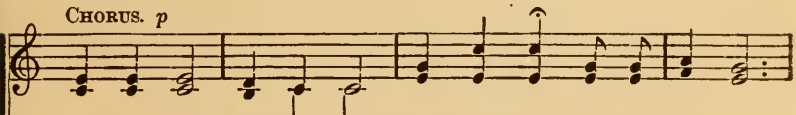
V. PAUL JONES.

mf

1. Why do we mourn de - parting friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
2. The graves of all the saints he blest, And softened ev - 'ry bed;
3. Thence he a - rose, as - cending high, And showed our feet the way;
4. Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise;



'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.
 Whershould the dying members rest, But with their dy - ing Head?
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great ris - ing day.
 A - wake, ye nations under ground; Ye saints, ascend the skies.

CHORUS. *p*

Some glad day, some glad day, Some glad day, in the morning,



Some glad day, some glad day, We'll meet our loved up there.



C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

1. A - way with our fears! The glad morning appears When an
2. Thee, Je - sus, a - lone, The fountain I own Of my
3. I sing of thy grace, From my ear - li - est days Ev - er
4. My remnant of days I spend in his praise, Who

[illegible]

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. This is followed by a quarter note A4, an eighth note G4, and a quarter note F4. The next measure contains a quarter note E4, an eighth note D4, and a quarter note C4. The final measure of the system is a quarter note B3, an eighth note A3, and a quarter note G3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

heir of sal - va - tion was born! From Je - ho - vah I came, For his
 life and fe - lic - i - ty here; And I cheerful - ly sing My Re -
 near to allure and de - fend; Hither - to thou hast been My pre -
 died the whole world to re - deem: Be they ma - ny or few, My

[illegible]

The musical notation shows the final measures of the piece. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The word "Fine." is written at the end of the staff.

glo - ry I am, And to him I with sing - ing re - turn.
deem - er and King, Till his sign in the heavens ap - pear.
serv - er from sin, And I trust thou wilt save to the end.
days are his due, And they all are de - vot - ed to him.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Goodbye Song'. It is written on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of the following notes: G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (half). The system ends with a repeat sign.

D.S.—blood cleanseth me; Hal - le - lu - jah, by grace I am saved!

CHORUS.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B-flat4. This is followed by a half note G4, then a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The system concludes with a quarter note D4, a half note C4, and a final quarter note B-flat4.

O I'm glad I am saved! My sins and trans-

O I'm glad

I am saved!

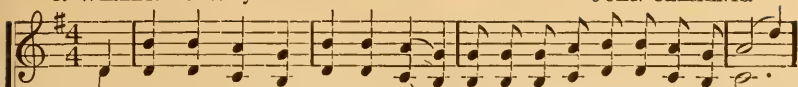
The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests throughout the system. The system concludes with a double bar line.

D. S.

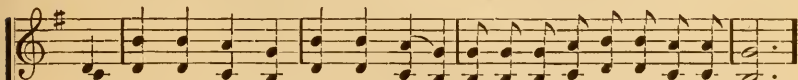
The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef, followed by a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed pairs. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The tempo marking 'D. S.' is positioned at the top right of the system.

gressions on Je - sus were laid; And now I go free, for his

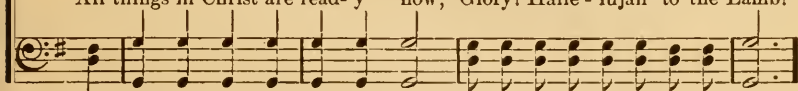
The first system of the musical score is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system concludes with a double bar line.



1. Come, sinners, to the gospel feast, Glory! Halle - lujah to the Lamb!
2. Ye need not one be left be - hind, Glory! Halle - lujah to the Lamb!
3. Sent by my Lord, on you I call, Glory! Halle - lujah to the Lamb!
4. Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou! Glory! Halle - lujah to the Lamb!



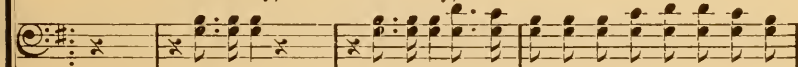
Let ev - 'ry soul be Je - su's guest; Glory! Halle - lujah to the Lamb!
 For God hath bid - den all man - kind; Glory! Halle - lujah to the Lamb!
 The in - vi - ta - tion is to ALL! Glory! Halle - lujah to the Lamb!
 All things in Christ are read - y now; Glory! Halle - lujah to the Lamb!



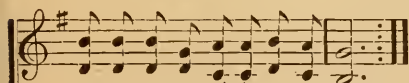
CHORUS.



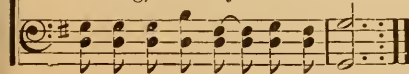
{ Come a - way, come a - way, O you'd better hurry up and come a -
 { Come a - long, come a - long, O you'd better hurry up and come a -
 Come away, come away,



way! For there's on - ly one door, For the rich and the poor, And
 long! For you'll not be a - lone, When you start for your home, In
 come a - way!



that is thro' the blood of the Lamb! }
 shouting, Hallelujah to the Lamb! }



5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress;
 Glory! Hallelujah to the Lamb!
 Ye restless wanderers after rest;
 Glory! Hallelujah to the Lamb!

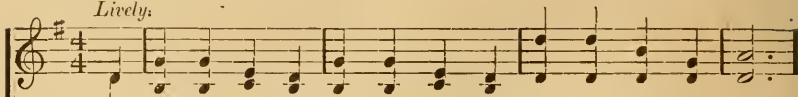
6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind;
 Glory! Hallelujah to the Lamb!
 In Christ a hearty welcome find;
 Glory! Hallelujah to the Lamb!

No. 128. ANGELS WILL CARRY ME HOME.

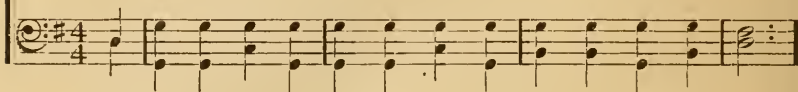
SAMUEL STENNET, Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

Lively.



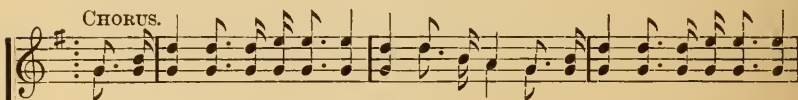
1. On Jordan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no long - er stay;



To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bo - som rest?
Though Jordan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.



CHORUS.



{ For the an - gels will carry me home o-ver Jordan, The an - gels will carry me
{ For the an - gels will carry me home o-ver Jordan, The an - gels will carry me



home, And when I die to heav'n I'll go, For the angels will carry me home; }
home, I don't care where they bury me, For the angels will carry me home. }
Safe home,



C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

V. PAUL JONES.

1. Head of thy Church triumphant! We joyful-ly a-dore thee; Till thou ap-
2. While in affliction's furnace, And passing thro' the fire, Thy love we
3. Thou dost conduct thy people Thro' torrents of temp-tation, Nor will we

pear, Thy members here Shall sing like those in glory. We lift our hearts and praise, Which knows our days, And ever brings us nigher. We clap our hands ex-fear When thou art near The fire of trib-u - la-tion. The world with sin and

voic - es With blest antic - i - pa-tion, And cry aloud And give to God The ult-ing In thine almighty favor; The love divine Which made us thine Shall Satan In vain our march opposes, Thro' thee we shall Break thro' them all, And

CHORUS.

praise of our sal - va - tion. }
 keep us thine for - ev - er. } We're going to glo-ry now, We're going to
 sing the song of Mo - ses. }

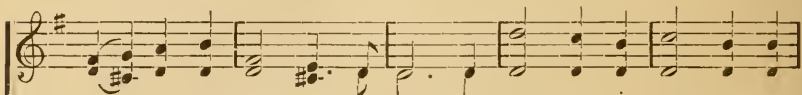
glory now; Tho' storms may beat, We'll not retreat, No, never surrender now!

GEORGE KEITH.

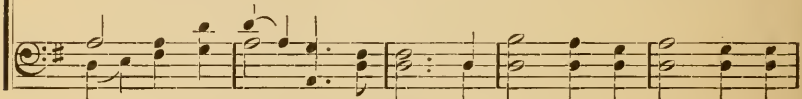
Portuguese Hymn.



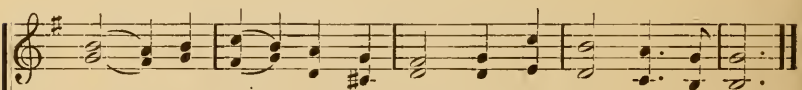
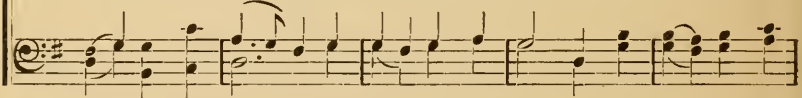
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
 4. "When thro' fier - y tri - als thy pathway shall lie, My grace all suf -



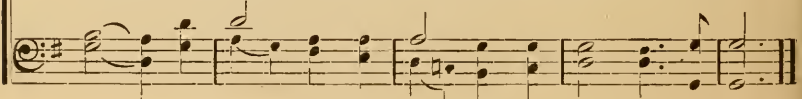
faith in his ex - cel - lent word; What more can he say, than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I



you he hath said,..... To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
 cause thee to stand,... Up - held by my gracious, om - nip - o - tent
 tri - als to bless,... And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deepest dis -
 on - ly de - sign..... Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re -

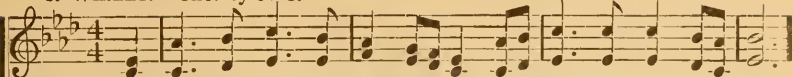


fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
 hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
 fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine."

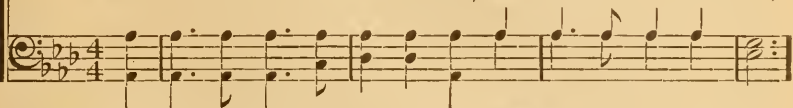


C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN MACMILLAN.



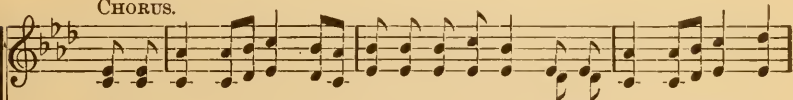
1. Come, let us use the grace divine, And all with one ac - cord,
2. Give up ourselves, thro' Je - su's pow'r, His name to glo - ri - fy;
3. The covenant we this moment make Be ev - er kept in mind:
4. We nev - er will throw off his fear, Who hears our sol - emn vow;



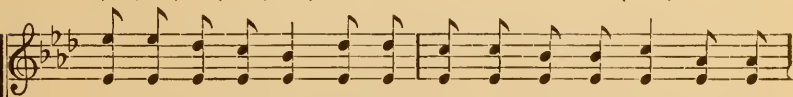
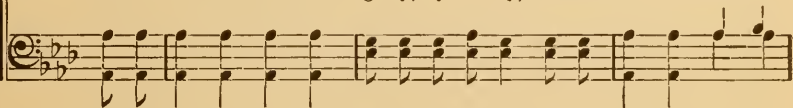
In a per - pet - ual covenant join Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
 And promise, in this sa - cred hour, For God to live and die.
 We will no more our God forsake, Or cast his words be - hind.
 And if thou art well pleased to hear, Come down and meet us now.



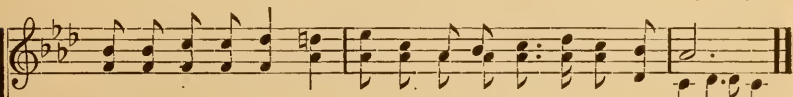
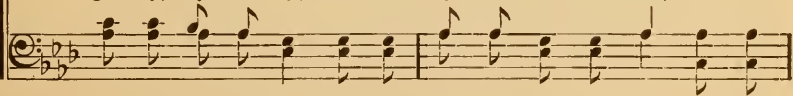
CHORUS.



We will all be home in glory, by and by, We will all be home in



glo - ry, by and by; Then we'll lay our arm - or down, And we'll

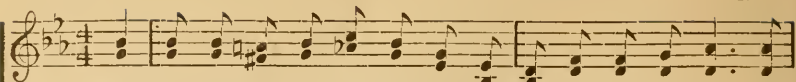


all receive a crown, When we get home to glory, by and by.
 by and by.

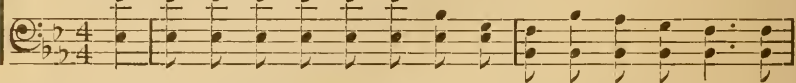


ANON.

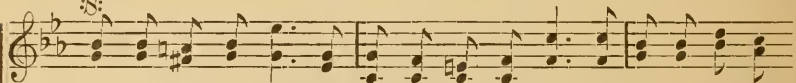
Arr.



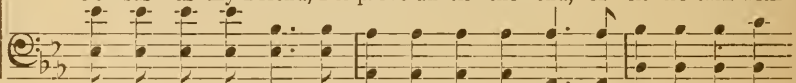
1. While fighting for my Saviour here, The dev - il tries me hard; He
2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - verhead, And
3. When those who once were dearest friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
4. And thus, by frequent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry; And



us - es all his might - y pow'r, My progress to re - tard; He's
 trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
 more who once professed to love, Have si - lent grown and mute; I
 march a - long with cheerful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

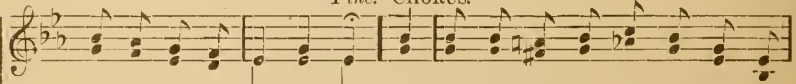


up to ev - 'ry move, And yet thro' all I prove A lit - tle talk with
 soon I conquer all, As to the Lord I call, A lit - tle talk with
 tell him all my grief, He quickly sends re - lief, A lit - tle talk with
 Je - sus as my Friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

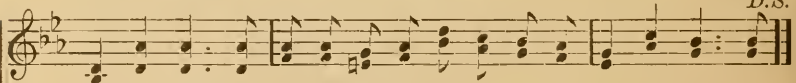
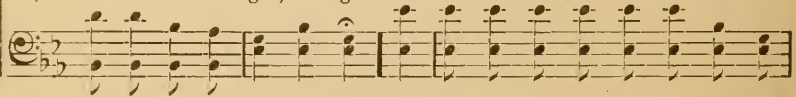


D.S.—trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find A lit - tle talk with

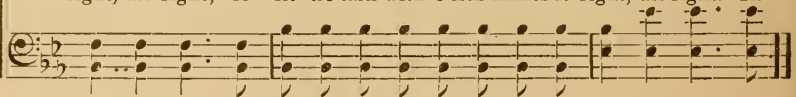
Fine. CHORUS.



Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it

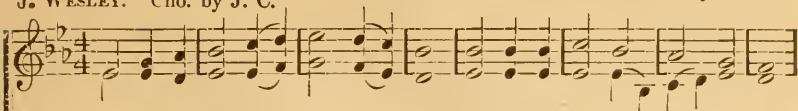


right, all right; A lit - tle talk with Jesus makes it right, all right. In

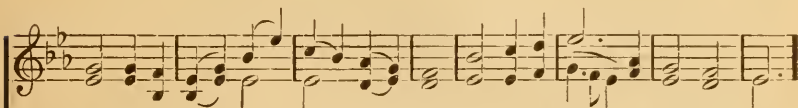
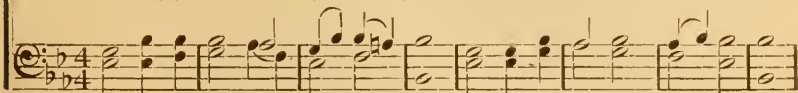


J. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

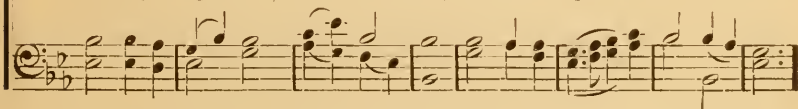
DUKE ST. Cho. by J. C.



1. Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh! 'Tis God invites the fal - len race;
2. Come to the liv - ing wa - ters, come! Sinners, o - bey your Maker's call;
3. See from the Rock a fountain rise! For you in healing streams it rolls;
4. Nothing ye in exchange shall give, Leave all you have and are behind,



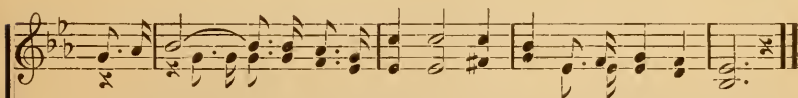
Mercy and free sal - va - tion buy; Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
 Return, ye wea - ry wand'ers, home, And find my grace is free for all.
 Money ye need not bring, nor price, Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.
 Frankly the gift of God re - ceive, Pardon and peace in Je - sus find.



CHORUS.



For the blood..... of Jesus cleanseth Sinners from their ev'ry stain;
 For the blood

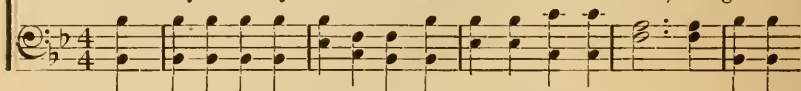


Jesus died..... for wretched sinners, That thro' him they might be clean.
 Jesus died

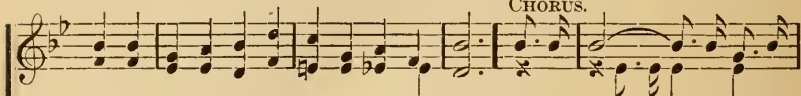




1. Come, let us join our friends above That have obtained the prize, And on the
2. Let all the saints terrestrial sing, With those to glo- ry gone; For all the
3. One ar- my of the living God, To his command we bow; Part of his
4. E'en now by faith we join our hands With those that went before; And greet the

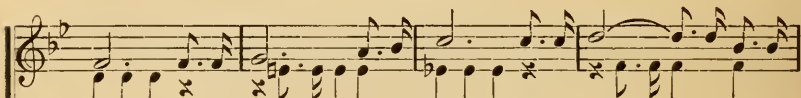
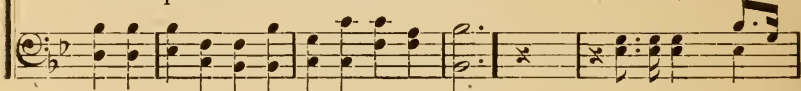


CHORUS.



ea - gle wings of love To joys celestial rise. If the cross..... we dai-ly
 servants of our King, In earth and hear'n, are one.
 host have cross'd the flood, And part are crossing now.
 blood-besprinkled bands On the eternal shore.

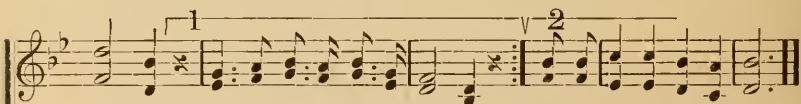
If the cross we



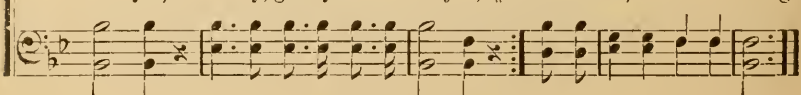
bear, Then a crown we shall wear, When we reach..... our home up
 daily bear, Then a crown we all shall wear, When we reach our



there And u- nite with those who sing ||: Glo- ry, glo- ry hal- le-
 home up there

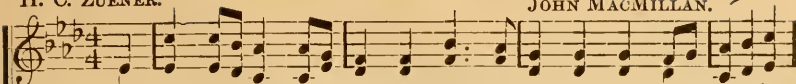


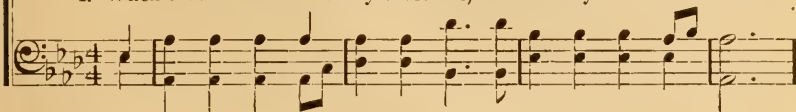
lu - jah, Glo- ry, glo- ry hal- le - lu-jah; :|| To the Lamb, our Saviour King.



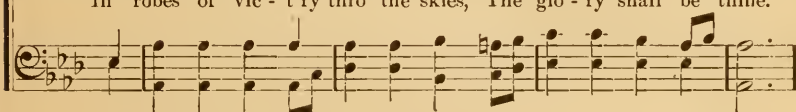
H. C. ZUENER.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

- 
1. Are we the soldiers of the cross, The foll'wers of the Lamb?
 2. No! we must fight if we would reign: Increase our courage, Lord!
 3. Thy saints, in all this glorious war, Shall conquer, tho' they're slain;
 4. When that il - lustrious day shall rise, And all thy arm - ies shine



And shall we fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 We'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Support - ed by thy word.
 They see the triumph from a - far, And shall with Je - sus reign.
 In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be thine.




CHORUS.



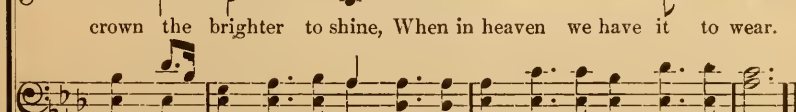
Let us nev - er mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,




For we all have the cross to bear; It will on - ly make the

crown the brighter to shine, When in heaven we have it to wear.



I. WATTS. Cho. by J. C.

JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. How vain are all things here be - low, How false and yet how fair;
2. The brightest things be - low the sky Give but a flatt'ring light;
3. Our dear-est joys and near-est friends, The partners of our blood,
4. My Sav-iour, let thy beau-ties be My soul's e - ter - nal food,



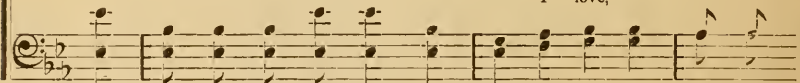
Each pleasure hath its poi - son, too, And ev-'ry sweet a snare.
 We should sus - pect some dan - ger nigh, Where we pos - sess de - light.
 How they di - vide our wav'ring minds And leave but half to God.
 And grace command my heart a - way From all cre - a - ted good.



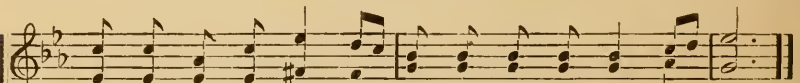
CHORUS.



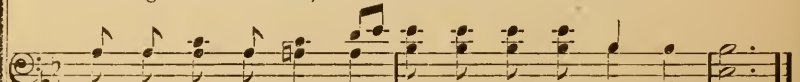
O Je - sus is the one I love, I love, Yes, Je - sus



is the one I love; You can have all the world, It is



nothing more to me, Since Je - sus is the one I love.



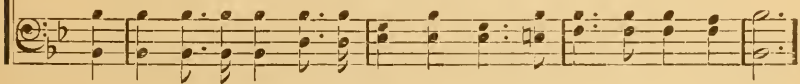
MRS. T. P. MACMILLAN.



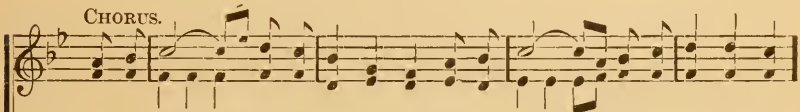
1. The Saviour has gone to pre- pare a home For those who will never die,
2. The trumpet shall sound, on that blessed day; The saints shall take up the cry;
3. They come from the east, from the west they come, From north and from south they fly,
4. O see that your lamp is with oil well filled, Your faith fixed on things on high,



But dwell with the Lord round his glorious throne; Will you be there and I?
The dead shall a-rise to behold their King; Will you be there and I?
To join with the host of the blood-washed throng; Will you be there and I?
And list for the trump that proclaims the King; Then you'll be there and I.



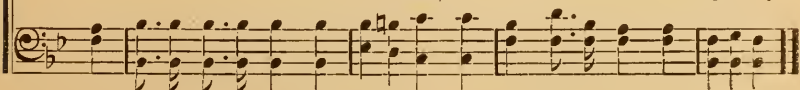
CHORUS.

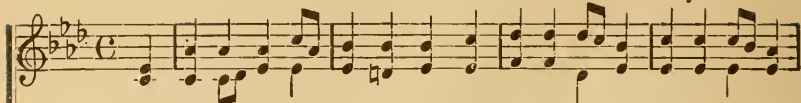


I will be..... over there some day, I will be..... over there some day;
surely be safely be

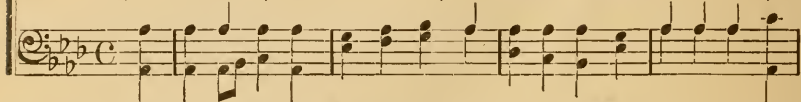


When all my work on earth is done, ... I'll be o-ver there some day.
is done, glad day.

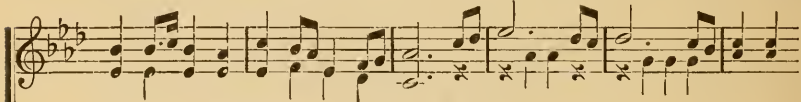
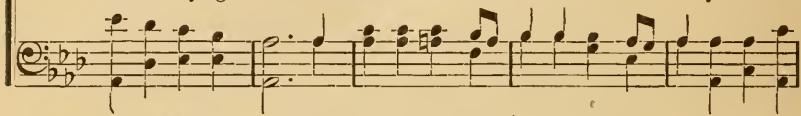




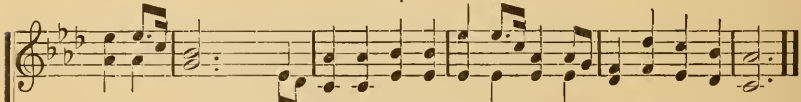
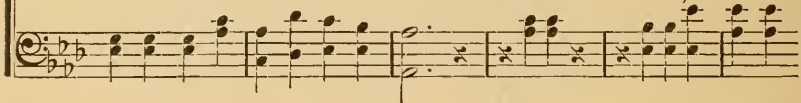
1. Come, comrades dear, who love the Lord, Who taste the sweets of Jesu's word, In



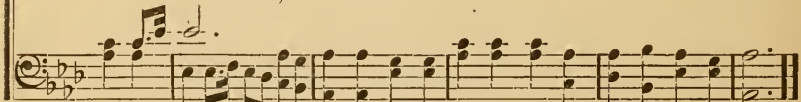
Jesu's ways go on: Our troubles and our trials here Will only make us



richer there, When we arrive at home, When we ar- rive, when we ar-
When we arrive,



rive at home; Will only make us richer there, When we arrive at home.
at home;



2 We feel that heaven is now begun;
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesu's throne on high.
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry,
||: And yet we still :|| are dry;
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

3 And when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesu will lead his soldiers forth
To living streams of richest worth

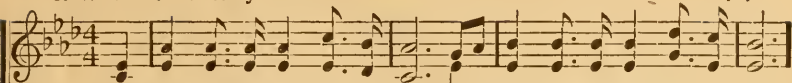
He says will not run dry,
||: He says will not :|| run dry;
To living streams of richest worth
He says will not run dry.

4 "Amen, amen!" my soul replies;
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim a mansion there;
Now, here's my heart and here's my
hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more,
||: Where we shall part :|| no more;
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

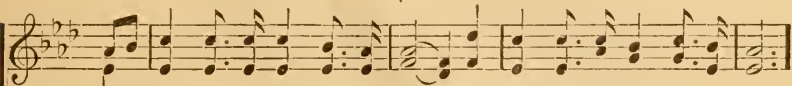
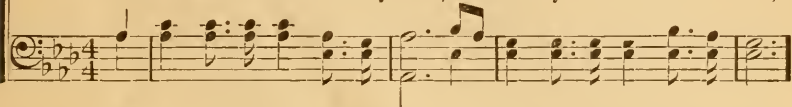
No. 139. THOU SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL.

C. WESLEY. Cho. by J. C.

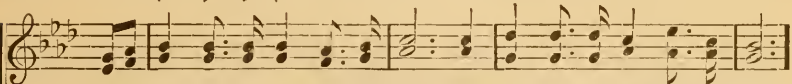
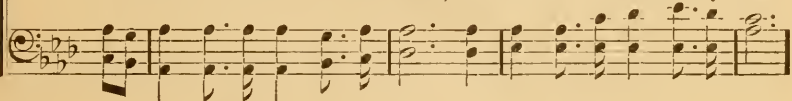
T. C. O'KANE. By per.



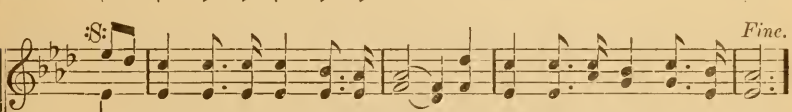
1. Thou Shepherd of Is-rael, and mine, The joy and desire of my heart!
2. Ah! show me that hap-pi-est place, The place of thy people's a-bode;
3. 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock, There on-ly I cov-et to rest;



For clos-er communion I pine, I long to reside where thou art.
Where saints in an ec-sta-sy gaze, And hang on a cru-ci-fied God.
To lie at the foot of the Rock, Or rise to be hid in thy breast.

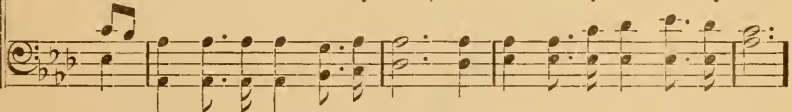


The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Saviour o-bey
Thy love for a sin-ner declare, Thy passion and death on the tree;
'Tis there I would always a-bide, And nev-er a moment depart;



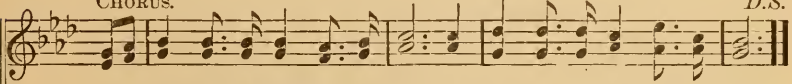
Fine.

Are fed, on thy bosom reclined, And screened from the heat of the day.
My spir-it to Cal-va-ry bear, To suf-fer and triumph with thee.
Concealed in the cleft of thy side, E-ter-nal-ly held in thy heart.



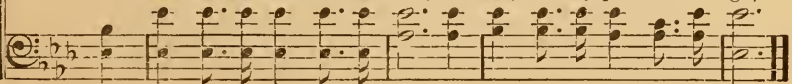
D. S.—I long for the washing di-vine, Then I shall be whiter than snow.

CHORUS.



D. S.

And now to that fountain of thine, Saviour, on thy promise I go;



1. Re - joice, ye saints, the time draws near, When Christ will
 2. The trum - pet sounds, the thun - ders roll, The heavens
 3. Poor sin - ners then on earth will cry, While lightning

in the clouds ap - pear, And for his peo - ple call.
 pass - ing as a scroll, The earth will burn with fire.
 flash - es from the sky, "O mountains, on us fall!"

CHORUS.

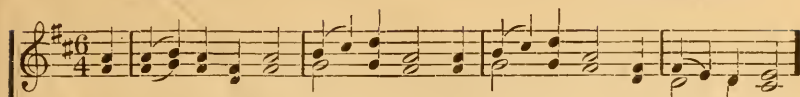
Trim your lamps and be ready, Trim your lamps and be ready, Trim your
 lamps and be ready for the midnight cry, For the midnight cry, for the
 midnight cry, Trim your lamps and be read - y for the midnight cry.

4 Then on a sea of glass shall stand
 King Jesus, with his conqu'ring band,
 Safe housed above the fire.

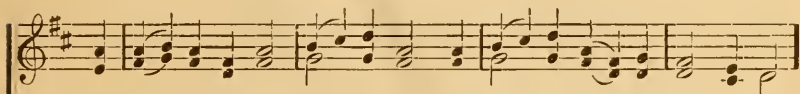
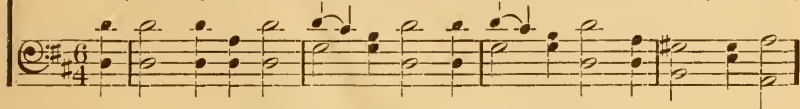
5 Come, soldiers, all, and let us cry
 To warn poor sinners and to cry,
 "Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

JOHN MACMILLAN.

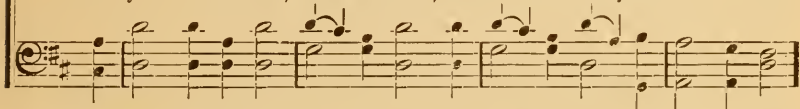
JOHN CLEMENTS.



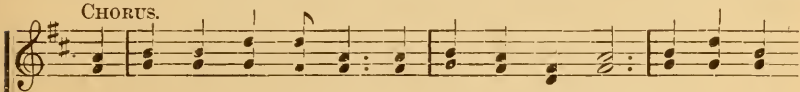
1. O come, my brother, come a-way, Why will you still with sin-ners stay?
2. To you, my brother, comes the call From Christ, who died to save us all;
3. Be-ware, my brother, don't de-lay! But yield o-bedience while you may;
4. Then, O my brother, hasten home! 'Tis Je-sus Christ that bids you come;



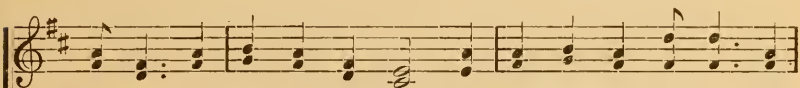
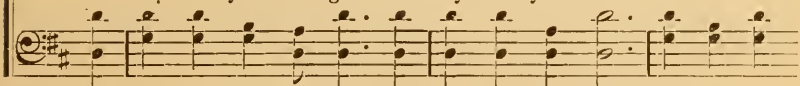
To-day, while Jesus bids you come, Re-turn un-to your Father's home.
 O why should guilty sin-ners die, When Je-sus waits to hear their cry?
 For soon will justice shut the door, And mercy's call be heard no more.
 For you he suffered, shed his blood, To rec-on-cile your soul to God.



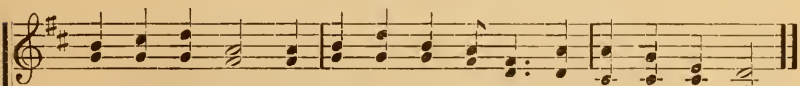
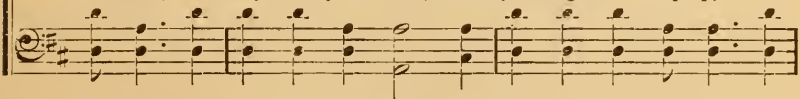
CHORUS.



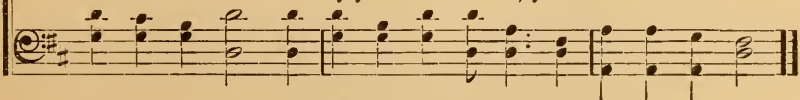
O why do you lin-ger? O why do you roam Out on the



mountain, a-way from your home, When you might be hap-py and

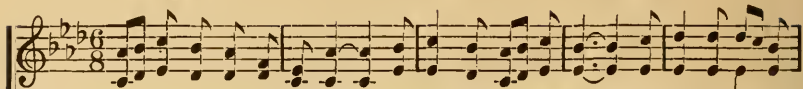


safe in the fold? To-day you've no shelter, you're out in the cold.

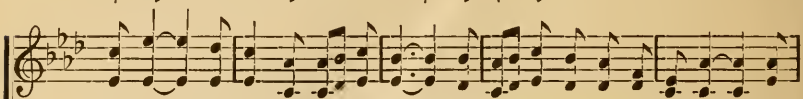
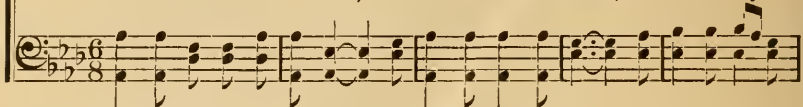


JOHN MACMILLAN.

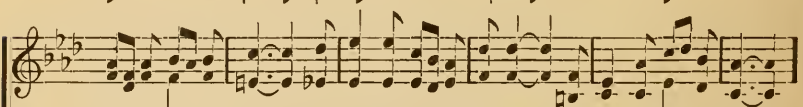
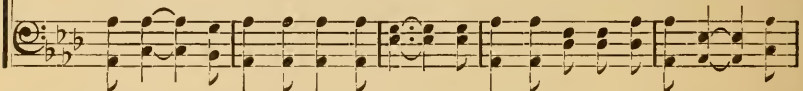
V. PAUL JONES.



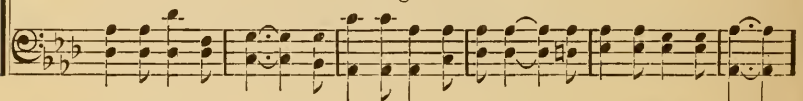
1. Tell me more about Je - sus, who left his throne a - bove, His majes - ty and
2. Tell me more about Je - sus, the Shepherd of the sheep, Whose grace is freely
3. Tell me more about Je - sus, now seated on his throne, Surrounded by his



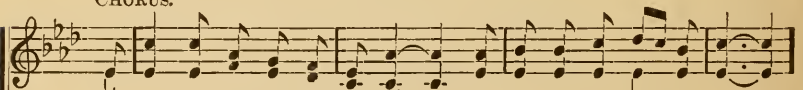
glo - ry, his love for man to prove; O tell me more about Je - sus, who
giv - en our souls from sin to keep; No need to fail or to fal - ter, when
an - gels—a glo - ry all his own; For soon the loud trumpet, sounding, shall



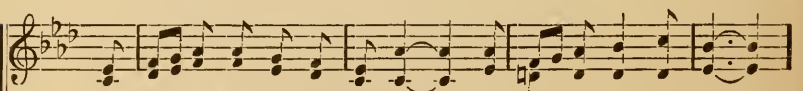
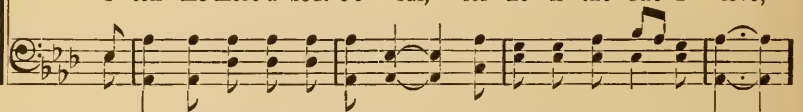
paid the price for me, That I might be forgiv - en and from all sin be free.
he is close at hand, He'll keep us in temptation and make us still to stand.
bid the saints a - rise To see their gracious Saviour and meet him in the skies.



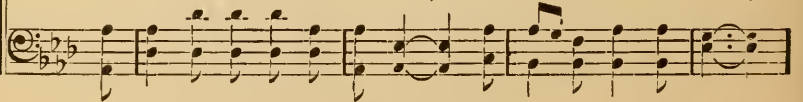
CHORUS.



O tell me more a - bout Je - sus, for he is the One I love;



O tell me more a - bout Je - sus, who left his throne a - bove;



TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS.—Concluded.

O tell me more a-bout Je - sus, who died on Cal - va - ry;

O glo - ry to God, his precious blood, by faith, hath cleansed me.

No. 143.

HAPPY IN THE LORD.

ANON.

Old Melody.

1. A pil - grim and a stran - ger here, Hap - py, hap - py,
 2. I leave the world and sin be - hind, Hap - py, hap - py,
 3. In that fair clime of end - less day, Hap - py, hap - py,
 4. Farewell, vain world, I'm go - ing home, Hap - py, hap - py,
 5. No mourning there, no funeral gloom, Hap - py, hap - py,

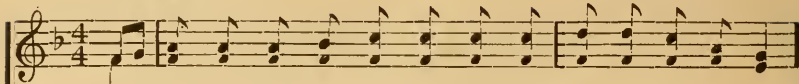
I seek the home to pilgrims dear, Hap - py in the Lord.
 That bet - ter home in heav'n to find, Hap - py in the Lord.
 The Lord shall wipe all tears a - way, Hap - py in the Lord.
 My Sav - iour smiles and bids me come, Hap - py in the Lord.
 But health and youth for - ev - er bloom, Hap - py in the Lord.

CHORUS.

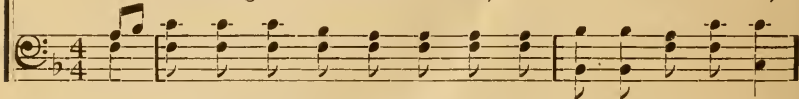
Then we'll ||: cross the river of Jordan, Hap - py, happy, We'll ||: Happy in the Lord.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

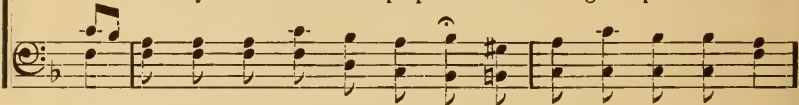
JOHN CLEMENTS.



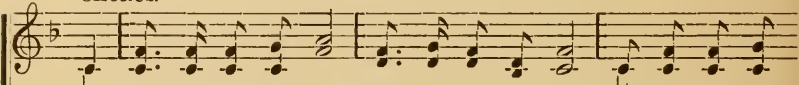
1. 'Tis sweet to think his matchless love's So rich, so full and free:
2. He died up - on the curs - ed tree, He bore our guilt and sin,
3. Now none need fear, for God's own Son The mighty ransom paid,
4. His wondrous grace is rich and free, He has a home for all,



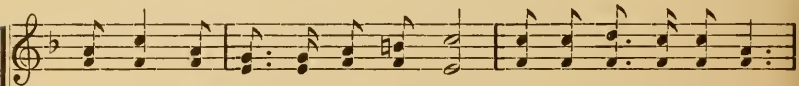
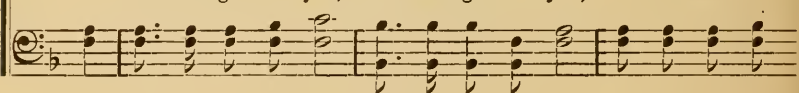
The love of God, who gave his Són To ran - som you and me.
 That ev - 'ry err - ing son of man Thro' him might heaven win.
 And "Whoso - ev - er will, may come," The Lord him - self hath said.
 And ma - ny mansions has prepared Where an - gels prostrate fall.



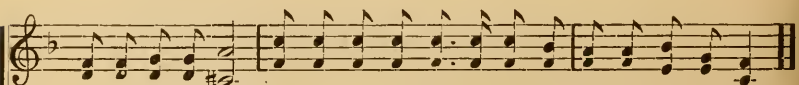
CHORUS.



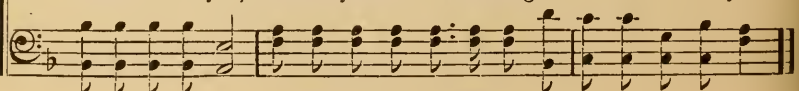
There's room enough for you, room enough for you, At the cross of



Cal - v'ry there's room enough for you; You need nev - er fal - ter,



Jesus died for you, And he says there's room enough in heav'n for all of you.



No. 145. MY MOTHER IS PRAYING FOR ME.

MAY AGNES OSGOOD.

REV. J. H. WEBER.

SOLO.

1. I knelt by my mother, her hand on my head, And ut-tered my
2. In dark-ness and sin I have wandered a-way, Nor tried from temp-
3. I'm wea-ry of sinning; I turn to the cross, Its light shin-ing

pray'r at her knee; Now far, far a-way from her side I have stray'd,
ta-tion to flee; But down in my heart I could nev-er for-get
o'er me I see; I'll go to my Sav-iour and thank him a-gain

CHORUS.

But my mother is pray-ing for me.
That my mother was pray-ing for me. } My moth-er is praying for
That a mother was pray-ing for me. }

me,..... My moth-er is praying for me,..... For sure-ly I
for me, for me

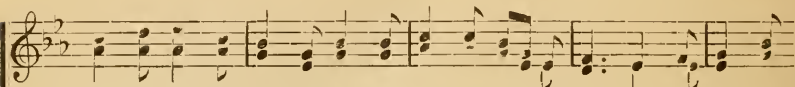
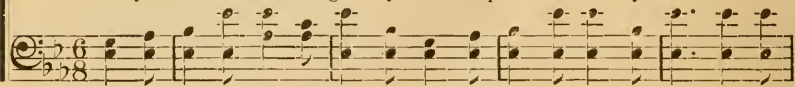
know that wherev-er I go My mother is praying for me,.....
for me.

JOHN C. KELLER.

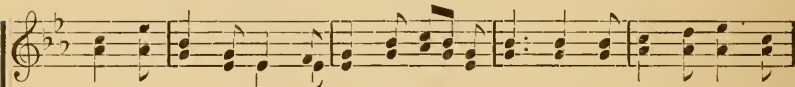
CHAUNCEY SMITH.



1. When we reach our heav'nly dwelling, On the strong, e - ter - nal hills, Then his
2. In the day of res - ur - rection Soul and bod - y then shall stand Re - u -
3. Would you wear a crown of glo - ry And a palm of vict'ry wave? O - ver



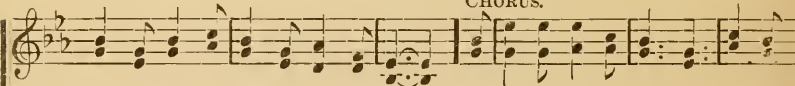
praise we'll still keep swelling, Till it all the heavens fills; And the path of
 ni - ted in the glo - ry Of the bright and better land; No more tri - als
 death be more than conqu'ror, Rise in triumph o'er the grave? Put your trust a



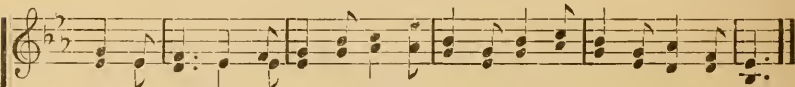
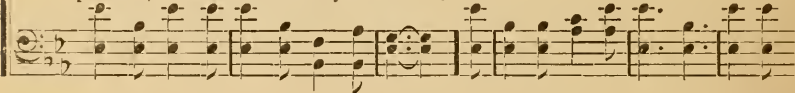
pray'r and du - ty, With its tri - als, that we trod, We'll forget when crown'd in
 can be - set us, No more pain and grief we'll bear, God himself shall wipe the
 lone in Je - sus, Who de - livered you from sin; Stand by faith up - on his



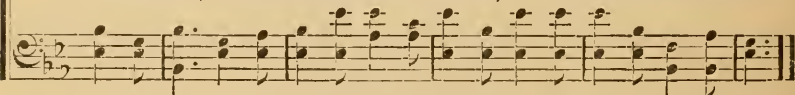
CHORUS.



glo - ry In the palace of our God. }
 teardrops From his children over there. } Then, forward, all ye ransomed, Jesus
 promise, And a crown of life you'll win. }



is our friend; And we'll live with him forever, If we serve him to the end.



JOHN MACMILLAN.

V. PAUL JONES.



1. Je- sus, the Saviour, has died on the tree, Go forth and tell it to - day;
2. If he has cleansed you from guilt and from sin, Go forth and tell it to - day;
3. Would you rejoice o'er the sinner's return? Go forth and tell it to - day;
4. Soon, in his glo - ry, he cometh again, Go forth and tell it to - day;



Made an atonement for you and for me, Go forth and tell it to - day.

If, by his Spir- it, he dwelleth within, Go forth and tell it to - day.

Deep in your heart does the fire now burn? Go forth and tell it to - day.

Hark, how the angels take up the refrain! Go forth and tell it to - day.



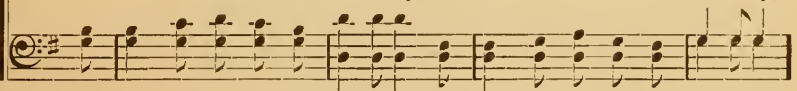
CHORUS.



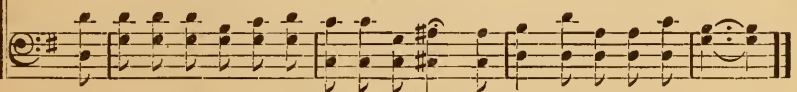
Go forth and tell it to - day,..... Go forth and tell it to - day;.....

to-day,

to-day;

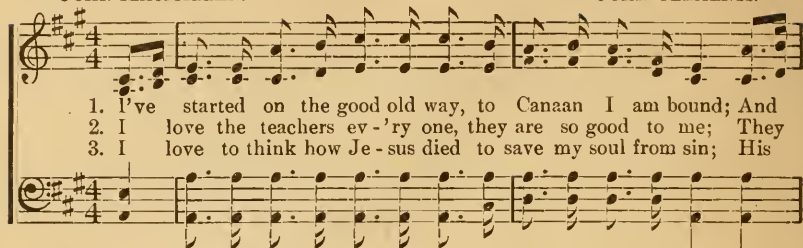


The wonderful love of the Saviour of men, Go forth and tell it to - day.

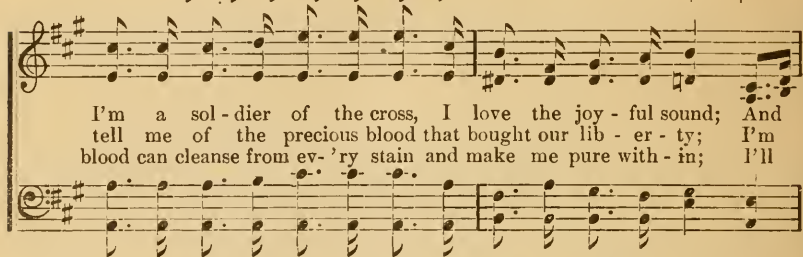


JOHN MACMILLAN.

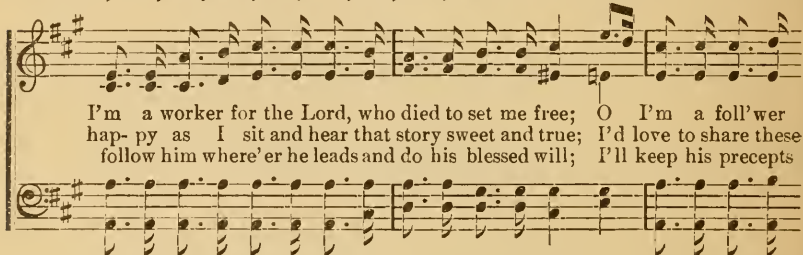
JOHN CLEMENTS.



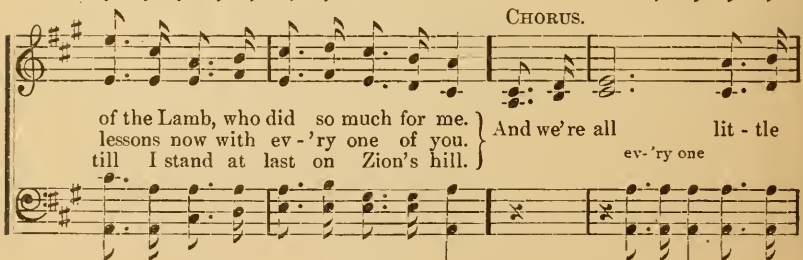
1. I've started on the good old way, to Canaan I am bound; And
 2. I love the teachers ev-'ry one, they are so good to me; They
 3. I love to think how Je-sus died to save my soul from sin; His



I'm a sol-dier of the cross, I love the joy-ful sound; And
 tell me of the precious blood that bought our lib-er-ty; I'm
 blood can cleanse from ev-'ry stain and make me pure with-in; I'll

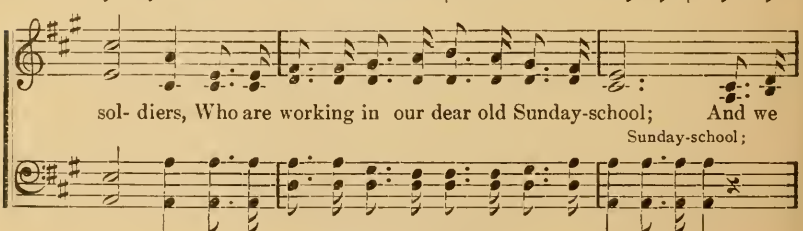


I'm a worker for the Lord, who died to set me free; O I'm a foll'wer
 hap-py as I sit and hear that story sweet and true; I'd love to share these
 follow him where'er he leads and do his blessed will; I'll keep his precepts



CHORUS.

of the Lamb, who did so much for me. } And we're all lit-tle
 lessons now with ev-'ry one of you. } ev-'ry one
 till I stand at last on Zion's hill. }



sol-diers, Who are working in our dear old Sunday-school; And we
 Sunday-school;

Copyright, 1907, by John Clements.

NOTE.—A fine effect may be made by having each line of the stanzas sung by individual scholars.

LITTLE SOLDIERS.—Concluded.

all love Je - sus, Who has taught us to observe the Golden Rule.
ev- 'ry one

No. 149.

I'LL BE READY.

T. KELLY. Cho. by J. C.

V. PAUL JONES.

1. Hark that shout of rapturous joy, Bursting forth from yon- der cloud;
2. Hark, the trumpet's aw - ful voice Sounds abroad thro' sea and land;
3. See, the Lord appears in view, Heav'n and earth be - fore him fly;
4. Go and dwell with him a - bove, Where no foe can e'er mo - lest,

Je - sus comes, and thro' the sky An- gels tell their joy a - loud.
Let his peo - ple now re - joice, Their re - demption is at hand.
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you, Rise to meet him in the sky.
Hap - py in the Saviour's love, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest.

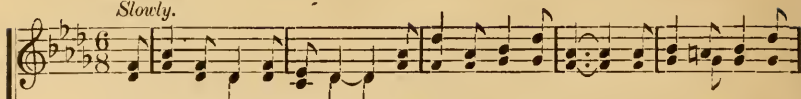
CHORUS.

I'll be ready, when the trumpet sounds, Ready to go, read - y to go;

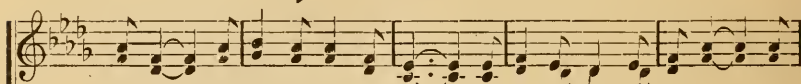
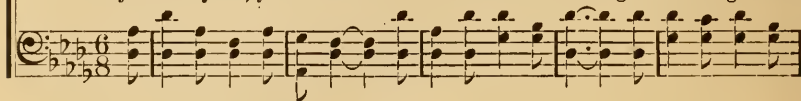
I'll be ready, when the trumpet sounds, To meet my Saviour in the air.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

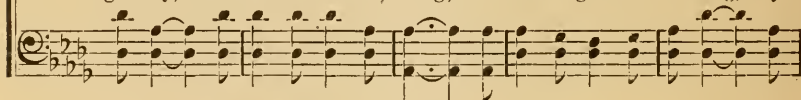
CHAUNCEY SMITH.

Slowly.

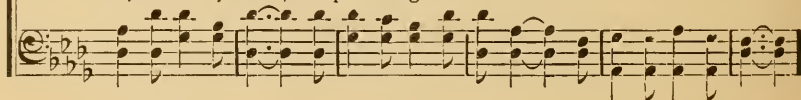
1. Come, let us praise the Saviour In songs of holy cheer, For I have ceased from
2. It is not by the strivings Of honesty and truth, The wisdom of the
3. This way of heav'nly pleasure Will have its trials, too, Its days of strong temp-
4. Rejoice! Rejoice, ye ransomed! For soon we'll see the King Descending in his



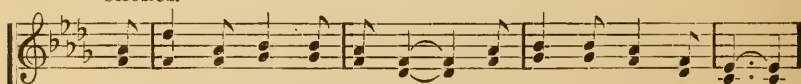
sinning, From care and doubt and fear; You ask me how I found it, This
 ancients, The strength of zealous youth; But by the way of sor - row For
 ta - tion, As we our way pur - sue; But O how safe when sheltered Be-
 glo - ry, While earth and heaven ring; Un- til his glorious com- ing, By



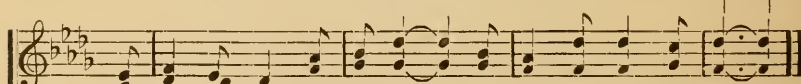
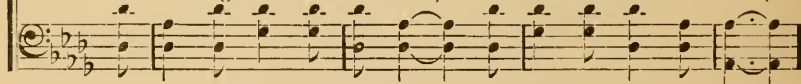
new and happy way? O bless the name of Je - sus, He took my sins a - way!
 sinful paths we've trod, And simple faith in Jesus, That man finds peace with God.
 neath his mighty arm, Where, trusting in his presence, Our souls are safe from harm.
 faith, we must prevail; Keep holding on to Je - sus Till safe within the veil.



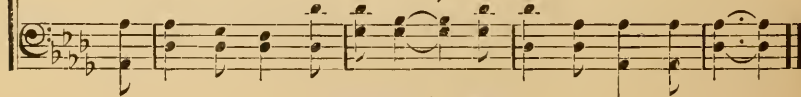
CHORUS.



I'm hold- ing on to Je - sus, The ris - en Son of God;



In him I've found sal - va - tion, I'm safe beneath the blood.

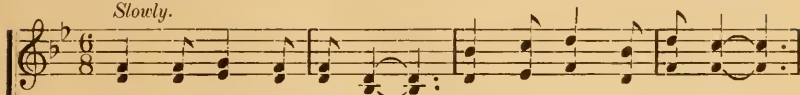


No. 151.

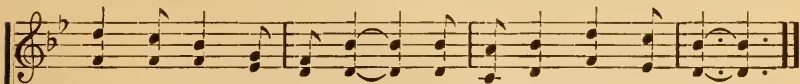
NO FRIEND LIKE JESUS.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

V. PAUL JONES.

Slowly.

1. Come, a - way to Je - sus; Come, a - way to Je - sus;



Come, a - way to Je - sus; O sin - ner, will you come?



2 Jesus longs to save you, etc.

3 O the love of Jesus.

4 Don't delay, he's waiting.

5 Now's your time to seek him.

6 There's no friend like Jesus.

7 Won't you love my Jesus?

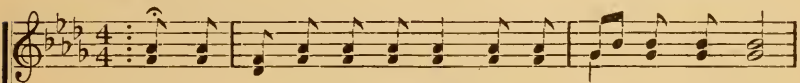
Copyright, 1907, by John Clements.

No. 152.

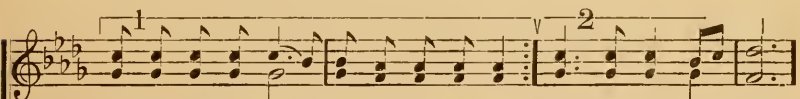
SAVED AND SANCTIFIED.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

JOHN CLEMENTS.



1. All my sins are washed a - way Thro' the blood of the Lamb,



Glo - ry to the Lamb, glo - ry to the Lamb; || Glo - ry to his name.



2 I am now a child of God, etc.

3 All my heart has been made pure.

4 Now I'm saved and sanctified.

5 O my soul is all on fire.

6 So I'll overcome the world.

7 Then I'll sing and shout in heav'n.

Copyright, 1907, by John Clements.

No. 153.

C. WESLEY.

MY GOD, I AM THINE.

1. My God, I am thine, What a comfort divine, What a blessing to
 2. In the heaven-ly Lamb Thrice happy I am, And my heart it doth
 3. True pleasures abound In the rapturous sound; And whoev-er hath
 4. Yet onward I haste To the heaven-ly feast: That, that is the

CHORUS.

know that my Je-sus is mine!
 dance at the sound of his name.
 found it hath par-a-dise found:
 full-ness; but this is the taste!

Halle-lujah! Thine the glory. Halle-

lujah! A-men. Halle-lujah! Thine the glory! Revive us a-gain.

No. 154. ENGLISH.

COME TO JESUS.

V. PAUL JONES.

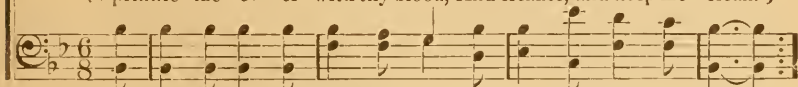
1. Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now,

Just now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.

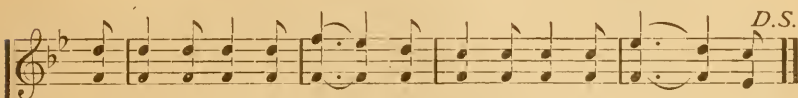
2 He will save you. | 4 Call upon him. | 6 Flee to Jesus. | 8 Jesus loves you.
 3 O believe him. | 5 He'll forgive you. | 7 Only trust him. | 9 Don't reject him.



1. { For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; }
 { This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Saviour died! }
 2. { My dy - ing Saviour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin, }
 { Sprinkle me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean. }



D.S.—all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Saviour died!
 le me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.



For me the Saviour died, For me the Saviour died, This
 And cleanse, and keep me clean, And cleanse, and keep me clean, Sprink-

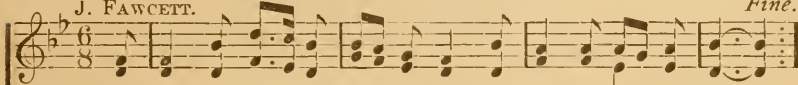


- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own, 4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
 Wash me, and mine thou art; Till faith to sight improve;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone, Till hope in full fruition die,
 My hands, my head, my heart. And all my soul be love.

No. 156.

SINNERS, THE VOICE.

J. FAWCETT.

Fine.

1. { Sin - ners, the voice of God regard, 'Tis mer - cy speaks to - day: }
 { He calls you, by his sovereign word, From sin's destructive way. }
 2. { Your way is dark, and leads to hell! Why will you per - se - vere? }
 { Can you in end - less torments dwell, Shut up in black de - spair? }

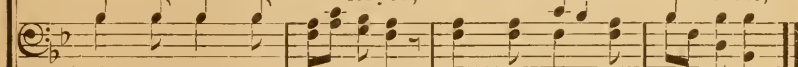


D. C.—Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God! he died for me!

CHORUS.

D. C.

Je - sus died for you;..... Je - sus died for me;.....
 for you; for me;



- 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
 Of sin and folly go?
 In vain you travail all your days,
 To reap immortal woe.
- 4 But he that turns to God shall live,
 Through his abounding grace;
 His mercy will the guilt forgive
 Of those who seek his face.

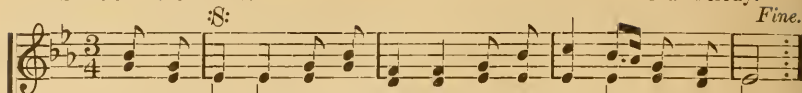
No. 157.

IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Old Melody.

Fine.



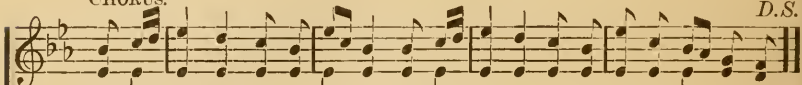
1. { In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred sto - ry, Gathers round its head sublime. }
2. { When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive and fears an - noy,
Nev - er shall the cross forsake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy. }



D. S.—Je - sus, he's my Saviour, Jesus smiles and loves me too.

CHORUS.

D.S.



I love Je - sus, halle - lujah! I love Jesus, yes, I do, I do; I love



3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 158.

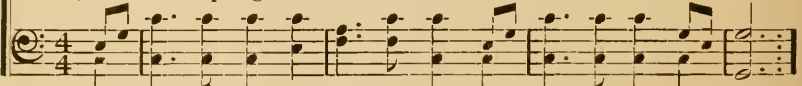
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER.

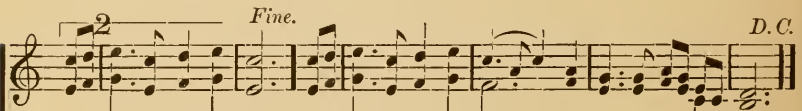
Western Melody.



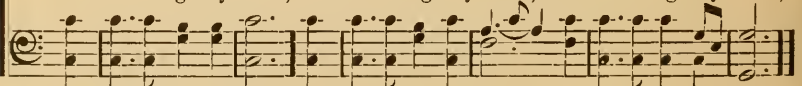
1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - manuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood..... }



D. C.—And sinners plunged beneath that flood.....



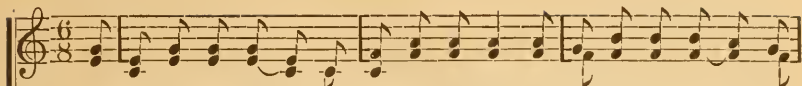
Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;



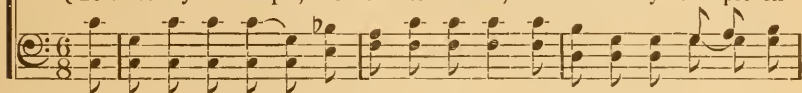
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

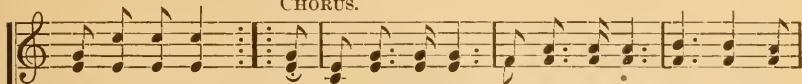
3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.



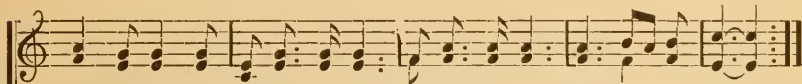
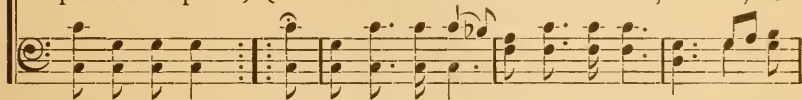
1. { Ap- pointed by thee, we meet in thy name, And meekly a - gree to
To trace thy ex - ample, the world to disdain, And constantly trample on



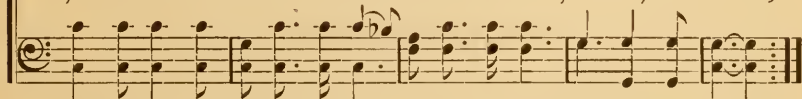
CHORUS.



fol - low the Lamb, } { O happy am I! Happy am I! Je - sus is
pleasure and pain. } { I'll never turn back in - to the world, O no, not



mine, is mine; O happy am I! Happy am I! Je - sus is mine. }
I, not I! I'll never turn back in - to the world, O no, not I! }



2 Rejoicing in hope, we humbly go on, } 3 O Jesus, appear! No longer delay
And daily take up the pledge of our crown; } To sanctify here, and bear us away,
In doing and bearing the will of our Lord, } The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
We still are preparing to meet our reward. } Triumphantly sitting in glory with thee.

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No. 160.

RETURN, O WANDERER.

DR. HASTINGS.



1. { Return, O wand' rer to thy home! Thy Father calls for thee; }
No longer now an exile roam In guilt and mis - er - y. }

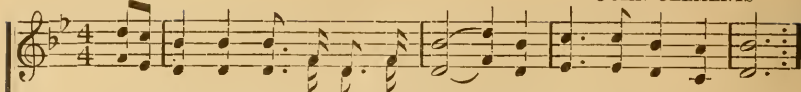


CHO. { O you must be a lover of the Lord, O you must be a lover of the Lord; }
{ O you must be a lover of the Lord, Or you can't go to heaven when you die. }

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home! } 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home!
'Tis Jesus calls for thee; } 'Tis madness to delay!
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come;" } There are no pardons in the tomb,
O now for refuge flee! } And brief is mercy's day!

I. WATTS.

JOHN CLEMENTS



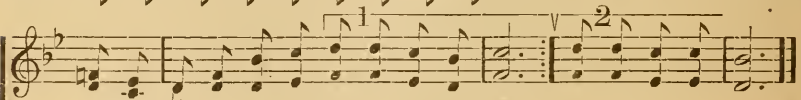
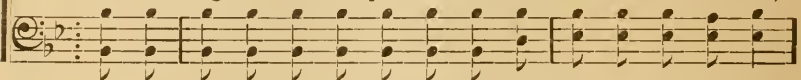
1. { There is a house not made with hands, E - ter - nal and on high; }
 { And here my spir - it waiting stands, Till God shall bid it fly. }
2. { Shortly this pris - on of my clay Must be dissolved and fall; }
 { Then, O my soul! with joy o - bey The heav'nly Father's call. }
3. { We walk by faith of joys to come; Faith lives up - on his Word, }
 { But while the bod - y is our home, We're ab - sent from the Lord. }



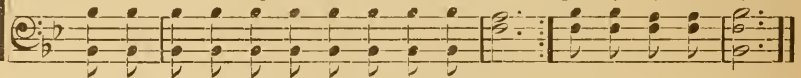
CHORUS.



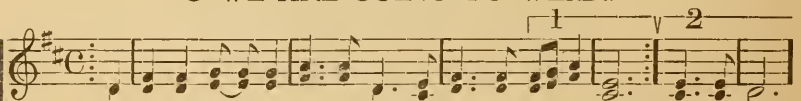
{ For we're go - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! to the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
 { And we'll sing the Saviour's prais - es when we reach our home a - bove,



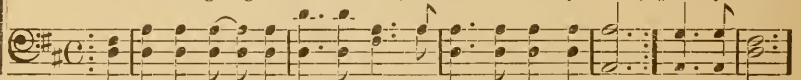
To the home prepared by Je - sus up on high; }
 With the ransomed up in..... } glo - ry, by and by.



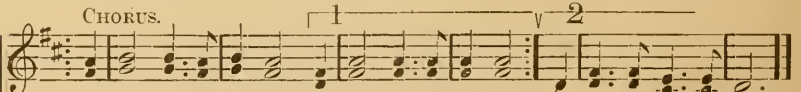
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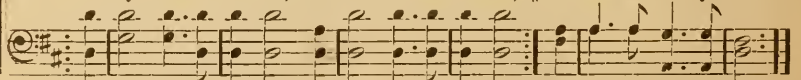
1. O we are going to wear a crown, To wear a starry crown; :: starry crown.



CHORUS.



Away over Jordan, With our blessed Jesus; :: To wear a starry crown.



- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 2 You must repent, to wear a crown. | 4 You must live right, to wear a crown. |
| 3 You must be saved, to wear a crown. | 5 O come, poor sinner, come with us. |

WM. HUNTER.

1. { We're bound for the land' of the pure and the ho - ly, The home of the
Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road of fol - ly, O say, will you

CHORUS.

hap - py, the kingdom of love; } Will you go? Will you go? Will you
go to the E - den a - bove? } We will go, we will go, we will

go? Will you go? O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?
go, We will go: O yes, we will go to the E - den a - bove.

- 2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 3 March on, happy pilgrims, the land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall march o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above?

THERE ARE ANGELS.

1. There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring round,

There are an - - gels, an - - gels hov - 'ring round.

- 2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the new Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.

- 5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 All heaven is full of joy.
7 For Jesus loves to save.

C. WESLEY.

JOHN CLEMENTS. *Fine.*

1. { Hap - py the souls to Je - sus joined, And saved by grace a - lone, }
 { D.C. - Walking in all his ways they find Their heav'n on earth be - gun. }
 2. { The Church triumphant in thy love, Their might-y joys we know; }
 { D.C. - They sing the Lamb in hymns a - bove, And we in hymns be - low. }

D. C.
 Their heav'n on earth, Their heav'n on earth be - gun;
 And we in hymns, And we in hymns be - low;

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne,
 We in the kingdom of thy grace:
 And both in thee are one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
 From thence our spirits rise,
 And he that in thy statutes treads
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

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S. ARMY.

Arr. by J. C.

1. I'm a soldier bound for glo - ry, I'm a soldier go - ing home:
 2. I will tell you what induced me In the glorious fight to start,
 3. When I first commenced my warfare, Ma - ny said: "He'll run a - way;"
 4. I'm a wonder un - to ma - ny, God a - lone the change hath wrought;
 5. Hal - le - lu - jah to the Saviour, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb;

CHO.—It's the old - time re - lig - ion, The old - time re - ligion,

Come and hear me tell my sto - ry; All that love the Saviour, come.
 'Twas the Saviour's loving kindness O - vercame and won my heart.
 But they all have been de - ceiv - ed—In the fight I am to - day.
 Here I raise my E - ben - e - zer, Hither by his help I'm brought.
 I will sing and shout his praises, For I'm saved, I know I am.

It's the old - time re - lig - ion, And it's good enough for me.

Arr. Copyright, 1903, by John Clements.

No. 167. O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's

praise, The glories of my God and King, The glo - ries of my

God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.</p> | <p>3 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 168. I. WATTS. BEGIN, MY SOUL. LYDIA.

1. Begin, my soul, some heav'nly theme; Awake, my voice, and sing The mighty
2. Tell of his wondrous faithfulness, And sound his pow'r abroad; Sing the sweet
3. Engraved as in e - ter - nal brass, The mighty promise shines; Nor can the
4. His ev'ry word of grace is strong As that which built the skies; The voice that

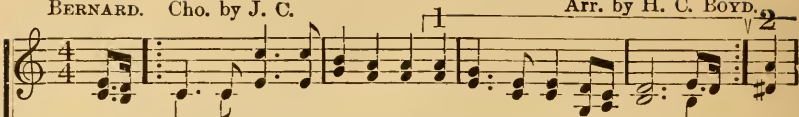
works, or mightier name, Of our eternal King, Of our e - ter - nal King.
promise of his grace, And the performing God, And the per - form - ing God.
pow'rs of darkness rase Those everlasting lines, Those ev - er - last - ing lines.
rolls the star a - long Speaks all the promises, Speaks all the prom - is - es.

No. 169.

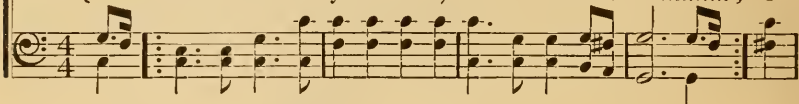
JESU, THE VERY THOUGHT.

BERNARD. Cho. by J. C.

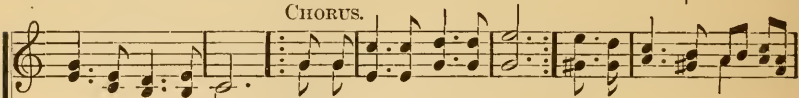
Arr. by H. C. BOYD.



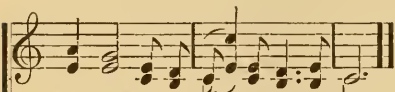
1. { Je - su, the very tho't of thee With sweetness fills my breast; But } And
 sweeter far thy face to see,..... }
 2. { Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame; Nor can the mem'ry find A } O
 sweeter sound than thy blest name,..... }



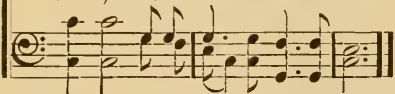
CHORUS.



in thy presence rest. } { It was Jesus died for me, } And my song shall be of
 Saviour of mankind. } { On the cross of Calva-ry, }



Jesus, Who from sin has set me free.



3 But what to those who find? Ah! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but his loved ones know.

4 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesu, be thou our glory now
 And through eternity.

Arr. Copyright, 1903, by John Clements.

No. 170.

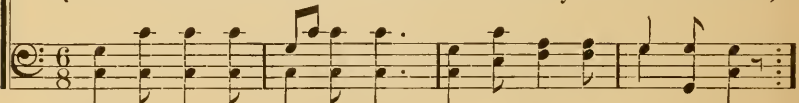
DEPTH OF MERCY.

C. WESLEY.

J. STEVENSON.



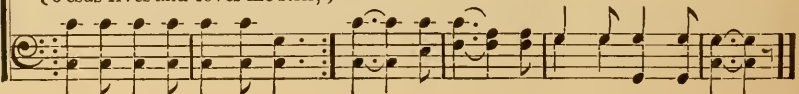
1. { Depth of mercy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me? }
 { Can my God his wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sinners, spare? }
 2. { I have long withstood his grace Long provoked him to his face: }
 { Would not hearken to his calls: Grieved him by a thousand falls. }



CHORUS.



{ God is love! I know, I feel; } Je - sus lives; he lives and loves me still.
 { Jesus lives and loves me still; }



WHAT AM I?

1. { What am I, O thou glorious God! And what my father's house to thee, }
 { That thou such mercies hast bestowed On me, the chief of sinners? me! }
 2. { Me in my blood thy love passed by, And stopped, my ruin to retrieve; }
 { Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye, Thy bowels yearned, and sounded "Live!" }

I take the blessing from a - bove, And wonder at thy boundless love.
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound, And pardon in thy mercy found.

- 3 Honor and might and thanks and praise
 I render to my pardoning God,
 Extol the riches of thy grace,
 And spread thy saving name abroad,
 That only name to sinners given,
 Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.
- 4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
 And all within me shouts thy name;
 Thy name let every soul adore,
 Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
 Thy grace let every sinner know,
 And find with me their heaven below.

FATHER, I STRETCH.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did thine on - ly Son en - dure Be - fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve; I now should feel thy power;
 4. Au - thor of faith, to thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

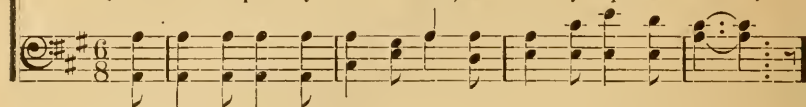
CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

If thou withdraw thy - self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor? to se - cure My soul from endless death!
 And all my wants thou wouldst relieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 O let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul without it dies.

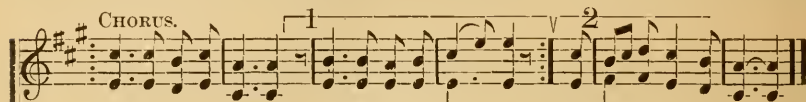
And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.



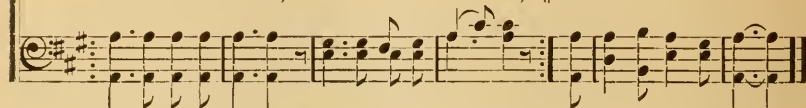
1. { I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause; }
 { Maintain the honor of his word, The glo - ry of his cross. }
 2. { Je - sus, my God!—I know his name—His name is all my trust; }
 { Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost. }



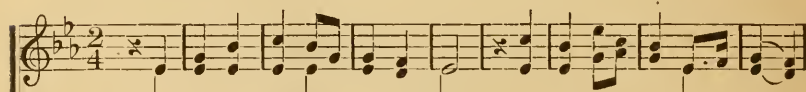
CHORUS.



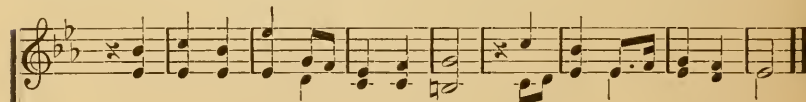
O how I love Jesus, O how I love Je - sus, :|| Because he first loved me.



- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands, Till the decisive hour.
 4 Then he will own my worthless name Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place.

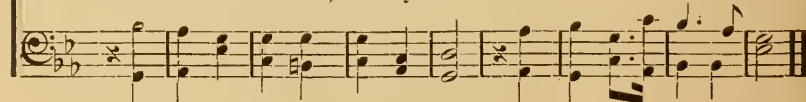


1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
 2. My soul he doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
 3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear no ill;

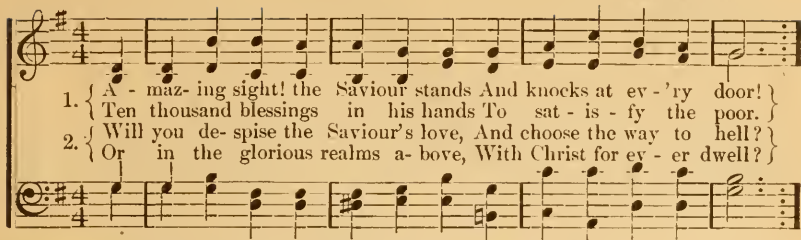


In pastures green; he leadeth me
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 For thou art with me, and thy rod

The qui - et waters by.
 E'en for his own name's sake.
 And staff me comfort still.

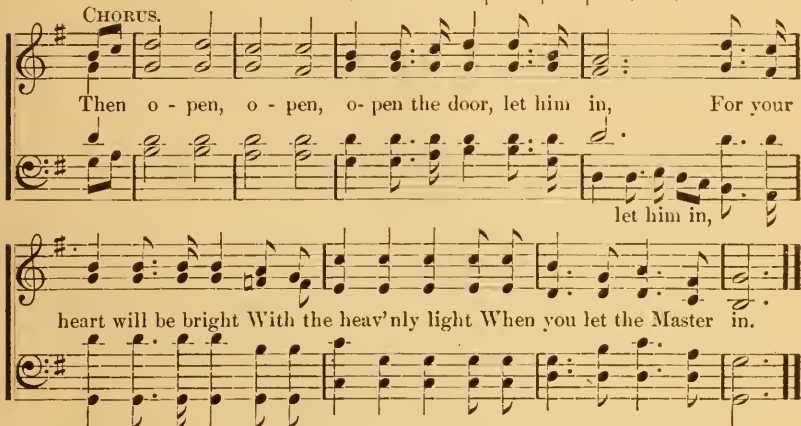


- 4 My table thou hast furnishéd In presence of my foes;
 My head thou dost with oil anoint, And my cup overflows.
 5 Goodness and mercy, all my life,
 Shall surely follow me;
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.



1. { A - maz - ing sight! the Saviour stands And knocks at ev - 'ry door! }
 { Ten thousand blessings in his hands To sat - is - fy the poor. }
 2. { Will you de - spite the Saviour's love, And choose the way to hell? }
 { Or in the glorious realms a - bove, With Christ for ey - er dwell? }

CHORUS.

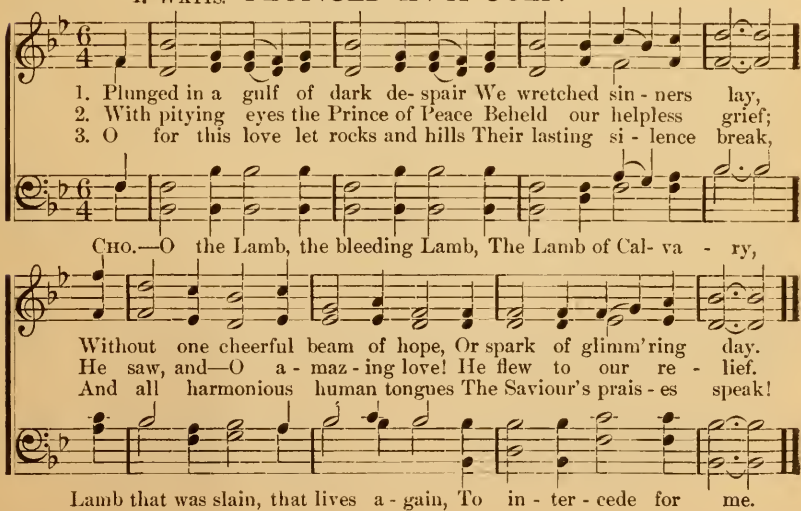


Then o - pen, o - pen, o - pen the door, let him in, For your
 let him in,
 heart will be bright With the heav'nly light When you let the Master in.

- 3 Say, will you hear his gracious voice, And have your sins forgiven?
 Or will you make that wretched choice And bar yourselves from heaven?
 4 He now stands knocking at the door Of every sinner's heart;
 The worst need keep him out no more, Or force him to depart.

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No. 176. I. WATTS. PLUNGED IN A GULF.



1. Plunged in a gulf of dark de - spair We wretched sin - ners lay,
 2. With pitying eyes the Prince of Peace Beheld our helpless grief;
 3. O for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting si - lence break,
 CHO.—O the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.
 He saw, and—O a - maz - ing love! He flew to our re - lief.
 And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's prais - es speak!
 Lamb that was slain, that lives a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

1. { Come, sinners, to Je-sus, no lon-ger de-lay; A free, full sal-
A - rise, all ye bond-slaves, Awake from your dream! Be-

CHO.-For the Li-on of Ju-dah shall break ev-'ry chain, And give us the

va-tion is offered to-day; :|| lieve, and the light and the glory shall stream.

vict'ry a-gain and a-gain; :|| give us the vict'ry a-gain and a-gain.

- 2 The world will oppose you, and Satan will rage; [gaze; arise, [the skies;
To hinder your coming they both will en- There are mansions of glory prepared in
But Jesus, your Saviour, hath conquered A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall
for you, [too. view—
And he will assist you to conquer them, The laurels of vict'ry are waiting for you.

No. 178.

HE IS CALLING.

F. W. FABER.

Arr.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea; } lib-er-ty.
2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good; } in his blood.
{ There is mercy with the Saviour, There is healing..... } in his blood.

CHORUS.
He is calling, "Come to me!" Lord, I gladly haste to thee.

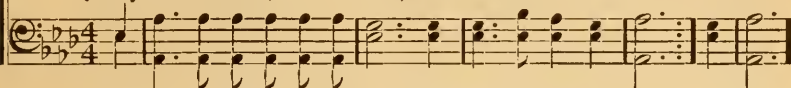
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

S: I. WATTS. Cho. by J. C.

1 2 Fine.



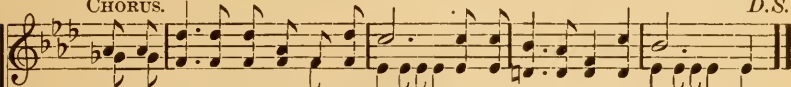
1. { Give me the wings of faith to rise Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glo - - ries be. }
2. { Once they were mourners here below, And poured out cries and tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins and doubts.....and fears. }



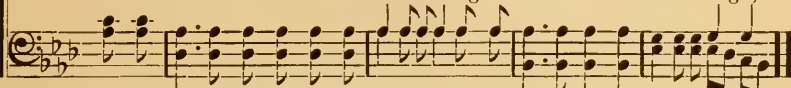
D.S.—up, ye blessed of the Lord, Where joys can nev - - - er die.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Let us stand the storm, it won't be long Till we hear the call on high, Come
won't be long call on high,

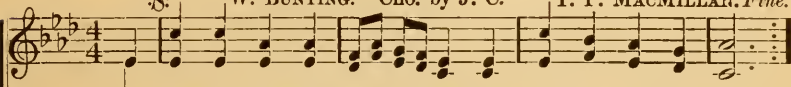


- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came: 4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
They, with united breath, For his own pattern giv'n;
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, While the long cloud of witnesses
Their triumph to his death. Show the same path to heav'n.

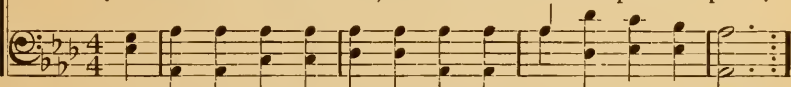
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S: W. BUNTING. Cho. by J. C.

T. P. MACMILLAN, Fine.



1. { O blessed, blessed sounds of grace, Still echoing in my ear, }
Glad is the hour and loved the place, But whence my sudden fear? }
2. { What if a sternly righteous doom Have sealed this call my last! }
Be - fore me sickness, death, the tomb: Behind th'unpardoned past? }



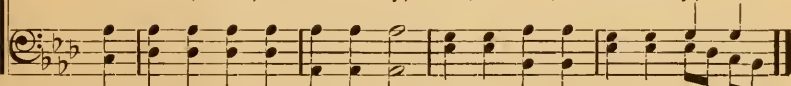
D.S.—Saviour stands with outstretched arms, O come, O come a - way.

CHORUS.

D.S.



O sinner, come, O come to-day, Come, O come, without delay; Your



- 3 My Sabbath suns may all have set,
My Sabbath scenes be o'er,
The place, at least, where we are met,
May know my steps no more.
- 4 The prophet of the cross no more
Again preach peace to me;
The voice of interceding prayer
A farewell voice may be.

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No. 181. HAVE YOU A PRAISE FOR JESUS?

REV. J. H. WEBER.

MISS LIDIA A. ROBERTS.

1. Have you a praise for Je - sus, Do you praise him ev - 'ry day?
 2. Have you a praise for Je - sus, Do you praise him for his light?
 3. Have you a praise for Je - sus, As you walk this great high - way?

Is your heart filled with his prais - es, As you walk the nar - row way?
 Is your soul now resting in him, Do you praise him day and night?
 Do you rest right on his prom - ise, Do you rest there night and day?

CHORUS.

Praise him, praise him, praise him more and more, Praise him, praise him, praise him forever - more.

Copyright, 1894, by J. H. Weber. By per.

No. 182. THE CHRISTIAN'S GOOD-NIGHT.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."—Eph. 4: 26.

JOHN MACMILLAN.

(May be sung with uplifted hand.)

JOHN CLEMENTS.

Slowly.

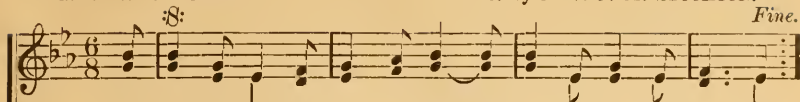
Good-night, good-night, good-night; Bless God, 'tis well to - night;

Un - til we meet a - gain, Dear friends, good-night, good-night.

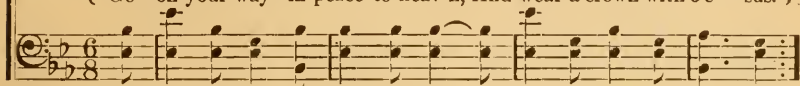
Copyright, 1907, by John Clements.

REV. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

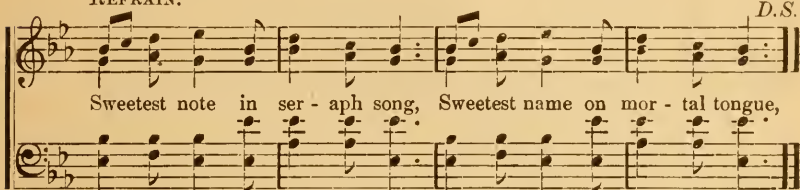
Fine.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thizing Je-sus, }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je-sus. }
 2. { Your ma-ny sins are all forgiv'n, O hear the voice of Je-sus; }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }



D. S.—Sweetest car-ol ev-er sung— Je-sus, blessed Je-sus.

REFRAIN.



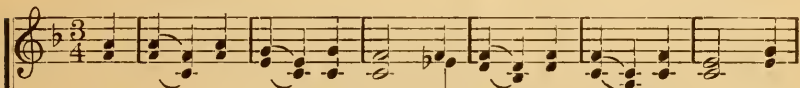
Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue,

- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

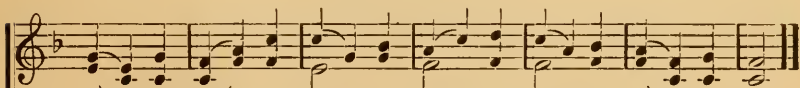
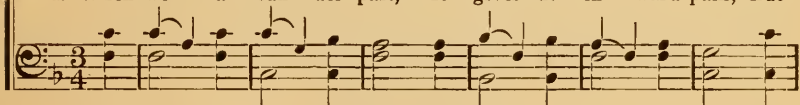
- 4 The children, too, both great and small,
 Who love the name of Jesus,
 May now accept the gracious call
 To work and live for Jesus.

JOHN FAWCETT.

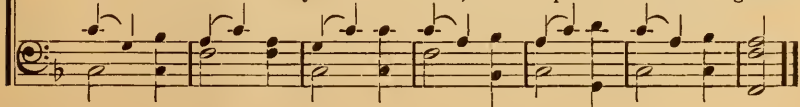
GEO. NAEGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The
 2. Be-fore our Father's throne, We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; And
 3. We share our mu-tual woes; Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And
 4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But

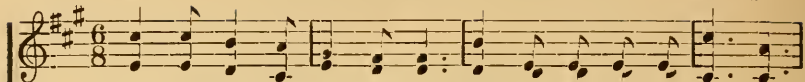


fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 oft-en for each oth-er flows, The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

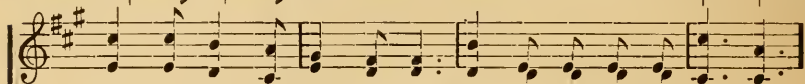


J. H. W.

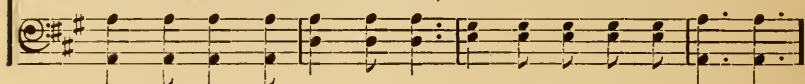
REV. J. H. WEBER.



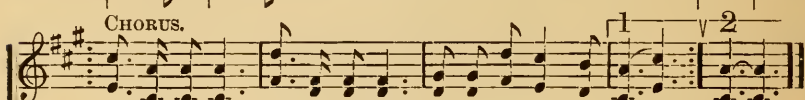
1. Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 2. Je - sus spilt his blood for me, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 3. Je - sus sits up - on the throne, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!



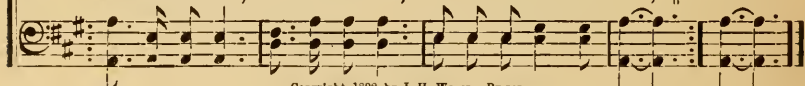
Je - sus died to set me free, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 That his king - dom I might see, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 Soon he'll take me to his home, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!



CHORUS.



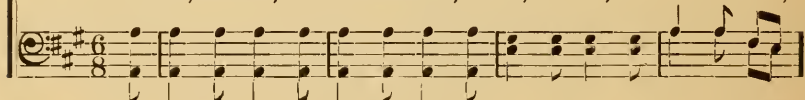
Wonderful love, wonderful love, Wonderful love for me; || me.



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1. I'm kneeling at the mer - cy - seat, I'm kneeling at the mer - cy - seat,
 CHO.—I can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve,

*D. C. for Chorus.*

I'm kneeling at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus answers pray'r.
 I can, I will, I do be - lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.



2 ||: Refining fire, go thro' my heart, :|| 3 ||: O that it now from heav'n might fall, :||
 Illuminate my soul. And all my sins consume.

No. 187.

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

C. WESLEY.

MARSH. *Fine.*

1. { Je - su, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high!

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last.

D.C.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head,
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin,
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 188.

ROCK OF AGES.

TOPLADY.

ROUSSEAU. *Fine.*

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in thee,

D.C.—Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.
In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

Helpless, look to thee for grace;
To the cleansing fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

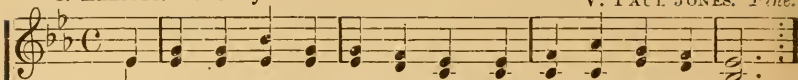
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy Judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I will hide myself in thee.

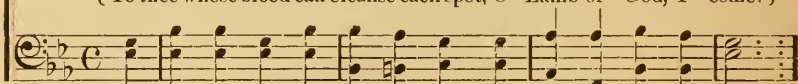
No. 189.

O LAMB OF GOD, I COME!

C. ELLIOTT. Cho. by J. C.

V. PAUL JONES. *Fine.*

1. { Just as I am, without one plea, O Lamb of God, I come; }
 { And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! }
 2. { Just as I am, and waiting not, O Lamb of God, I come; }
 { To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! }



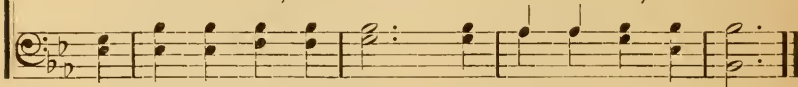
D.C.—Thy precious blood was shed for me! O Lamb of God, I come!

CHORUS.

D.C.



O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!



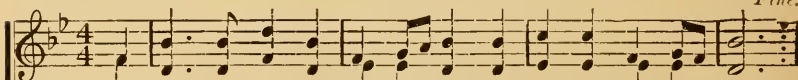
- 3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; O Lamb of God, I come;
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive, O Lamb of God, I come;
 Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!

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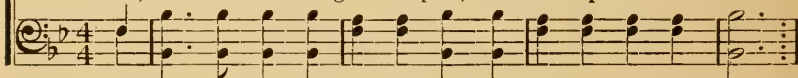
No. 190.

NO, NOT I!

W. H. BATHURST. Cho. by J. C.

H. C. BOYD. *Fine.*

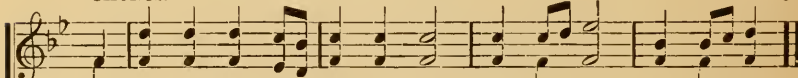
1. { O for a faith that will not shrink Tho' pressed by ev'ry foe, }
 { That will not tremble on the brink Of an - y earthly woe! }
 2. { That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chast'ning rod, }
 { But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God. }



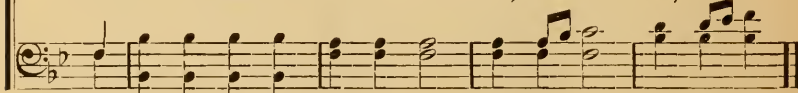
D.C.—I'll bear the cross, endure the pain, And conquer, tho' I die!

CHORUS.

D.C.



Shall I turn back in - to the world? No, not I! No, not I!



- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
 That, when in danger, knows no fear, In darkness, feels no doubt.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an eternal home.

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No. 191. J. WESLEY. SUMMONED MY LABOR.

1. { Summoned my la - bor to re - new, And glad to act my part, }
 Lord, in thy name my work I do, And with a sin - gle heart. }

S. CHORUS. *Fine.*

And when the battle's over we shall wear a crown, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

D. S.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown.
 Wear a crown, wear a crown,

2 End of my every action thou,
 In all things thee I see;
 Accept my hallowed labor now,
 I do it unto thee.

3 Stamped with an infinite desert,
 My work he then shall own;
 Well pleased with me, when mine thou art,
 And I his favored son.

No. 192. J. HART. COME, YE SINNERS.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
 Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }

D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - vation, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

CHORUS. *D. C.*

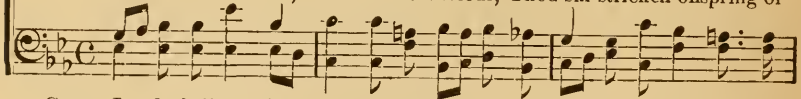
Turn to the Lord and seek sal - vation, Sound the praise of his dear name;

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him.

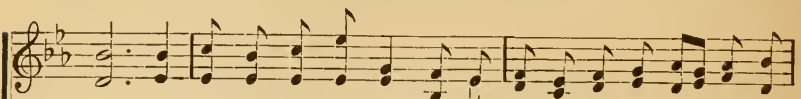
3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.



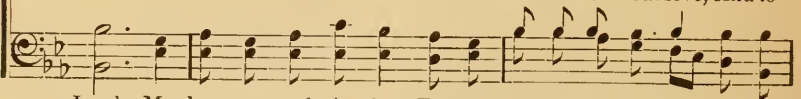
1. Come to the Saviour, Come to the Saviour, Thou sin-stricken offspring of



CHO.—I do believe it! I do believe it! I'm saved thro' the blood of the



man; He left his throne a - bove To re - veal his wondrous love, And to



Lamb; My hap - py soul is free, For the Lord has pardoned me, Halle-



o - pen a fountain for sin.



lu-jah to Je - sus' name!

Repeat for Chorus.

2 Why dost thou linger? Why dost thou linger?
O when wilt thou haste to be saved?

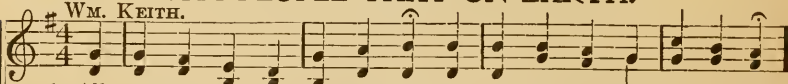
Thy time is flying fast,
And thy day will soon be past;

O arouse thee, and come and be saved!

3 Pardon is offered, Pardon is offered,
A pardon full, present and free;

Thy mighty debt was paid
When on Calvary Jesus died

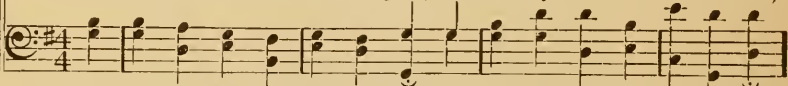
To atone for a rebel like thee.



1. All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;

2. O en - ter then his gates with praise, Approach with joy his courts unto;

3. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for - ev - er sure;



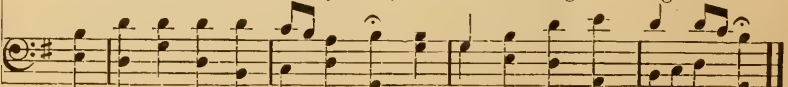
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below;



Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell, Come ye before him, and rejoice.

Praise, laud and bless his name always, For it is seemly so to do.

His truth at all times firmly stood, And shall from age to age endure.



Praise him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

1. { Lo! He comes with clouds de - scending, Once for favored
Thousand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the triumph

sin - ners slain; } Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
of his train:

Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and gl'ry,
Claim the kingdom for thine own;
Jah, Jehovah,
Everlasting God, come down!

No. 196. W. WILLIAMS.

GUIDE ME.

(Music above.)

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold we with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

•Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

No. 197.

SINNERS, WILL YOU SCORN?

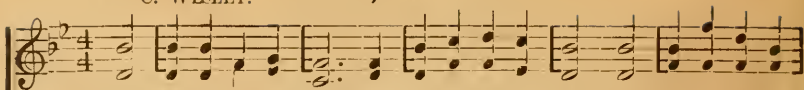
(Music above.)

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender,
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it:
Every line is full of love.

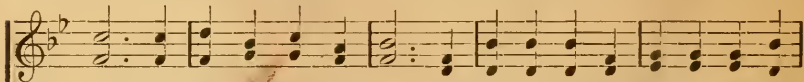
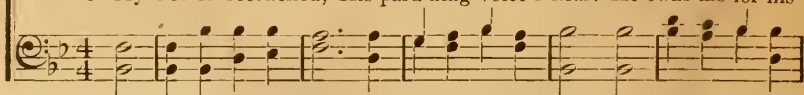
2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"Pardon to each rebel sinner;

Free forgiveness in his name?"
How important!
"Free forgiveness in his name."

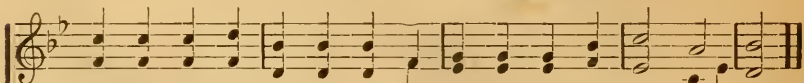
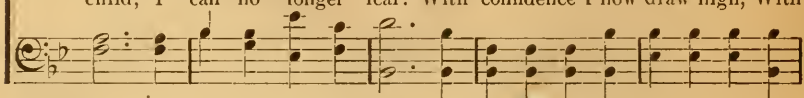
3 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord?



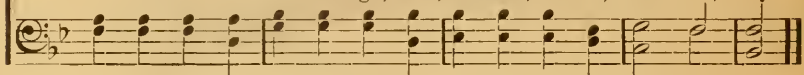
1. A-rise, my soul, a-rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacri-
2. He ever lives a - bove, For me to in-ter-cede; His all-redeeming
3. My God is reconciled; His pard'ning voice I hear: He owns me for his



- fice In my behalf appears: Before the throne my Surety stands, Be-
love, His precious blood, to plead; His blood atoned for all our race, His
child; I can no longer fear: With confidence I now draw nigh, With



- fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.
blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
con-fidence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab-ba, Fa-ther," cry.



No. 199. C. W.

GOD OF MY LIFE.

(Music above.)

- 1 God of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise!
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

- 2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth,
And all my blessings, came;
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

- 3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee O let me live!
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

- 4 My soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be:
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee;
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.

No. 200. C. W. BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.

(Music above.)

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb,
Redemption in his blood

- Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live;
The year of Jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

